

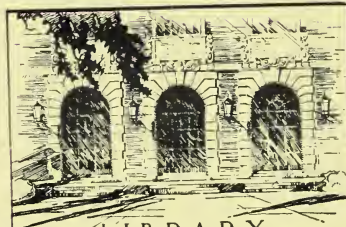


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UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
1889

RECORDS
OF
CALCUTTA PAPERCHASES

Collected by

C. C. M.



CALCUTTA :

Printed and Published by S. N. BANERJEE, "Englishman" Press,
9, Hare Street,

1889.

1870

NOTICE TO VIEWERS

1870



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INTRODUCTION.

SEVERAL of my friends having expressed a desire to have the records of old paperchasing days, I have collected all the accounts I could find, and had them reprinted in book form, and I hope the reading of them will warm the heart of many an old paperchaser, whether in this country or at home. As far as I can make out the first attempt at paperchasing was made some time in 1870, the leaders in the institution being Crooke, Brancker, Alexander, Landale, Sam Carlisle, George Fox, etc., followed a couple of years later by Job Trotter, Fred. Carlisle, Charlie Moore and others, and though in those days the fields were smaller and a gallery non-existent, the fun was as keen as now to those who did ride regularly in them. It should, however, be mentioned that at this time a pack of Fox Hounds was annually imported and sold after the hunting season to Regiments up-country. This coupled with such paperchasing as there was, provided for those wants of riding men, which later were met by the greater development of paperchasing, when, for various causes, hunting had to be abandon-

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L. TURNER

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H. Walton

ed. This greater development set in about 1876, and there were then two seasons, the first in the cold weather and the second in the early part of the rains. The commencement of the monsoon paperchases heralded the inauguration that year of the Monsoon Sky Races, and the combination gave a noticeable impetus to the sense of sport in our community, which brought about a large addition to the ranks of local sportsmen, and the acquiring of many a horse of the paperchase stamp by men who had before been content to tramp about on foot. In this year also the paperchases were for the first time reported in the press, which crowned them with a halo of prestige before wanting. The articles which appeared in the *Statesman* under the heading of "Midsummer Madness," signed F. Golightly, appear to have originated the model which future writers followed, and included accounts of all the local amusements afloat. Since then the paperchases have been kept regularly going in the cold weather. Although the new Railway and civilization generally have driven us quite out of Ballygunge, an extensive and most suitable part of the country round Jodpur is still available, and will be for many years, I hope. The popularity of this sort of sport is so well known that it is unnecessary for me to say anything about it. Let the unbeliever find his way out to Jodpur on any paperchase morning, and he will be more than surprised to see the large number of people who find their way to see a paperchase at such an early hour, while the Cup day seems to be the signal for a regular exodus of every person in Calcutta, who can raise a crock or pay twelve annas for a "ticca." Amongst them may be seen the winner of the first paperchase Cup together with two or three well-known sportsmen who took part in the first chase in 1870. The addition of an Average Cup last, and this year, has no doubt added very considerably to the interest taken in the weekly meets, while a cup for the heavy weights have also been presented by a sports-

man who has won the Cup on more than one occasion, and whose record of spills and broken bones, not to speak of horses killed in paperchasing, will be difficult to beat.

I have to thank Messrs. Moore, Millet and Mr. Saunders of the *Englishman* for helping me to get these records which I hope may recall many a good morning's run to all who read them and induce them if they have given it up to begin again.

C. C. M.

Calcutta, November 1889.

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1870-71.

THE first paperchase was held some time in 1870. Riding men alone knew of the proposed meeting. Such a thing had not been heard of before, and few took the least interest in it. It was agreed to meet outside one of the chummeries on the south side of Ballygunge, and a meet there was. How different to those of the present day ! A baker's dozen was the number, but they were all on riding intent. Crooke on "Billycock" and Brancker on "Barwang" were to be the hares ; these two gentlemen being in fact the originators of the hunt. Cast your eyes over the winners on the first two pages of the appendix to the Ballygunge Association Rules, and you will see the names of men and horses, Crooke figuring as " Mr. Alipore." There was a glorious uncertainty in this chase ; the destination was unknown, and thoughts were most bent on the paper than on hard riding.

But we are off up a lane along a foot-path into a field, where we negotiate the first jump which was but a small ditch and bank. This brings us into a garden ; a gateway is completely blocked, and it is evident that the hares have jumped the fence into the lane. Readers can mark the place now under a different aspect. It is just on the west side of Milton & Co.'s school. Horses were then but little accustomed to " lepping ;" such refusals, such objurgations and smoky language ! The same fence would now be cleared by a dozen riders abreast, but all things must end, and *pro pseudor* ! A man on a Burmah pony is the first to clear the obstacle. To him follow the late Captain G. Loch, then A. D. C. to the Lieutenant-Governor, and a man on an English horse. A longish interval separates the rest. The chase then bears to the left comes through the Gurriah Hât Road over the Railway crossing and into the open country to the right. All this time there is but little jumping, such as it is being quite natural. In the open a succession of banks and

ditches is met with. This is considered high jinks, till jumping into a brinjal garden the leaders are met by one of the high fences that usually surround such gardens. Presently a voice from the depths "Take the last jump, gentlemen!" Hallo! Crooke and Brancker are seen just behind the high fence with their horses down in a deep ditch. The other riders drop in one by one though the number was diminished to ten. Then, as now the finish was near Jodpur station. All go home highly pleased, and think it is rather fun. And so ended the first Calcutta paperchase.

Of that baker's dozen about four are still in Calcutta, but they don't ride as much as they rode then, for it was more than 17 years ago!

After the first paperchase there were one or two more of a similar nature in the vicinity of Ballygunge, and they were then discontinued, the weather being considered too hot.

Meantime Crooke and Montie Stewart had gone to live at Burra Bagh House, Tollygunge. This is the large house standing away by itself on the right of the road after leaving Tollygunge. In November 1870 Crooke gave out he was going to give us a regular twister in the direction of Tollygunge. More interest had now begun to be taken in this class of riding. Expectation was great, and the morning appointed saw something like thirty or forty horsemen assembled outside the gateway in the road. Several knew pretty well what would take place, others went out of mere curiosity with no fixed idea of what they would do. Crooke on "Billycock" and Brancker on "Barwang" were again to show the way, and right well they did it.

The start was down a lane running eastwards from the road and nearly opposite the outside gateway of Burra Bagh House; then, turning left-handed, the first artificial jump in the form of a hurdle appeared in a Calcutta paperchase course. This was soon laid flat by the field. But the

triumph was not of long duration. Crooke was not fond of half-hearted riders. His motto was "Jump you must, or be left behind." So the next fence was a high one made of strong bamboos; and outside a small enclosure, any other way (except that by which you came) being also barred. This was joy to the few, sorrow to the many. Aitchison on "Red Prince" William Thomas on "The Fenian," David Landale on "Norma," Apperley on "Cock Robin," Downing, S. Carlisle, Thurburn and Millett are over it and away. The usual refusals follow, while several look on waiting for the way to be cleared. This was subsequently done by Johnston Smith on "The Doctor," the two practically sitting upon the rails, and crushing them down. This lets loose the pent up, and now delighted crowd. Then succeed two or three small jumps, half natural and half artificial, until an impediment in the ground appears—a veritable chasm ten or twelve feet wide, with water running about a foot-and-a-half below its banks.—Again is the motto brought into play. All methods of getting round are barred. Harden your heart, for in, through, over or under you must go. William Thomas makes a bold attempt on "The Fenian," but something puts the horse a little out of his stride, and not obtaining sufficient bite with his hind feet on landing his hind legs slip into the water. But the two are not to be denied, and it does not take them long to be out and off again. Two or three jump in, and after frantic struggles scramble out. Two or three more flounder through by a way somewhat easier where a ditch joins the stream; while a rider on a grey horse is walking up the centre asking if "any fellow can tell a fellow how to get out of this." Meantime there has been grief untold. Some are fathoming the bottoms of ditches, others are for ever on the "refuse," while others think "discretion is the better part of valour" and give it up. Among those who thus met with grief may be noticed Bourke, a Barrister, since added to the list of murdered

Irish landlords. But let us get forward with the first flight mostly composed of the same riders who were to the fore in the first instance. Not one of these has yet been left behind. They now swing round to the right and cross the Gurriah Hât and Tollygunge road half a mile beyond the further turn of the present steeplechase course. Still bearing to the right a fence with a ditch and drop the other side meets the view. Nowhere is a better illustration of the inferior jumping knowledge possessed by the horses of those days. With the best men and best riders that Calcutta could produce not one could accomplish this fence for the first time of asking, and some not till after two or three refusals. The first man the other side "slithered" underneath horse and all, leaving the upper rails untouched. This brings them to a strip of grass which runs alongside Tolly's Nullah, and is about two hundred yards at the back of the present race stand. And here the pace is increased somewhat, the going at times having hitherto been heavy.

But the end is not yet : Turn to the right up a lane and then suddenly to the left, and the riders are confronted with a brick wall. Over go the majority of the string, now well drawn out, and through some gardens only to meet with another brick wall. Aitchison—not by the way Sir Charles of that ilk—is now leading, but weight, distance and strong leaping has told its tale on "Red Prince," and he comes down smashing his rider's collar bone, and to this pair must be accorded premier honour, for this was the end. For the rest it may be said that lapse of time has effaced from memory the various links in the chain of riders.

This was a rare chase, four miles at least, not such an artificial course as has now to be encountered, and never a mud wall. The water jump was an especial feature. One of the hares cleared it, and it was said one of the field did likewise. If it was so, the names can be narrowed down to Downing or Apperley.

1872-78.

There are no regular records of what happened during this period of six years beyond the records of two Paperchase Cups, which were run for in March 1874 and February 1876, and some accounts which appeared in the *Statesman* from the able pen of "F. Golightly."

THE PAPERCHASE CUP.

March 1874.

The field numbered a round dozen including Millett, Alexander, Eck, George Fox on "The Marquis," Roberts on "Red Deer," &c.

The start was from the left of the Gurriah Hat Road near the old kennels, then down by the Railway towards Jodpore and across the high ground towards the Sandy lane, through the old gates and old brick wall to the finish on the Red Road.

"Red Deer" let out closely followed by "The Marquis" and Mr. Eck for the first part of the journey when "Red Deer" increased his lead considerably and showed a clear ten lengths at the water jump, about a mile from the start. Here he refused twice, but eventually was forced over, knocking off his rider's topee on landing. By this time half a dozen of the field, including Eck, Fox and Millett had shot ahead, and were leading alternately at a good pace. In the paddy field by the Sandy lane, "The Marquis" made a mistake which let "Red Deer" come up again, and the pair raced neck and neck up the lane 50 yards behind Eck, whose mount was going strong, but his horse ran out a hundred yards before the last jump leaving "Red Deer" and "Marquis" to finish. The latter, although the fresher of the pair, ran out, and before he could be turned round "Red Deer" had passed the winning post the winner of the first Paperchase

Cup. He was a small horse, just over 14-1 and the persevering way in which his sporting owner brought him home after losing so much ground at the water jump, was most creditable. The gallery was not large, but the cheers that greeted the winner were of the heartiest ; and so ended the first Paperchase Cup.

17th February 1876.

The morning of the 16th February saw a goodly company of spectators assembled to witness the struggle for this trophy, as a wind up to a very successful paperchase season. Eight men faced the starter, who all meant "going," and, when the word was given, the pace was a regular cracker led by "Jolly Boy" who took the lead from the start, and was never caught. The course commenced near the sheep-pens, crossing the Red Road, the paper leading over some natural bunds, and the remains of an old artificial jump, round to the right across to the mud wall, which all negotiated in fine style, one veteran chaser taking the wing of the jump as the wall was not big enough. Here there was a sharp turn through a patch of jungle and gardens, to two hurdles some sixty yards apart, then away to the left, with more natural jumps down to a hurdle in a hollow. At this point "Jolly Boy" had a commanding lead, and, as the others came up, there were shouts from the Cavalry looking on "to put on the steam." The next jump of any importance was the water, which all got safely over, followed a little further on by a mud wall double. The course now laid over a portion of the old steeplechase country of 1870-71 and the jumps came fast and thick. Two small mud walls and one with a ditch in front full of water had to be got over, but this last obstacle unseated Mr. Bobstick, who now became out of the hunt. A little later "Duchess" brought her rider to grief, and at the next wall the scene

of the Badger's disaster, the rider of "Mariner" had a narrow escape, but with a pair of strong arms and long spurs, he righted himself again, and eventually passed the post second, though a long way behind "Jolly Boy," who won easily. "Duchess" was third, and the Veteran on "Mare of Kent" fourth. Mr. Bartlett's victory appeared very popular, and no doubt the best horse won. It was unfortunate that some others who had entered were unable to start, but in my humble opinion the result would have been the same. "Jolly Boy" sometimes has a playful trick of cannoning other horses at jumps, but on this occasion his owner appeared determined there should be no complaints on that score, as the result proved. Long may he live to drink out of his cup which, we understand, is to be sent to the American Centennial Exhibition. I had almost forgot to mention that the paper was carefully laid by two old hands at the game, and the style in which they took everything without a mistake, was the admiration of those who were fortunate enough to see them. The course was probably rather over $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles and the time of the winner $9\frac{1}{2}$ minutes.

"BALLIE PAPIER."

MIDSUMMER MADNESS.

Consternation is in Chowringhee! The catastrophe has come with a hideous suddenness which has struck us dumb! *The Monsoon has burst!* I didn't see it, I have missed it annually. I have it, however, from a reliable eye-witness. He hails from the Sunderbuns, and says he was on the look out, because his new barometer was so fearfully agitated, that he knew something must burst! Visions of the train of woes which the visitation may bring with it have temporarily paralyzed the community. We picture the speedy conversion of tennis lawns, racquet courts, and polo fields, into spots for the splashing of frogs and fishes.

Where before, our emotion was all elation, now all is despondency. Rachel dying to disport herself, refuseth to be comforted. Conversaziones, glee parties, concerts, being no vent for pent up physical energy, but increase Chowringhee's crossness. For conversation, it careth not. Songs soothe it not, nay rather they serve the ends of sarcasm. The voice of the snarler we heard him complain in the drawing room (after a melody well executed by an accomplished amateur.)

Swans sing before they die; 'twere no bad thing.

If some would kindly die before they sing—

And again in the Institute (after the finest fiddling of the greatest of all Invernizzis) :

When Orpheus played he moved old Nick,

But *he* moves nothing but his fiddle stick,

Even the Garden of Eden is in disfavour. Female petulance has ascribed to that hollowed spot, attributes far from paradisaical, and whilst roaming in its classic shades, actually wished itself away to either side of Jordan, or anywhere.

I have merely jotted down these few signs of the times, by way of preface to some agreeable information I have to impart. I have received a highly ornamented card (and am much obliged for this delicate attention) announcing that there is to be a paperchase on Wednesday next. The meet will be at 6 A. M., sharp, at the "old kennels" on the Gurriah Hât Road, whence spectators, and roadsters who prefer the 'ammer 'ammer 'ammer business, can see a good deal of fun. The hard riders who I know will be many, are sure to have their morning's work cut out, for the foxes are staunch and strong—Mr. Latham and Mr. Borrock—The falling will be so soft that a well-executed crumpler will be a positive pleasure, which may be balm to the cravers. In anticipation of sharp burst, we saw the "Gadha" getting a pipe-opener round the racecourse the other

morning. He looked as gay and frisky as his sporting owner, and was going like a two year old with his tail curled over his back as stiff as little "Annaarchy's." If a good field turns out, and the ladies can patronise them, no doubt, the cups of bliss of the great promoters will be full.

I hope this crumb may be some consolation to Chowringhee in her distress. May it soon be in my power to offer other crumbs. It may be so if I overheard aright the whispers about the next Ball which are growing more audible. It seems the only difficulty is the selection of a suitable anniversary to commemorate. I suggest either the 21st June, or 3rd July, or both ! The former is the longest day. Let us add to its honour by making it the longest night. On the latter the dog days begin. Days for what ? Days for the dogs to dance of course. To quote a local poet : " For every doggie he has his day on which to begin to dance." And let the 3rd of July be ours—Salaam jee !

F. GOLIGHTLY,

MIDSUMMER MADNESS.

Balls, Paper-chases, Polo-matches, commemorative—dinner. Scene—Calcutta. Dramatis Personae—Enervated Anglo-Indians. Time—May-June. Quite enough to take away one's breath. What a change has come o'er the spirit of the scene ! What an awakening is here ! Where the listlessness and the torpor of the past ? Fled, fled to the hills and far away. May it please our sweet cousins who have migrated to Simla to meditate that in our madness (save the mark) we cannot only exist in the plains, but be happy even in midsummer !

The Ball, really the *most delightful* of the year as I have over and over again been assured—

Ye gods ! How sweetly gossop falls.
 From lips of beauties—after balls.
 Is now a thing of the past,
 So I speak not of that.
 The music stopped, the lights expired,
 The dance is o'er, crowds retired.
 And all those smiling cheeks have flown.

And, to interpolate “ a little thing of my own ” (as the Parish Clerk remarked when he gave out a hymn of his own composition.) “ Policeman Roche is left alone ! ”

A commemorative dinner is as secret and mysterious as the rites of Freemasons and Mormons so I cannot speak of that knowing only :—

That Eton's sons are there to-night,
 And Lord how great would be their mirth,
 If fate would lift them from the earth
 And set them all with magic jump.
 Squat down beside the Brocas Clump.

Beyond therefore, mentioning *in a whisper*, that if busy rumour speaks true and frivolity has its way, other balls are things of the not distant future. I have merely to speak of the Paperchase and Polo match, which are both worthy of record.

Paperchase.—Marching orders for the morning of the 3rd of June having been sent round from the boudoir to the stable, there was a general girding up of girths, and application of momorgan to hunting saddles, and at the meet there has seldom before been seen such a gathering. Fully 40 people on horseback, including four or five ladies, and *mirabile dictu*, three or four barouches, the occupants of which, apart from their keen appreciation of sport in all its phases, perhaps, had in their minds the adage.

Myrtilla rising with the daws,
 Steals blushes from the rosy morn,
 But if Myrtilla sleeps till ten,
 Aurora steals them back again.

The foxes were two noted performers, the very boys to make the field cry "Capivi" as old Jorrocks used to say, and were carried by Chuckerbere, and Countess, the latter with that elegant rider Mr. Latham up, to whom the thanks of the community are principally due for the morning's sport. After the usual law had been given a field of 25 horsemen rushed off in pursuit, amongst whom we recognised several old friends steered by the accustomed hands. Firstly, the corky "Bachelor," who, until he was thrown off the scent near the finish (perhaps by a bunch of "stinking" violets), led the whole way, and next in close attendance were Duchess, Mephistopheles (the original imp with the diabolical pedigree) the Man of Kent, Red Deer, Charlton, the Badger Abbess, Jute Butts, and Mr. Sunder on the "Gadha." The ground was soft, the jumping very sweet, and the pace so hot that in a very brief space after the foxes had got safely to earth, the leaders were down on them. Duchess and Mephistopheles were first, and raced "sixteen annas" side by side at the last jump, a big mud wall with a ditch at the near side, both landing over in fine form; but Duchess getting just the best of it at the finish came in first, much to the delight of her enthusiastic rider, the Man being close behind, Mephistopheles third, Bachelor fourth, and a swarm of nags fifth, but the "Gadha" being last got the prize. There were several spills, and I am sorry to say that a young lady who was going in a plucky style came to grief, but I believe she was not hurt. A capital chase and a capital course was the universally expressed sentiment, and I recommend the lovers of this sport, which, in the absence of the real thing is the best substitute going for "the sport of kings and the himage of war with all the excitement and only five and twenty per cent. of the danger," to keep their horses in wind, for when the monsoon bursts there will be another chase, which I hope may be as successful as this one.

"F. GOLIGHTLY."

MIDSUMMER MADNESS.

The paperchase of 14th June 1876 will be ever memorable in the annals of paper-hunting in the East. I speak of it as a likely *crumb* of comfort for disconsolate Chowringhee. I used quite a wrong expression—I should have said *loaf*. It was consumed to the last mouthful. All I spoke of was—the foxes were staunch; the riding was hard; the field was large; the ladies patronized it. The falling was so pleasant that some gentlemen could not be satiated.

The Meet was at the old kennels on the Gurriah Hât Road. More people than before attended. They came in barouches, buggies, phætons and tum-tums. The ordinary traffic was temporarily suspended. The patient ryot had to take his hackery into the ditch to get by. The people of the *bustis* didn't know what they had come out to see, but brats and all came out to look. It was an inspiring scene and worthy the pen of a Pomponius Ego. I counted up to 40 people on horseback, but then got thrown out by that irrepressible "Gadha." Like the little pig and the peasant, he kicked up such a bobbery that I couldn't count him at all. The *elite* of the fair and the festive of the human race were there, and most of the aristocracy of the equine tribe. I missed some who could be ill spared. Bachelor, Jovial Mariner, and Duchess, who on the last occasion took the front seat, to which her rank entitled her, but her rider being on the bed of sickness the saddle of sport was empty, Countess and Chuckerbere were there. Also Mephistopheles the ink black imp. The learned Judge's knowing grey; the Squeeler, and the Squire, whose rider was heartily welcomed back, being greeted with his favorite refrain—"I never waits for nobody, and no one need wait for me."

The Big Bay, Badger, and Jute Butts were there, Red Deer, Sheer Legs, Gay Lad, and the Burra Tatto; and

among the new ones, Chowpy the Champion summersault thrower and Mignonette, or the little (one's) Darling. *The Course* was well selected. The ground in capital order. The jumping enough to satisfy the most voracious, comprising broad ditches, hurdles, mud walls, and a double (two mud walls each 3 feet 6 inches high) where was enacted most of the fun of the fair. It was placed alongside the road, and the gallery took up its position there, as just on the opposite side of the road was the finish, reached after the double by a circuitous route.

The Chase was full of excitement and fun. To speak first of the foxes:—"Countess ably piloted by the straight going Mr. Latham, went the course as usual in finished style, and old Chuckerbere being a little above himself, threw a "lep" or two right manfully. Both saved their brushes, and were accused only of making the scent not strong enough, but perhaps there were perfumed violets about them. The pack was soon in full cry after them. Nothing eventful occurred until the double, except a reported strategic movement on the part of Mr. Phocuss to avoid a nasty wall of which he didn't like the look. He took ground to the rear where the paper wasn't, and then savagely shouting he couldn't find it galloped off on another track. No! by the way I am wrong. That happened at the big wall after the double. No matter, the sad delinquency is recorded. Hark for-r-rard! Over the fatal double the first flight, including the Big Bay, the Bench, Mephistophles, Mr. Choter, and others got safely over. Then began a scene worthy of adoption for the comic business of a circus. It was much appreciated by the audience, and their shouts of laughter were abundant testimony that grief for the *burst monsoon* had been chased away. Chowpy led off by here turning his first summersault and did it well. Second clown on a fiery chestnut soon followed and rolled over Chowpy in the (saw) dust, in approved fashion. This was the prelude

to a scene of wild calamity and confusion that was very humorous. Horse after Horse, rider after rider, came to grief one way or another, until the double was stuffed as full as a Strasbourg pate. Men, horses, topees, and oaths flew about unrestrained; wits fled, the jumble was indescribable until the Squeeler let them out. He came up at "sixteen annas" pace. His rider casually roared out a general admonition to all to get out of the way (as if they could) and jumped bang into the middle of the rabble, knocked them all in a heap like a bunch of ninepins, and a big hole opening out in the outer wall the crowd escaped. Hardly had I wiped from my eyes the tears of laughter elicited by this entertainment when, turning in my carriage I saw the leaders coming in at the finish. Mephistopheles who kept cleverly to the front as usual was first. The learned Judge was decreed a good second, whilst little Mignonette, who was capitally ridden by a most promising young 'un, was landed third.

As she crashed through the last hurdle amidst encouraging cheers, she, following the ruling fashion, added to her titles (with a defiant toss of her head) that of "Forget-me-not," a prophetic warning to the other maidens relating to the next Ballygunge Steeplechases. Next came the Badger and Jute Butts. The latter, though he hadn't more than the weight of a "sparrow" on him hadn't a kick left and collapsed at the last jump but one, like a burst ball. After him came the ruck including welter weights and little Red Deer who would have been nearer, were his legs as speedy as his heart is stout. The rear was brought up by some stragglers; and so ended another capital chase.

There will not be time probably for more than one other, before the country gets too heavy, but that one there will be, to keep up these morning breathers.

If anyone had taken a stroll round the Course as I did after the chase, he would have been rewarded by a series of most "larfable" incidents. Horses riderless scouring the

country, Riders hatless scouring after them. Mr. Cashmer rushing blindly Tollygunge wards, his horse having gone Ballygunge wards. Mr. Griffin hanging round his horse's neck, only escaping terrestrial embrace by a long spur, a strong spur, and a spur altogether. Mr. Chowpykamafik sitting disconsolate, hugging the branch of a tree, brought down by him in his third double back summersault, and bewailing the faithlessness of Chowpy, who had left him at the third fall, after casting on him a curious look of scorn, as if the Sahib and not Chowpy was to blame. The last incident engraved on my memory was Mr. Sunder's "Gadha" planting at a two foot rut, the objurgations of the rider laid on with an ash plant were loud and Jorroekian. Gur-r-r along you beast ! whack ! whack ! come h'up I say you h'ugly brute ! Whack ! Whack ! H'obstinacy thy name is h'ass Whack ! Whack ! and then the h'ass come h'up suddenly as if he saw a thistle ahead, and left his unprepared rider in the rut ! "Get up thou bald pate" shouted little Bengalees, and he got up and he left ; and so did I.

When I got home I reflected. I thought of the many additional aspirants to cross country honours and to what it might not lead at next seasons' Steeplechases. There was a lot of new blood out. Most of it certainly got spilt on the way (untried horses, however, will make mistakes) There's blood left and of good tap too. If gentlemen sportsmen you will only.....but hush, hush-sh I am still reflecting:

F. GOLIGHTLY.

MIDSUMMER MADNESS.

Oh horrible ! Oh horrible ! Most horrible. The rain it raineth every day. Chowringhee erst elated by the Chase is again *désolé*. Mankind in the monsoon is mercurial, being like a barometer sensitive to every change in the weather. No wonder then we have fallen low, now that

the splendours of Apollo's reign have been so completely routed by the accession of Great King Frog.

Distraught for amusement, we have positively yearned for one of those delicately devised and elegantly executed "calls to the chase," but a glance at the clouds and the waters pouring from them, shews that at present it is in vain, and that as it is written in the Book of Ward. "It cannot was." The voice of the horses this time, we hear them complain "we've got no work to do-oo-oo," but we cannot help them till the rain stops. The inaction falls hard on Chowpy, for how is he to keep souple for summersaults, Countess, Chukerbeere, Duchess, The Man, Abbess, The Squire, &c., having no special aims will rest happy in a dry stable—until the time comes. Jute Butts will have to get screwed up tight enough, to carry the house top as well as the "sparrow" upon it. Mephi must be content to toast his toes in the lower regions, and conjure up visions in the flames like an old Charwoman, whilst the Darling-ette can do as darlings do, seek for petting, and she will find it. In the stable of the Sunder, however, there is inconsolable woe and tribulation, for the state of affairs has broken the heart of the "Gadha." He is no more. Alas! poor "Gadha." Son of Asinine perfection.

He was a moke; take him for all in all,

We shall not look upon his like again.

To pass from the stable to the boudoir—where, under these cloudy circumstances are we to find new pastures of pleasure for Phillis and Corrydon? Not out doors, so we have temporarily consigned to the cupboard our tennis-bats, racquets and polo-sticks, and hung them on the hooks that are therein. It can only be in-doors, and we at once pronounce "a ball" which is no longer whispered, but a loud absorbing topic of conversation—in fact.

Dance, or not to dance, is now the question, and

I would ask.

If for the mind it is not bad to suffer
 The slings and arrows of prolonged suspense,
 Let's take then by the horn the Saltant bull.
 And fix the night *ek dum*. The consumation's
 Most devoutly wished. When fixed, all nigh's done.

The Band? perchance ! The floor ! Ay there's the rub.

Ay of course there is, but Roche will rub it—as before, until it is as smooth as a skating rink. A Ball Secretary would not perhaps, agree that all is done when the day is fixed, but nevertheless for a good dance they usually will many “fardels” bear. The longest day having passed unobserved and June being at its last gasp : July must be the month, and the Dog Days remain for the commemorative feast. All will laugh to see the sport when the dogs begin to to dance, which will be delightful, for at present none of us can raise even a smirk. It will be necessary it should rain all day to cool the air, but it must be fine at night for the sake of the patient carriage horse. The Secretary would, however, of course, see to these things.

Talking of horses takes me back to the stable. When I closed my last letter I was voyaging to the dream-land of reflection in search of opportunities for the display of our new equestrians' prowess. As there seems little chance of any more paperchasing until the crops sown are grown and cut, will not some enterprising genius organise a series of (sun-shiny) Saturday afternoon sky races over hurdles and on the flat ? It will keep us going until the racing season proper comes in, of which more anon, and will give to him who wants it (surname Legion) that practice which alone makes perfect, whether in executing a fantasia or a finish. No fellow, until he has “found his seat” so to speak is much use, either in galloping or jumping, whether it is over the keys of the piano, or the daisies and hurdles of the race course. Ask it in the boudoir ! Ask it in the stable !

F. GOLIGHTLY.

Jupiter Pluvius must have been touched by our laments, for he has put the rose on the watering pot, and been only spattering instead of slushing us with its contents, but this merely "by the way" I have rushed to my pen to announce two important sporting fixtures. The first is owing to J. P. which is why I have mentioned him ; for if he turns crusty again it may not come off. The events are,—

Wednesday 28th June. Paperchase.

Thursday 13th July. Dog—Day Ball.

Paperchase.—The "call to the chase" informs me that the meet will be, as before, at the old kennels at 6 A.M. Foxes as before. Spectators had better wander up the track known as "the Red Road near the Sheep-pens." Water has lately been laid on lavishly. There will be a water jump. What a chance for Chowpy !

The Ball.—The meet will, I am informed, be as before, at the Town Hall at 9-30 P.M. Managing committee as before. Music, it is to be hoped, as before. The galloping track (after the rain ?) promises to be first-class going, cool smooth and slippery. What a chance for..... Manolo!

F. GOLIGHTLY.

Chowringhee arose very early in the morning on Wednesday 28th June to array for the Paperchase. The last jackal had hardly slunk into a protecting drain, when, from every upper-storey window in the mansions of the blest, night-capped heads emerged to inspect the weather. Grave mistrust had been felt in Jupiter Pluvius, for it had been noticed that he had bragged in your columns of laying down in one Wednesday alone, in Cheerapoonjee no less than 40 inches of rain, a game which, if he should try here, would force us to Paperchase in Boyton swimming suits, and we have'nt got many. When, however, it was found that—

A joyous sun and bright
 Had chased away the moon and stars,
 Of the warm and sultry night.

And there was no sign that J. P. was up and moving, the night caps in their glee screamed "view Hollous" in all keys from dainty soprano to basso profundissimo ; and as this inspiring call reverberated down the street, all was bustle and animation to be off. The drive through the pretty suburban lanes was most pleasant and exhilarating. The trees and grass looked green and fresh, nature had on her sweetest smile, and the busti babies blinked in wonderment at the number of carriages and horses which went past them. The meet was again at the old kennels, where the assemblage consisted of those who meant business, numbering some 20 or 30 horsemen. Those who came to "spectate" hurried off to the Red Road near the sheep-pens, hoping to see some fun at the double, water jump, and finish which had been arranged there. There really seemed to be more lady-sportsmen, more carriages and more roadsters than before. I hovered over them in my balloon to take notes and came to the conclusion, that at least half the roadsters ought to have been at the kennels, and I hope next time many of them will take to the field. Some must have had powerful reasons for not being there. For instance I saw spectating the finished horseman handed down to posterity in the pages of the *Oriental Sporting Magazine* as the "fair young Englishman glowing with pride". He's not often seen glowing on the wrong side of the cover, when there's a chance of a good ride, and I suppose Mephi was not fit. Again Mr. Choter was there seeking and finding the petting so liberally bestowed on his mare. No ! only saying her for exploits in the cold weather. I also saw Mr. Sunder on foot which is of course accounted for by the death of the "Gadha," which cast a gloom on the day. Others I had hoped to see

were absent altogether, one being a victim of the Black Friday of fractures and contusions, owing to which "Red Deer" was away. But I must hark back to the kennels.

Mr. Burrock did not appear with the paper bag, having had a tumble with old Chuckerbeere the day before. The patient strategist should have taken his place, but hearing of the expected "Gallery" whose blandishments he cannot resist, he prudently avoided danger by a sudden movement on Bally. The "Vielle Moustache," Count R. De Naxela, ever ready for a chase or charge, took his place and carried by Lord of the Isles was soon "gone away" in company with Mr. Latham on Countess. A slight altercation with a rustic, in which a little Bengalee Billingsgate and big bamboo figured, enlivened the first part of the journey, which reached its culminating point at the Red Road jumps. Countess was fretful, and twice refused the double, but the Lord, though a fresh one, went over in a manner which shewed that the hand on the reins was as deft as ever. Her ladyship was then pleased to go over and went the rest of the course in a better humour. The Count, however, had soon to stop, as he broke a stirrup leather, through which, unfortunately at the end of the course, there was no scent.

The pack "filling the air with joyful melody swept after them like a hurricane," a tumble or two taking place early in the chase, and as they neared the double a cry arose "they come." With a long lead there did come with a vengeance the little country-bred "Abbess," tearing at her bit like a fiend, but the young Zoologist on her back wisely let her go her own way, and she was in and out of the double in a twinkling, closely followed in capital style by the puggery-wigged Judge, Mariner, a clever grey, the Lancer, Commandant, Duchess, The Man, Sheer Legs, The Squeeler and others, after which came the tail of the pack, who created much diversion. Most got well over the water jump, which was followed by a big mud wall, but the interest

in the chase was then spoilt by the absence of paper, and the finish was a disorderly scramble, horses dropping in from all points of the compass, of which the first flight comprised Mariner, Abbess, the Judge, Duchess, &c., &c., &c.

There were again many "larfable" incidents from which I cull the following:—Mr. Chashmer renewing on foot his investigation into the geography of the "Gunges" of Tolly and Bally, in vain search for his quad. Mr. Koochper-Warny with a wild look in his eye and a dirty hoof print on his stomach running after his handsome brown, from which he had been "pipped" in a collision, and when he came to his senses (it is said) abusing in the words of the great Scamperdale, who could not swear or use coarse language because he was a lord, the scandalous, unsightly, idolatrous, rusty-booted, numb-handed son of a puffing corn-cutter who had cannoned against him. Next Mr. Ditcher on the Glasgie Apprentices' chestnut, emulating the feats of Chowpy. He didn't like his first fall, and was heard roaring like the immortal Lord—"I've broken my back."—"I've broken my legs."—"I've broken my ribs."—"I've broken my collar bone." "I've knocked my right eye into the heel of my left foot," "I'm kilt entirely,"—but after four more tumbles he got used to it, and came in chirpy and aptly singing the glee beginning.

Five times by the taper's light
I've fallen on my head this night;

And his topee looked like it! Then Mr. Jack Spraggon on Yeoman with a flat hat *en regle*, galloping past instead of over the double, which was so unlike him that I think his spectacles must have been dimmed by the morning dew. Mr. G. Aspirant executing a (faux) *pas de seul* over the wing of the last jump, and lastly the gem at which was the loudest "larf." It was elicited by the unparalleled performance at the double by the sporting Mr. Paddy Moustache

on Harlequin. Both jumped over the first wall in first rate form. *It was in ruins*; but the second wall was stiff and upright. Harlequin went at it as if slapping through a property-shop window into the arms of six stalwart scene-shifters. Mr. P.M. shot skywards, and being hirsute, capillary attraction from the clouds drew him up as the horse ascended, and let him down plump as he descended. Thus was the remarkable scene of a man and his horse becoming in the air whilst passing over a jump, separate and distinct bodies, and becoming again one and the same body on reaching mother earth. It was just like Spiritualism or Professor Crooke's "physic" force as Mrs. Malaprop calls it. However it didn't disturb Mr. P. M. much; for catching his old crock a whack on the quarters, he rattled on with a merry laugh which was re-echoed after him.

When the fun was over all went home, and as my balloon car swept past one carriage, I over heard a young lady comment that the chase was very jolly, but she was sorry that there were not more spills! This must be rectified next time. It was Chowpy's fault. The force of example does much in these cases, and Chowpy was not there to set it! A double back summersault at the double and another at the water would have produced a host of imitators and immortal renown would have been Chowpy's! He must attend next time. It is so ordained by the fair sex.

When I got home I reflected as is my wont. I reflected to the effect that paperchasing is merely the preface to steeplechasing; and I therefore hope that when the hat goes round for subscriptions in the race and chase season, that no one who has attended these chases will forget to give practical proof of his appreciation of them.

F. GOLIGHTLY.

1879-80.

In very exuberance of spirits, I cannot help getting a friendly "biped" to write to you, Mr. Editor, to tell of my feeling anent the paperchase that took place yesterday. I am now reduced to a baboo's buggy horse, and the only recreation I have in the flesh is to occasionally show my resentment at my position by smashing the wretched buggy. I ought perhaps in all humility to quietly pull along. But during the last three weeks I have gone in the spirit a few times over my old hunting grounds in the neighbourhood of Ballygunge, and tried to forget my degradation in watching the old fun I used to take such a prominent part in. Until yesterday's meeting I returned to stern reality with a heavy heart, seriously debating as to whether or not I should at once sink without a struggle into a slave, but now I am determined to rattle the old buggy more than ever with my heels. The sport in whose history I hope to live, is not on the wane, notwithstanding the lukewarmness shown at the two first meets. Yesterday was a day of the old sort, one in which I should have been proud to have taken part, and my spirits are raised accordingly, for I feared much from all I saw and heard of the two previous chases, that the grand old sport was on its last legs. Not only were there but a few men and horses who really went according to my ideas of the old form, but I am told that a certain sporting oracle of a contemporary of yours, threw cold water upon those who went to the front, and invoked the memory of the old days in which I figured so prominently, to back up his fault-finding, and spoke contemptuously of the course to train horses for steeplechasing. Woe be the day that any man who had seen me go in my prime should complain of the wretched pace there was shown in the two first meets—or that my followers in the sport should be debarred the chance of feeling the pride I do, in having been the school-master of so many good steeplechasers—I supposed the times

were changed, and my friends who used to buy young horses make cross-country nags of them and ride them themselves between the flags, were replaced by others who import steeplechasers ready made and jockeys to ride them too, thinking it out of their line to ride anything faster than a slow canter, over jumps not too big. But yesterday and the exercise of a little thought have shown me my fears were groundless, for had we not a splendid run then ? I thought that perhaps this sporting oracle was a fresh hand in the pig-skin, and that by-and-bye he would gain courage and not wait until holes were knocked in mud walls, hurdles floored and fences generally dilapidated, before he allowed his steed to shove him along. For the present, if I am right, he should stick to the horse of the style of his *beau ideal* "Milkmaid," and have patience and take courage.

Well, yesterday from my point of vantage, I saw a goodly gathering of the right sort. There were "The Young Un" on his handy honest black ; your genial straight-going noble Captain on "Lancer;" a gallant Colonel on "Clarion;" the Bank representative on "Crushing Luck," the sporting vet on "Temperance;" a roguish specimen of my race, who on the two previous occasions declined most resolutely to carry another rider over the course, his welter brother aspirant on his tandem leader as of old, the Father of the human race on "Beeswing; Happy Jack's old owner on "Young Ballarat;" the German and French representatives, Jorrick's former master on a varmint looking "grey;" your sporting solicitor on "Colac," the sporting Oracle on his weight carrier ; "Milkmaid" with her new owner up and other good men and true.

The paper was laid by the owner of "Warwickshire Lad" and another gentleman. The meet was at the old kennels and the finish at the same place as on the two former occasions, When time was given "Colac," "Temperance," "Lancer,"

"The Young 'Un's" Black and "Crushing Luck" led the van and streamed away. The first three jumps were taken safely, although a good many floundered at a smartish drop with a bank and brambles, on the near side. After the fourth jump the varmint Grey was running riderless, and Jorrick's former master was out of the run worse luck, for I have often gloried in having him at my girths in former times; then the field streamed on. "The Young 'Un" at its head with "the Sporting vet" and "Crushing Luck's" rider attending him. Soon after the latter left his horse one side of a wall and got over the other side himself.

Here "Temperance" wanted to stop to bear him company, but his rider struck his rowels home, and kept him going in the Black's wake, followed by "Lancer" and "Beeswing," and so on merrily they went ding dong. First the Black, then Temperance and a non-Lancer' leading alternately, and by-and-bye the Bank representative having remounted, got to the head of affairs. By this time "The Young Un's" horse had had enough, although his rider rode like a good man and true, and, biding carefully on "Crushing Luck's" heel were the noble Captain and the sporting vet with "Beeswing" a little in the rear.

At the last hurdle it was evident the place of honour lay between "Lancer" and "Temperance," and after a sharp tussle "the sporting vet" landed his horse in front. So ended a glorious day to me, for I had soared far above my present place into the realms I sometime ago lived in and honoured.

"MEPHISTOPHELES."

PAPERCHASE CUP.

Saturday morning opened with rather a fog, which, however, did not interfere with a capital chase for this annual cup.

Never were more people seen at the meet, the road being lined with carriages from Juggernuth's Car up to the finish, besides which, there was quite a host of spectators on horse back.

Mr. George on "Shamrock" and Mr. Latham on "Weaver," laid the paper, negotiating the course in finished style, and when they were let go, a field of ten were soon in hot pursuit. The lead was at first taken by Mr. Cheetham, whose horse, however, could not last the distance.

The race presented the changing features usual to every race, a description of which in detail lacks interest on paper, though they are absorbing when viewed through the medium of a good pair of binoculars. We content ourselves, therefore, with a description of the finish, which is best told by the following brief sentence, applicable alike to this and the races for the Paperchase cups for the past two years.

Captain Muir on "Warwickshire Lad" first, *facile princeps*. So we suppose it would go on for all time, when the combination enter the arena, but we noticed that the "Invincible Pair" that have for so long dwelt in happy and successful union are about to separate; a decree of divorce from saddle and stable having gone forth.

Nobody, I am sure, will deny that the feat performed by Captain Muir of winning this cup for three successive years, on the same horse, in such a sporting community as that of Calcutta, is one of which he may well be proud.

However, in glorifying his powers we must not forget our other horses, and here record for the benefit of all whom it may concern that Captain Egan on "Gang Warily" was a good second, Mr. Harrison on "Marshall" third, Mr. Barnes

on "Beeswing" fourth, and Mr. Macnair on "I Want it" fifth, the rest dropping in later, except one gentleman who was swept off horse into space by the branch of a stray bamboo.

So ended a capital Paperchase Season, and with a hearty vote of thanks to the indefatigable Secretary, Mr. Latham, we wish the Club farewell for this, and as good sport for the next season as that just concluded.

1880-81.

The first Paperchase of the season took place on Saturday, and as this was the initial meet it cannot but be looked upon as a very successful one. It must be remembered by those who were not there to see for themselves that the country is still very holding, and in most places the long crops are standing, so that the promoters had considerable difficulty in finding a line of country suitable to their purpose at all. All things considered the course was a decidedly good one, and the straggling nature of the finish fully accounted for the state of the ground, and want of condition in the nags. Next chase should see a marked improvement in both.

The paper was carried by Messrs. Alipore and Latham, the latter riding that perfect little horse "The Weaver" and the former "Young W. P." who should make a nice horse in time. The field was rather over than under average number, many new faces swelling the ruck. A number of the old hands also turned out, some to ride and some to see. Among the field were prominent Mr. Barnagore on his clever hack and jumper "Black Diamond," Mr. Edward on that good little mare "Di Vernon," Mr. Leatherhead on "Norseman," the Captain on "Gang Warily," Mr. Nagrom on "Orlando," and good old "Patchwork" with his owner up

“ Marshall,” “ Brunette,” “ Reindeer,” and a lot of old acquaintances took more or less share in the proceedings at one stage or another, but we shall have more to say of doughty deeds on their part, when further into the season.

Of Saturday’s chase, suffice it to say, that Mr. Barnagore, Mr. Edward, and the Captain went away at a slow pace, accompanied by Mr. Nagrom, who, having graduated on a mad horse like “ Mephistopheles,” found the big bay a handful and a bit over, the field following and refusing in a leisurely sort of fashion. This state of thing continued till the Captain and Di Vernon’s rider overshot the paper and carried the majority of the field with them or after them, allowing “ Black Diamond ” to get clean away, and win as he liked, despite the spirited rush of Di Vernon, when her rider was able to get within hail.

The last hurdle looked a teaser, but luckily for more than one “ pumped out ” chaser it gracefully yielded and allowed all and sundry to go over, or through, as suited their fancy.

The leaders, Messrs. Barnagore, Edward, and Leatherhead cleared the fence as they usually do everything in the course, but with the exception of Patchwork, everything else had a hard rap at the sticks.

Our paperchases are growing in popularity, and we hope to see a more closely contested finish next week.

When people go to see a circus or other acrobatic performance they generally pay for their fun. To this world-wide custom the Calcutta Paperchases appear to be a brilliant exception. Here a limited number of gentlemen perform at times almost acrobatic feats, for the benefit of a certain portion of the Calcutta community, the money for the necessary apparatus generally coming out of the pocket of the acrobats. This morning our worthy Secretary, to whom with Messrs. Alipore and Barnagore, we ought to be much indebted for preparing the way for us this season

—was not in his usual place, being only a spectator. It struck me he was making mental, if not real, notes of those persons present, who do not subscribe to the Paperchase Fund, and I should not be surprised if he were requested to send round the book to such non-subscribers, excluding of course ladies, gentlemen in charge of ladies, and the representatives of the Press. Why the few, (alas! the sorry few) should do most of the pay and all the play, is a question some of the Calcutta public can best answer.

ONE OF THE ACROBATS.

November 29th, 1880.

The second Paperchase of the season took place yesterday, the meet being at the Jodepore Station of the Port Canning Railway, and in every respect it must be considered a most successful one. The field was a goodly one, the course a pretty one, and the concourse of spectators the biggest on record. The paper on this occasion was carried by Messrs. Barnagore and Alipore, two of our oldest and best performers at the game, and we need scarcely add that horses and men performed their parts to perfection.

The lie of the course, which began at the Thanna afforded unusual facilities to spectators, who were able to see the early part of the hunt, and then by riding back the Gurriah Hât Road to be in at the finish.

Directly "The Captain" who held the clock, gave the "Off," the whole crowd got away well together, "Doctor Durrum Toller" on "Bucksfoot" leading the way, Mr. Edward on the rare good little paperchaser "Di Vernon," and Mr. Mac on "Nancy," forming a sort of connecting link between the sporting set and the general ruck. Crossing the road for the second time "Bucksfoot" was pulled, leaving "Nancy" with the lead, which she only held, however, up to the next fence, where she refused persistently. Mr. Mac was not to be said "nay," and with little loss of time the grey

mare's tail disappeared into the jungle amid the plaudits of the lookerson. From this point the course wound its way along the high ground past the old Ballygunge Race Course on the left, and for a third time impinged on Macadam. Little "Di Vernon" had by this time taken command, accompanied by Mr. Leatherhead on "Nawab," who fenced as flippantly as ever. "Patchwork" being in close attendance, apparently ready to go to the head of affairs when wanted, and fencing superbly. Of the ruck the Captain on a young one, a Zulu on "Marshall," and Mr. Poollwallah on "Trinity," were alone conspicuous—Mr. Mac having lost his favourite sola topee which we are glad to hear he subsequently recovered, and the Doctor finding at any rate one tree in the wood harder than his cranium and not wishing to put his knowledge box to further trial, retired. Mr. Sniktaw on a big jumping bay came in for fair share of both notice and applause. If one irreverent onlooker did suggest cobbler's wax, the enthusiastic hunter heard him not; and as we saw him later in the chase sitting back like "I Anson" over a drop fence, we venture to prophesy that on future occasions he will be able to dispense with the adhesive and leave no room for either daylight or criticism.

The run in for the finish was in the straight which skirts Smith & Co.'s steeplechase course, and three horsemen only emerged from the Thicket to take part in the actual race for first. Mr. Edward on "Di Vernon" leading easily, the learned judge coming along second, apparently in no hurry, "Patchwork" with bellows to mend third. The mare won as she liked, and her rider was deservedly congratulated on his first win over a country.

We understand from Mr. Latham that he intends to levy a double subscription on spectators, and we hope to see this induce many after-dinner riders to join the hunt and go through with it. Another hint we would give the

energetic Secretary, and that is, that any one not going the course, but cutting all corners, utilising short cuts and then nicking in for a share in the finish, as we have observed a man on a bay (not a big bay) do, should have his subscription quadrupled and the Maidan Tout told off to watch him in future.

The Dum Dum Races will of course be the great attraction next Saturday, so we suppose the next Paperchase will take place on Monday.

The third meet of the season took place yesterday morning, the meet being at the kennels on the Gurriah Hât Road. The attendance was unusually large, and, as the course began on the pucka, and ended nowhere in particular among the deepest recesses of the jungle, the following was a good bit above the average, for to see anything at all, you had to follow the paper. The hares on this occasion were Messrs. Alipore and Latham, whose horses made very little bones about the fences which were apparently rather smaller than usual. This may have been fancy however.

Starting from Khaguz Kul the course swept down the road towards the railway, and after passing through the compound of an empty tenement, curved round and emerged on the main road, some half a mile further on. After sticking to Macadam for a little distance, it again disappeared in the jungle on the opposite side of the road, skirted the "sheep-pens" and hit off the well known Red Road, and for the third and last time again entered the jungle through which it wended its tortuous way, till, as lucidly described by an ardent chaser, "it was brought up by a big wall behind which there was not anything."

The hares were accompanied on their journey by a "quiet cove" on a likely looking bay "colt" of two years' experience which should turn out a nice handy little horse when a year or two older. To do "The Young 'Un" justice

after one fall he fenced beautifully throughout, his owner sitting back on him like an old gentleman playing his pet instrument in his favourite arm-chair. After twelve minutes' grace, the field, and a goodly field it was at all events at first, got away, in a crowd, and hustled one another down the road. The first hurdle choked off a good many who had only come to see the fun, and when the chasers emerged on the road their numbers were reduced by nearly half, Mr. Edward on little "Di Vernon," and Lord William, having a good bit best of it.

Between this point and the open by the Red Road tailing went on increasing, and reports were current as to unfair riding on the part of those who should have known better. A rider who shrinks jumping should to put it mildly, at all events keep out of the way of those who really mean business—there was one bad spill caused by a jostle of this kind yesterday.

As the chase entered the jungle for the third time Mr. Leatherhead also got a cropper, "Norseman" coming to grief in a little "grip" he could have stepped over. Fortunately no bones were broken, and the ruck swept on, the pace at this point being too hot to admit of stopping to pick up the pieces. Throughout the hunt the pride of place was pretty much left to Mr. Edward and Lord William the pair at the last running a dead heat for first. Lord Beresford, whose horse had overreached badly, spared his good nag the last hurdle, so the laud and glory go to "Di Vernon's" straight riding owner. Turning to the horses that went best "Patchwork," "Gangwarily" and a Government House looking bay, were conspicuous.

The fourth meet of the season took place yesterday morning, the meet being at the "Khaguz Kul," where a goodly company assembled by seven o'clock. The morning was peculiarly fine, unlike a Ballygunge morning altogether, being

bright, crisp and clear, so that those who went out, whether to ride or to see, not only enjoyed themselves thoroughly, but brought home with them an appetite for breakfast, to kham-samah's appalling. The course on this occasion was more of a gallery one than last time, but this in no way lessened the number of the field, while it left quite enough over and above to constitute a crowd at the winning post. The paper was carried by Messrs. Latham and Barnagore, or rather would have been, had not the latter gentleman's syce left the saddle bags at home, which made the scent less holding than usual. The pace throughout ; despite the paucity of paper, was hotter than we have had it yet, and more than one man who overran the paper had a long stern chase home, in good solitude. At the double—a formidable obstacle in its way—many a chaser met a check and ultimately found it easier to go round than to go in and out. A few minutes after the leaders had left the obstacle behind them, a cheery voice was heard singing out to a gentleman on a chestnut who was vainly endeavouring to negotiate the jump. "Allow me, Sir!" It was Mr. Blue Bag, Q. C., on his slashing black. Gaily he came on, the way clear, a fair field and no favour determined to do or die, but his crock regarded matters from quite a different point of view—a buggy point—and swerved so badly that his gallant owner nearly left the farm. Again and again did Mr. Blue Bag return to the charge, endeavouring to bring his steed to the scratch by the use almost, of incontestible (thick stick) arguments and legal lore until at last, wearied by the long address, and persuaded against his better-self, the tired out war horse elected a nonsuit—and had the lip! *Vultus est index animi.*

Mr. Edward, Lord William, Captain Fitzwilliam, Mr. Patchwork, Mr. Mac and Nimble "Parlman" divided the honour and glory of leading the hunt pretty fairly between them, but the little brown mare, although twice disappointed, always had a bit the best of it, and her rider

having an idea whereabouts the finish was, has no difficulty in scoring another clever win.

There is no doubt that all contending for "the win" should have a fair chance of knowing when to make their effort, and we think that the promoters would find it a good plan to make the second or third fence from home by flags or otherwise. This would help to bring the field together at the finish and ensure a struggle for the lead.

The fifth meet of the season took place yesterday, the fixture being Jodepore Station, a good way out for a Monday morning rendezvous. Punctuality has never been a conspicuous element in our Paperchases; but when it comes to over half an hour's grace, it begins to strike one that it's going just a bit too far. Of course, in these fine cold mornings a chase could be run at noon just as well as at any time, but when any hour is advertised it would be as well to stick to it.

The courses this year have, as a general thing, been rural to a fault, for to be quite successful a Paperchase should have a bit of a gallery somewhere or other—better at the finish than anywhere else. Yesterday after crossing the line of rail at Jodhpore (shortly before a train passed by the same token) the course made as nearly as possible a bee line through the jungle for the Rifle Butts at Ballygunge, ending under a big bamboo clump near the level crossing. There was a good deal of talk about heavy going, but with the exception of two short stretches, where the going certainly was "Ponky," the course was a particularly good one.

Spills there were in abundance, grief beginning so early as the very first hurdle, where Mr. Hatband Merlot cut a voluntary. A little further on old Exeter slipped with Lord William, the pair going to grass, and the very mixed fence accounted for a trio of aspirants to Paperchase honours.

With these exceptions the field kept pretty well together for about a third of the distance, after which lasting became the order of the day, "Patchwork" and two of the Government House party alone being able to maintain the pace. From this point onward this trio ran right away from the ruck, first one leading and then another, all three horses fencing faultlessly.

None of the three can be said to have had much the best at any period of the chase, which was any one's till the last thick bit of jungle, where the member for Hurlingham apparently regardless of trifles like a broken neck, stole a march on "Patchwork" and the Captain, winning the most closely contested Paperchase of the season from "Patchwork" Captain Fitzwilliam a good third. The field beaten off.

The holidays have interfered somewhat with our report of these popular meetings, and we have to hark back to Monday the 27th of December to maintain the even tenor of our notices. On that occasion the bags were carried by Messrs. Latham and Alipore, the former mounted on a very fresh waler, which prevented his rider laying down his quantum of paper. Starting away from the old kennels, the field not an over large one by the way, streamed away to the left in the direction of the railway, and after a short drive into the jungle reappeared on the main road only to glide away from the gallery into the mysteries and intricacies of a dense jungle. In consequence, frequent checks were the order of the day, but the member for Hurlingham rendered himself conspicuous for the exceedingly clever way, in which he, time after time, hit off the track. Mounted on a horse, which by the way is distinguished from others of his class in the animal kingdom as having accompanied General Roberts on his far-famed journey from Kabul to Kandahar, the member scored second at the finish Mr. Gateacre on The Cripple beating him by a short head.

Kingston with his new owner Mr. Sekyed up, came to grief, and we are afraid that the horse has hurt his shoulder badly, "Patchwork" coming in for third honours, and thus ended the Paperchases as far as the year 1880 is concerned.

The year 1881 commenced, as it should have done, right merrily. It is true several old and familiar faces were absent, but when it is remembered that the old year had to be escorted out and the new year in with the customary honours, such a dereliction of duty is not to be wondered at. There was an immense gallery, however, and the ladies mustered strongly. The start was at the kennels, the course again lying to the left. "Patchwork," eager for the fray, went off with a rush, the Young 'Un on a workman-like crock next.

On getting into the open the lead was taken by Wool Saheb on that really wonderful old friend, "The Laird" who took his fences magnificently. The pace, however, soon proved too hot for he had to yield his place, and "Patchwork" who led the way as far as the Red Road, where notwithstanding the yells of the gallery, his rider persisted in taking the ditch and rail, to the end that he got himself mixed up amongst the carriages.

Mr. Neophyte one of our newest importations, tried to hang himself in a palm tree, but the tree would have none of him, and let him gently drop on mother earth again, but retained his stirrups as legitimate spoil. How on earth the stirrups ever managed to get themselves fixed into the tree will remain for ever a mystery. There was some very heavy galloping in the jungle, and some places were but just wide enough to allow man and beast to force their way through. Another peculiarity was the frequent little banks of mist met with to an alarming degree one hurdle in particular appearing under the magnifying influence of the mist twice its size. At the finish the

Government House representative came in with a rush, resulting in as clever win for Captain FitzWilliam on The Lawyer, Lord W. Beresford second on The Cripple, and Patchwork a close third.

The ninth Chase of the season took place yesterday morning, the meet being advertised for the Juggernath Car but the actual start was about 200 yards nearer Calcutta, The field was a large one, but we missed many of the cracks Cripple, Lawyer, Cleveland, and Patchwork being amongst the absent ones. Government House, too, was only represented by Lord William on his buggy Nag. Saturday's racing, no doubt, stopped some, but after the races are over we hope to see them all out again. The Quiet Cove we noticed looking none the worse for his gallop, but his owner contented himself with looking on with the gallery, which was a small one.

The paper was laid by Messrs. Barnagore and Jack Spraggon, the indefatigable Honorary Secretary being on this occasion with the field, but we looked in vain for Mr. Alipore.

On the word being given the field went off with a rush to the right of the Gurreeh Hât Road, and the first hurdle was negotiated in capital style, but the second wall disposed of Mr. Belvedere, whose horse disappeared playfully trying to buck off his saddle. The course after crossing the Red Road disappeared into the jungle, and on reappearing crossed the main road near the Jodpore Thannah, then down the lane to the left, following the course of the second Paperchase, and out into the open country where our first meeting ended. Mr. Collin was the first to appear in the open on a horse, which we do not remember to have seen before, but from the way the animal went over the double he is evidently no new performer over country. Messrs. D'Arcy and Leatherhead with two or three more also got

safely over, but Nancy who up to this had evidently been going well declined to have ought to say to it, and it was sometime before her straightgoing rider could persuade her that she must. A long distance separated the first and second flight, the latter party being headed by Lord William (who up to this had had two soft falls). When they did appear at what doubtless to many appeared a formidable obstacle, refusals were the order of the day, and one gallant horseman having negotiated the first hurdle found the second even more difficult, and in the end had to make good his escape through one of the wings. The course now bore towards the station, then took a sharp turn to the right, and recrossing the road disappeared from the view of the gallery for ever. When near the finish Mr. D'Arcy and the Captain with one or two followers overshot the paper, and before they could recover the lost ground, the chase was over, first being secured by Mr. Collin, Mr. Whiteboots second, and the learned judge on Norseman third.

The pace was not so fast as usual owing to the rather cramped state of the course.

The meet took place yesterday at Rovedale on the Gureah Hât Road nominally at 7 o'clock, actually some twenty minutes later, the hares, contrary to their wont being on this occasion the delinquents.

The morning was a perfect one for a chase *au papier* and both field and gallery were larger than on any occasion this season, despite the absence of Lord William and his hard riding contingent. The paper was carried by Mr. Latham and Captain A. D. Sea, the latter riding "Shamrock," who jumped in his usual grand style. The field comprised most of our local leaders of the hunt, if we except Mr. Patchwork and the absent owner of little "Di Vernon" who has not put in an appearance by the way since the first day at Ballygunge when she fell with poor "Stuffy," breaking his right collar bone and left arm. Over a paperchase course it

is impossible to throw her, and very difficulty indeed to catch her, and with a little schooling there is little doubt but that she would turn out an equally safe and speedy conveyance over a country. But to our Paperchase, Mr. Alipore on his W. P. joined the field on this occasion, as did also Mr. Barnagore and Mr. Hilldale on a handsome black, which has received a good amount of schooling for the business at Mr. Latham's hands, but many of our *debutant* sportsmen for some reason or other stuck to the pukka, whilst others threw up the sponge after the excitement of the first burst died out in them. This is not as it should be, and it is comforting to know that a number of youthful aspirant's to glory in the pigskin have arranged to get up a sweep for first of their number over the last fence next chase.

The jumping was above the average yesterday, notably of "Gangwarily," who won, "Nancy" who goes kindly in no hands save her owner's, Black Diamond and Mr. Hilldale's mount, while the funny business was ably conducted single-handed by Mr. Sedgwick. It is wonderful what a difference a very trifling anachronism at a fence makes. There could not have been half a second between the funny man and the old mare at the mud wall, up to which the human had always a little bit (a nose or a solah topee say) the best of it; but the former putting on a spurt when he viewed the obstacle, beat the mare by a nose; the result—the mare goes home disgusted, riderless, and her bereaved owner is left reclining on a dewy mud bank—an Indian "*Postlethwaite*," sick of paperchasing, and thinking of the cock-tail he is bound to miss! The course laid out was generally pronounced the best of the season; it was not a purely gallery one, nor did it like a previous one end in the deepest jungle shade. It was more a hunting course than any of its predecessors, and was appreciated almost equally by the flyers and the lookers on. Starting from "Rosedale" the first jump was discovered in the open a turn to the left

through a bit of jungle disclosing a mud wall, after which the course curved round to the right, and after crossing a variety of fences, muds, and naturals, emerged on the Station Road by Smith's old paddocks, in the open space by which stood two formidable walls, where the funny man elected to enact his *rôle*. A sharp turn to the left and through the jungle brought the field with "The Capting" Mr. Mac and Mr. Leatherhead in the van, past the brick kilns on the left, over the water jump (*sic* it was only a puddle), and one more turn into the leafy to bring the field into the open by the Red Road with their heads turned homeward. Mr. Mac's grey mare was first recognisable as they appeared from the jungles; but a refusal at a wall had lost the mare a lot of ground, and the steel had been taken out of her in making up her leeway, a fact "The Capting" is too good a horseman not to turn to his own advantage, and it was soon evident that "Gangwarily" was pulling over the mare who, however, saved her character by racing home most gamely, only being beaten by a length, Mr. Padesian a good third, and what has not been customay, a large proportion of the field well up; the learned judge leading and cheering on the ruck.

The tenth meet took place yesterday morning at 7 o'clock, the advertised fixture being the kennels, but the actual start, as last week, was at Rosedale. The paper was carried by Messrs. Barnagore and Jack Spraggon, and the assemblage of both followers and on-lookers was much above the average, in fact every thing held out promise of a good morning's sport. These early hopes were not, however destined to be realised, as the course turned out to be a very indifferent one. Most people was agreed to pronouncing last week's course the best of the season, and yesterday there appeared to be an equally general consensus of opinion in pronouncing that day's the worst. We owe a debt of gra-

titude to the disinterested promoters of our favourite cold weather morning amusement, but they will pardon us for asserting our rights to a free born Briton's dearest privilege, a grumble, when things don't go exactly to please us. The main object in laying out a course is undoubtedly, to make it a good one to ride over, but it should not be altogether lost sight of that a large percentage of subscribers to the pastime take almost, if not quite, as great an interest in seeing a "lep" or two from road, and then hurrying off with some chance at all even's of seeing the finish, as do the most consistent and enthusiastic followers of the paper. Did the fact of a course being a gallery one in any way detract from its excellence in other respects, we should not for a moment advocate the Macadamizer's cause, but when the fact is that the fun of the thing is materially enhanced by the presence of a gallery at some point or other, notably the finish, we certainly think that those of us, who as Mr. *Postlethwaite* unfeelingly puts it, have not the pluck to try or the ability to sit, over fences (whether with or without the natural aid a bridle is supposed to lend) are entitled to something for our money. Talking over yesterday's course a disappointed spectator suggested that next time the paper should be laid from the Chandney Chowk and in bye lanes to the Cathedral. If we are to have it on the pucka, why not give the Tramway a turn. We are sure Mr. Souttar would make a reduction on taking a quantity and convey spectators from find to finish for an anna a piece. But to yesterday's chase ; the course diverged from the High Road by a narrow lane opposite "Rosedale" which it left a hundred yards further on to negotiate a cast-iron field and a mudwall on the right, after which it turned again in the same direction to introduce a hurdle and a half finished bamboo theatre. Having disposed of these miscellaneous obstacles, it emerged on the pucka to which it stuck until a considerable distance beyond the Railway, when it turned

abruptly to the left across the Brick Fields and past the Rifle Butts, ending at the Village Cross Road just beyond Ballygunge. Owing to the tortuous nature of the course, the pace was scarcely so fast as usual, and in consequence of the difficulty experienced in finding the paper which was repeatedly overrun the field was spread-eagled to an unusual extent. A trio got away at the start, the ruck headed alternately by Mr. Leatherhead and Mr. Durrud on Colac who jumped in his old Warnambool style overrunning the scent, and practically the issue of the chases was confined to these members, as the field never got on terms with them. The finish between the three was close enough to be exciting, and would have been closer still had Mr. Kingsman's mount not stumbled badly within sight of the last hurdle. As it was Mr. Mac's mare, "Nancy," who was ridden most resolutely throughout by her sporting owner, won pretty easily from Mr. Hildale's handsome Young 'Un, who should make a chaser by this time next year, Mr. Kingsman a good third. Falls were more numerous than usual, several of our very best men, on the pick of our paper chasers coming to grief, while one or two ponies, especially "Venus," went the course to the admiration of every one.

The meet on Saturday was at the Jodhpore Thanna on the Gurriah Hât Road at 7 o'clock, and a goodly array of Calcutta's fair women and brave men turned out with unusual punctuality. The paper was carried by "the Notlimah Brothers" riding Mr. Hildale's black and J. M. The course was by every one out pronounced perfect. Not only was it over a fine line of country with a variety of good fences, but the finish brought riders back to where second horses and traps were waiting to take them back in time for office, no small consideration with a Monday ma'lday. In addition to this the Gallery enjoyed peculiar facilities for seeing with very little trouble a larger proportion of the course, and thus

getting across to the finish which was most happily chosen, the course termenating with what the immortal Jorrocks terms, "an unavoidable lep" where a more than usual amount, of fun was afforded. Some people take their comforts with them everywhere, and why not paperchasing, but when you do organize a seemingly faultless "bundobust," it is hard if things get mixed. And yet it does occur, or a man who lends out three horses and spare saddlery, not to mention gharries and other precautions, would not have to get a lift home collecting his retinues *en route*, "Douglas, Douglas why didst thou leave me" falls flat after the touching appeal of Charlie's heartsick owner to his recalcitrated, but then Cabulees are ungrateful.

The following was not so numerous as on some occasions, but men were evenly mounted which prevented falling and a straggling finish. Of course there must be leaders in every chase, but on Saturday the leading quartet—consisting of a hard riding red coat on old "Telegram" Mr. Mac on Nancy who was not going quite kindly, Mr. Nilloc and Lord William on Oliver Twist—were unable to stave off a very imposing ruck who, lead by Mr. D'Arcy, took everything rough and smooth without a check, and were close up at the finish. It is getting close up Cup time now, and judging from the fields we have out, the struggle this year for the trophy should be a grand one. Warwickshire Lad, so long *facile princeps* at the game had he not broken down, would have met adversaries quite worthy of his stud in "Telegram." "Oliver Twist," "The Cripple," "Bachelor," Di Vernon, "Patchwork," "Nancy" and a host of other nearly first class nags. As it is, the race for the Cup is a very open one. If funds allowed it would be a good thing to have a second chase over the same course, for all horses adjudged second class, country breds and galloways and ponies of all classes. There is a large proportion of paperchasers who go well and regularly every meet, who have not

the very ghost of a chance against the flyers of the hunt and if our suggestion finds favour with the powers that be," we feel certain that a very good race will be the result. There is a proposal on foot, we understand, to have a day's sky racing, why not have it at Ballygunge where a good flat course and a natural "lep one" are both ready to hand? The new race stand is practically dismantled, so there is no inducement to stick to the maidan. But the Saturday's chase.

At twenty minutes past seven time was called, and field led by Messrs. Mac and D'Arcy raced away down the road, turned into the jungles on the right and after negotiating two hurdles and a wall, emerged in the open by Jodhpore Station, all now together, Mr. D'Arcy leading. It was a pretty sight to see the field negotiate the three jumps on the open, and on-lookers owe a special debt of gratitude to the gentleman on the Grey who gratuitously threw in the wire fence by the Railway. Nancy forged ahead after the first hurdle, but refusing later or jostled Mr. D'Arcy's mount the pair being put out of the first flight by the *contretemps*. Crossing the road the course took down the parallel hollows on the Calcutta side, where a diversity of fences had been built including a water jump and a most uncompromising drop. Turning back to the right, the field was together, led by Messrs. Mac, Hopkins and Kingsman, who raced into the open by the Alipore Lane over a bund, a hurdle and the unavoidable crossing the bunds. Telegram ran wide and Mr. Kingsman speedily took advantage of his adversary's detour, handling his mount in the most artistic manner. The old chestnut's turn of speed was, however, too much for him; and Mr. Hopkins once in the straight sent the old horse along sixteen annas and got first over the last fence by a length, Mr. Mac third, and Lord William who was fast catching the leaders a good fourth. The enthusiasm displayed by

the field was something to be remembered, one gentleman beating his horse easily by a waistcoat, another finding his horse unable or unwilling to accept the ultimatum obstacle, going on alone. The chase altogether was most enjoyable, and will long be remembered both by those who rode and those who looked on, as the jolliest we have had for a very long time.

Paperchases do not make cold weather any more than do swallows constitute summer, still the advertisement of the Paperchase Cup day, which is the closing meet of the season, has a way of suggesting a decided tendency hot-weatherward, and conjuring up visions of perspiring men and reeking horses, that is far from pleasant to lovers of our popular cold weather amusement. The penultimate meet took place on Saturday, the meet being at the Juggernath Car, on the Gurriah Hât Road. The field was not so large as usual, one or two likely Cup horses being reserved for Friday. The paper was carried, as on the last occasion, by Mr. Latham and his brother, the course starting from the Juggernath Car, along the road side, till the lane on the right made a detour in the country practicable. It then inclined to the left, passed the sheep-pen on the left, crossed the Red Road, and after traversing the open, disappeared again in the jungle in the direction of the old Ballygunge steeplechase course, and ultimately brought the followers to a mud wall, a hurdle and a goodly gallery, within a stone's throw of where it crossed the Red Road originally. Shortly after leaving the pukka, the course was bounded by a straggling bamboo and palm clump, festooned with an unkindly creeper which, we regret to hear, has temporarily spoilt the beauty of Brasspot Junior Sahib, who instituted a too searching inquiry into its composition. The accident was one that might have occurred in any morning ride, and the injury, we are glad to hear, is not serious. We were sorry to see "Colac's" sporting owner, who is usually there or thereabout at these

chases reduced to wheels ; the result of a bad spill received in schooling a Young 'Un. Falling on the maidan is very different to the easy tumbling . the more generous soil that Ballygunge affords, and this time the earth did not feel all the pain. But to the chase. The usual coterie, accompanied by Jack Spraggon assumed the lead, holding the pride of places among themselves by turn, till a regular howler robbed them of Mr. D'Arcy's society. Telegram went uncommonly well throughout, and had apparently no difficulty in taking the lead and keeping it, but Oliver Twist's noble owner was biding his time, and coming with a cheering rush at the hurdle just beat the old chestnut by a head, Mr. Nosredneh a good third.

The race this year promises to be something quite out of the common, no less than thirteen sporting owners having declared to try conclusions between the flags. The most cursory glance at the horses will show that many are very nearly first class, while there is not a single nag among the lot without pretensions to being something more than an ordinary hack. The following are the entries :—

- | | | |
|-----|---------------------|-------------------|
| 1. | Mr. Hilldale's | ... Magog. |
| 2. | Barnagore's | ... Black Diamond |
| 3. | Capt. Curzon's | ... Copeck. |
| 4. | Lord W. Beresford's | ... Oliver Twist. |
| 5. | Mr. Collin's | ... Black Prince. |
| 6. | „ Hopkin's | ... Telegram. |
| 7. | „ Traill's | ... Di. Vernon. |
| 8. | „ Young 'Un's | ... Gipsy. |
| 9. | „ Walker's | ... Cinders. |
| 10. | „ Mac's ... | ... Nancy. |
| 11. | „ D'Arcy's | ... Escort. |
| 12. | „ Barton's | ... Marshal. |
| 13. | „ Anderson's | ... Commotion. |

So far a quality goes, Telegram and Oliver Twist are decidedly the pick of the basket ; but when owners choose

to ride horses of that class throughout a season's paperchasing, I cannot see, what ground any one can have for cavalling at their starting for the Cup. Next to them come Nancy, Magog, and Di Vernon, The first named is undoubtedly possessed of a very brilliant turn of speed, and is, when so disposed, a very flippant fencer, but her temper is so uncertain that popular as the win would doubtless be, it is scarcely a safe investment to back her. Magog is a fine raking horse, and shows a lot of quality, but is scarcely quick enough yet to make more than a good bid for success. Di Vernon is a good little mare, and although not as fit as she might, be, will be there or thereabouts at the finish. She has scarcely ever been known to make a mistake paperchasing, and her owner, we all know, rides as straight as man could. Black Prince, Black Diamond, Commotion, and Gipsy, who showed a turn of speed the other day, few were disposed to credit her with, are a good bit above ordinary paperchase form, while Marshal, Cinders, Escort, and Copeck are all tried performers at the game; every horse going has got a fair chance for the Cup, and I confidently expect a great race at the finish between Telegram, Oliver, Nancy, Di Vernon and one or two of the luckiest of the ruck.

The paper will be carried by Messrs. Latham and Muir on the Weaver and Afghan, and as the course is an essentially gallery one, it would be worth any one's while to go all the way, if only to see these two accomplished horsemen cross the country.

THE CUP.

The growing interest taken by the good people of Calcutta in the Paperchases was amply illustrated by the monster gallery that assembled in the depths of Ballygunge yesterday morning to witness the usual contest for decidedly the most sporting event of the season, the Paper-

chase Cup Race. The field this year was known to be not only numerous but strong, and the entries being made public, and the general lie of the course indicated, guaranteed those who took the trouble to go so far from town against the possibility of disappointment. The Cup chase is always more or less a gallery one, and this year it was more than usually so, the onlookers with very little trouble being able to see the followers at a number of points on the journey.

The road to the course presented a very gay and animated apperance and the amount of dust was a caution, yet everybody appeared determined to make the best of things as they were, and I felt sure I may say that no one who went out came back disappointed. The weather can no longer be called cold, scarcely cool even in the morning, and it was greatly to the credit of the gentleman who wore Belatee Kuppra, a Terai hat, and stick up collars that he was able to put as pleasant a face on it as he did. Talking of hats, there is a great opening for all enterprising hatters at Ballygunge on paperchase mornings. It seems to be *de rigueur* now to loose your hat and come home with your head done up in a handkerchief.

Competitors for the Cup are of course the *elite* of paperchasers, hence the funny business is necessarily eliminated from the Cup Day performance. This was the case yesterday in an unusual degree, all the competing men and horses being tried performers at the game and past masters in the art of horsemanship. I was sorry to see some good men standing down who would, had circumstances permitted, have been only too eager to try conclusions with the best horse and most finished horseman among the lot. I was glad to see Mr. Fred again in the pigskin, and hope to see him ride a winner or two on the 12th. There is not a "lep" race on the card at present, but I should say that a Handicap Hurdle Race for paperchase horses who have never won an open race would elicit a large entry and result in a fine

race. The hurdles are all ready, and the only thing necessary would be to pick up the landing sides of the fences. I devote the idea as my subscription to the coming Sky Races, and trust the Stewards thereof will see the propriety of sending me a ticket by way of return. There are a number of men who would be quite ready to enter and ride their own nags over hurdles, if they were only sure they would not meet cattle a little more than worthy of their steed. Telegram and Oliver Twist no doubt kept away a good many men from having a fly for the Cup; but you can scarcely expect an owner of good horses to go out of his way to get one bad enough to meet the wishes of his oponent. I should be intensely sorry did bad feeling and squabbling spring up to mar the friendly aspect of our favourite cold weather amusement, and it might be well to have a more explicit set of Paperchasing Rules drawn up. But to yesterday's chase.

The paper was carried by Mr. Latham on the Weaver and Captain Muir on Shamrock, but I am free to confess that their performance over a country was not as faultless as I had expected, neither of the horses,—known fencers,—jumping in their usual form.

Punctuality was fairly well observed, which was a fortunate thing, as the morning was uncommonly close, and twenty minutes past seven saw the field starting on their $2\frac{1}{2}$ mile journey. The pace, which was pretty stiff for Paperchasing all through, was first made by Mr. D'Arcy on Escort, but he overran the paper on the Red Road, and carried Telegram and others with him, having Messrs. Mac and Collins to go on with the lead; when the field hove in sight at the sheep-pens Mr. Collins had a decided lead, Nancy and Oliver Twist some lengths behind. This order was maintained until Nancy persistently refused a bit of a hurdle any Polo Tat could clear, thus putting what would have perhaps been about the most popular win out of the

question. Mr. Mac is one of the oldest and most consistent supporters of the "*chase au papier*," and it is a pity to see his chance time after time upset by the growing bad temper of his mount. Mr. D'Arcy and Telegram lost very little time in getting on terms with the leaders, whom Mr. Edward on his grand little mare Di Vernon had by this time joined ; in fact, after half the distance had been travelled the only horses actually in the hunt were the two thoroughbreds, Commotion whose owner rode with his usual finish, and Mr. Edward's mare. Oliver Twist may be quicker than the old chestnut at racing weights, but Telegram, who was going well within himself till very near the last fence, was at a difference of 2 stone quite well able to stall off Oliver's challenge, and although Lord William rode a la Fordham, I' Anson and the Bounding Jockey combined, the weight told on his mount and he was never able to get on terms with Telegram, who won all out after a magnificent race by a length, Di Vernon, who went admirably throughout, a good third, Mr. Anderson on Commotion fourth, Jack Spraggon fifth, and Mr. D'Arcy sixth. Thus ended the best paper chase I have ever seen.

1881-82.

The first Paperchase of the season took place yesterday morning, the meet being at the Ballygunge Railway Station of the Calcutta and South Eastern Railway, at a quarter to seven o'clock. For a first meet the field was a strong one, and although the course was by no means a gallery one, the attendance of macadamizers was considerable. The paper was carried by the Honorary Secretary on Peter and old Patchwork's former owner and rider in many a hard-fought chase, on Morning ; but the former was unfortunate in meeting with an accident from his horse over-jumping at the second hurdle, and the bags had to be transferred to Quiet Cove's saddle. The change of course put a considerable hole in the ten minutes grace allowed, which

was increased still further by "the old man's" having to speak his mind to a more enterprising than skilful equestrian who carried one of the fences on the course clean away for his own private delectation, before the field came up. I did not witness the occurrence myself; nor do I know who was the unfortunate recipient of the old man's just wrath, but I overheard one Aryan brother remark to another, *ek sahib bohut galle pya*, and have no manner of doubt, but some one caught it. The result was that the leaders of the field overtook the paper carriers, and ultimately beat them when, the quick-eyed Mr. Pedestrian spotting the gathering, which indicated the final obstacle, and raced for it with Dr. Durrum Toller. But to return to the start. A goodly field had gradually collected in the lane, among whom were several of the fair sex, of whom three were particularly well mounted and went like birds, one joining the first flight and staying there throughout. When time was called the field, led by Black Prince and Temperance, after negotiating a hurdle had to cross a bund only wide enough for single file, where more than one eager rider got his feet wet. After crossing the brick fields, the line went over a nice natural country through some gardens, where the fences took a good deal of doing, and where several of the wash-ball seated came to grief, then emerged on the open on the far side of the line within sight of Jodhpore Railway Station, when, as many old frequenters of Ballygunge will recollect, a rather trappy blind ditch wends a tortuous course and across the railway, the finish being over a hurdle within sight of the thannah at Jodhpore. Owing to the Honorary Secretary's mishap, the course of events throughout the chase was, as may be imagined, somewhat mixed, hares and bounds coming in indiscriminately from all directions, hounds leading easy; but every one out seemed to be uncommonly well satisfied with themselves, their horses and their morning's sport throughout the early part of the chase,

Black Prince, Temperance, and Mr. Pedestrain's useful black showed the way, but they overran the paper, letting up Champion, Gypsy and Burgundy, who were lying handy. The leading trio, however, picked them up again without much loss of time, and when the field appeared in the open, Mr. Pedestrain was leading, with "the doctor" at his heels, a fine race between the pair resulting in a win for the "Bounding Jockey" by a head, Black Prince third and Gypsy fourth. The next detachment was led by Champion, Rob Roy and Burgundy. Falls were very numerous, but no one was much the worse, although Cleveland's sporting owner had a nasty fall in the blind ditch already noticed.

So early in the year it was with difficulty that a course could be got at all, but a week makes a marvellous difference at this time of the year, and the going at next meet ought to be about the best we get in this part of the world, so I expect to have to chronicle a bumper meet and lots of fun next week.

The second meet of the season took place yesterday morning, the meet being at the old kennels. The fixture was unfortunately dated, as the St. Andrews Dinner over night (and morning too for the matter of that) and the Ballygunge Association Meeting at the same hour, prevented a large number of the usual following from putting in an appearance. The course too was a particularly bad one for the lookers on, as it left the vicinity of the pukka at the start and finished in space, or anyhow, in a not very accessible jungle path. It would have been easy enough to fetch the paper along the lane, and finish, as last time, in the open, and I don't know why this was not done. I am well aware how difficult it is to get a course at all at this time of the year, but still I am disposed to think that the promoters of our most popular cold weather pastime are a little apt to lose sight of the

fact that a very considerable proportion of the subscribers give their countenance and their rupees in order to see, rather than participate in the chase. They are easily satisfied too in this respect, and are at present, at all events, quite contented if they can see say a couple of fences, at the finish. Later on, when the ground is drier and free of standing crops, they may wax more exacting, but then the facilities for gratifying them will be very largely enhanced.

The paper was carried by the Jumping Brothers, and I need not add that the field did not on this occasion beat the foxes home. The field, from causes already alluded to, was a small one, and the finish, barring the leaders, a straggling one. In trying to account for this latter, the casual remark of a Cannie Scot that the course seemed a "tirly-wirly like," afforded one assistance. The line was a pretty straight one for so early in the season, but no doubt an over conscientious observance of his duty to his patron Saint and an excess of sugar in Colonel Fergus Graham's last brew, caused more than one staunch Caledonian to deviate a little from bee line. Mr. Pedestrian was again to the fore on his now well known paperchaser, winning at the finish cleverly from Mr. Rajpore, "the Major" on his victorious hurdle racer securing third place, Mr. Mac's brilliant fencer Rob Roy would have had something to say to the finish had he not gone in for the "tirly-wirly" business, in the wake of some misguided Scotchman, just before the last fence. The fences were smaller than last week and casualties were consequently fewer, still there was plenty of jumping and any amount of fun. At the same time, I heard more than one complaint as to the thrusting riding of a young gentleman, who shall be nameless (if he doesn't do it again). It is bad enough rushing in among men at a fence, or in a close place, but when ladies get jostled, it is high time to interfere. We have an uncommon big following on the pukka this season, and I hope all onlookers, as well as riders will send their ten rupees to

Mr. Latham, instead of putting that hard working promoter of sports to the trouble of collecting it piece-meal. When gentlemen undertake the usually thankless office of Honorary Secretary to anything at all, it is very hard if those for whom the amusement is provided, do not make things as easy for them as possible. *Verb Sap.*

The third meet of the season took place yesterday morning, the meet being at Rosedale, on the Gurriah Hât Road at 7 A.M. The morning was fortunately cold and clear, and the following unusually large, owing in a great measure to the accession of the Government House party, but in the gallery there was a most decided falling off, and it is readily accounted for, by the fact that the line of country selected on the last occasion rendered seeing anything at all, on wheels, an utter impossibility, and it very likely leaked out that the course yesterday was of a like, or, from a macadamiser's point of view, still more heinous nature. Of course the first claim to consideration vests in the followers of the paper, and as I have already said, it is difficult until later to get a course at all, so the skirter and roadster must, I suppose, wait for their turn later on. The course was a particularly tortuous one, the first part consisting of a game of following leader down a lane where only one horse could find foothold at a time, which gave those first away a great advantage over their fellows; then suddenly diverging at right angles, the first flight must have rudely disturbed the matudinal meditations of a rural Bengalee, whose house, by the way, the "Bounding Jockey" nearly let day-light into, as his horse, had a kind of an idea he was intended to have it somehow. Some walls, a drop, more lanes and turnings and the brickfields are in view; again into the jungle; this time hurdles and ornamental palm-leaf transparencies with alternate "ponk" and "puck-dandee" constitute the country to be crossed, the

finish taking place at the foot of a picturesque looking knoll, on which a crowd of our Aryan brethren formed a shivering, if not enthusiastic, gallery.

The field got away with commendable punctuality, a group of the best mounted, comprising the invincible Bounding Jockey, Dr. Durrum Toller on Temperance, Mr. Lowlander on "Lawrence," Lord William on a cobby brown that many will recollect as a good performer in other hands last year, Archer on "Gipsy" and "Mr. Cochin China" on a handsome bay, at once establishing a gap between themselves and the ruck, which despite their repeatedly overrunning the paper, the vicissitude of the chase failed to reduce. Temperance and Gipsy favored by their light weights went alternately to the front, and at one time it looked as if one or other of them would be able to turn the tables on Mr. Pedestrian's successful black, but overrunning the paper before the second last fence Lord William and the "B. J." were first to catch the "holloa" of a dismounted mounted infantry man, and the finish was between the two, which resulted in something very near a dead heat, the Invincible having just a little the best of it. "Mr. Cochin China" a good third, Captain Sapper fourth, and Fred Archer an indifferent fifth.

The second group appeared to me to number many men and horses, who with a little time will be able to hold their own with the flyers of the hunt, and I noticed more new good jumpers out than I have seen at Ballygunge for some seasons now.

The fourth meet of the season took place yesterday, the fixture being the same as last week—Rosedale on the Gurriah Hât Road. The course this time, however, took quite a different direction, and afforded onlookers as well as pursuers a capital morning's fun. The line selected started

eastward from the main road, but recrossed at the Jugger-nauth Car, where it disappeared into the jungle, to emerge *via* the sheep-pens on the Red Road, and after a good bit of turning and twisting with fences of all kinds, some big and some little, it ultimately brought the field to a capital "kill in the open" over what appeared to me to be a particularly high hurdle, at which some very pretty jumping was seen by a somewhat limited gallery. I do not myself see the necessity for the present veil of mystery in which it is considered indispensable to enshroud the finish. The idea, I believe, is to prevent any of the followers taking a bee-line for the last obstacle instead of going the course, but this is surely not necessary. Supposing any one yesterday had started with the ruck, and after a bit made tracks for Jodhpore, the chances are he'd have taken about as long to get there by the pukka as did the paper hunters, and finish over the last jump from the winning side, and I rather calculate it would be that "gent's" last appearance at a *chase au papier*. I think the management might give all professed followers credit for an intention to go the course and let it be generally known to the large number of those who came out to see where to go to see it.

The fences were not any bigger than usual, yet grief was epidemic, and this was caused, no doubt, by the pace at which the chase was run. It is no uncommon occurrence to find a man looking for his horse on paperchase mornings, but this morning the order of things was reversed, a good natured "Sandy" who had found and frozen to a riderless steed being much concerned about his rightful owner, and addressing to all and sundry the, to many, I have no doubt, not very intelligible inquiry. "Did ye see the maun wha aucht him?" There must have been some good reason for the falling about, or that fine horseman the "Captin'," whom I was glad to see again among the field, would not have been "playing hoss" as I'm told he was, nor the

straight going "Mr. Cochin China" reduced to riding Shank's mare.

It would be difficult to say, who took the lead throughout yesterday's chase at its different stages, as almost all the best mounted had a cut in at one time or other. The Bounding Jockey went away with his usual rush, but his proverbial good fortune on this occasion apparently deserted him, and he was thrown out early in the hunt, with a knot of good men who are usually handy about the finish in his wake. His rival on last occasion, Lord William was as usual lying by ready to take up—when others overrun—the paper—with our crack lady rider on "Claret" whom nobody else can get to fence kindly—Mr. Nilloc, on Black Prince, "the Captiving" on the Poona Prize Winner and Archer on Gipsy in attendance, but pretty near whom, the lie of the paper appearing to indicate a finish in the same direction as on 1st December, the leaders flashed over the scent and left Lord William to win as he liked; Mr. Nilloc second, Mr. Jasper Polly—famous on his jumping mare—third, the rest practically nowhere.

Among the ruck I noticed some remarkably fine fencers, notably a boy cob of Mr. Vanrennan's who, unfit as he was, flew over the last hurdle as if he'd not gone half a mile. Some of our paperchasers might do worse than go in for him.

Yesterday's chase will, I have no doubt, long be remembered as the "Lady's Day" of Paperchasing in Calcutta why? I'll tell you later on. Our cold weather this year has been peculiarly fitful, blowing hot and cold without any sort of system, and laying the clerk of the weather open to rather more than a suspicion of temporary insanity. Yesterday the morning was, however, singularly propitious, which inclines me to the belief that the clerk although prone, in his moments of mental obliquity, to play pranks on racing, has still a soft side left to Diana

Be that as it may, the morning was all that one could wish—cold, clear, and crisp—and the chase the most successful of the season. The course was much more open than usual, and consequently more pleasant to cross. The field was exceptionally large, the gallery enormous, and when I add that our “Leading Lady” was first past the winning flag, I have gone a long way towards accounting for the success of Thursday’s Paperchase.

The meet was at the ruins of the Juggernaut Car on the Gurriah Hât Road, and I do not recollect ever having seen the road so crowded with horsemen and vehicles of every description from the Lieutenant Governor’s well appointed mail phaeton and Lord William’s coach—to the humble Ticca.

Punctually to time, the paper put in an appearance, carried by the “Jumping Brothers,” who at once proceeded to business, accompanied by those on wheels, and the greater number of the onlookers who had got the tip that a good view of the chase could be got further down the road—a tip which facts did not belie—as just before reaching the junction of the Red Road we came upon a good strong hurdle with an uncompromising bamboo along the top, and a mud wall, both of which obstacles the paper-carriers took like their morning gram. A few minutes later a tremendous rattling down the road announced that the field started, and a few seconds brought them in sight, “Mr. Grenoul” on a marvellous jumping pony that should have something to say to the Pony Hurdle Race at the “Holiday Sky Meet,” and Mr. “Mountflummery” on Mr. Mac’s flippant fencer “Rob Roy” leading, Captain A de Sea, Mr. Nilloc, the Bounding Jockey and “The Major” in close attendance. The leaders as usual, made short work of the fences, but the Gallery was treated to a magnificent display of fancy horsemanship by some of the ruck, an enthusiast being left reclining when we moved on to the finish. I could not

help thinking, as I drove on, that the first hurdle, like the Frenchman's Robin, would last that sportsman the season if his reins held out.

After passing the open, the course bent round to the right, introducing a double and the Red Road to be crossed, then through a bit of jungle, and again into the open in the popular locality for finishes, from which it again disappeared in the direction of Tollygunge, being brought back by a counter-march over some moist mud walls, a water jump, another double, and a final hurdle to the neighbourhood of the sheep-pens.

The pace throughout was quicker than ordinary, owing in a great measure to the open line judiciously selected, Captain A de Sea, Mrs.———and Mr. Cochin China racing for the lead, but a cropper put the last mentioned practically out of court, although he arrived in time to cut a second voluntary at the last hurdle, before more than half a dozen horses, and the plucky boy, who seldom blunders, no doubt fell from sheer exhaustion. I expect, however, to see him take a very forward position in the paperchase hurdle Cup on Wednesday next.

When the field hove in sight, Captain A. de Sea was leading, Mrs.———close behind, Lord William just closing a considerable gap on "Advance." Nearing home the leader was evidently in trouble, and Mrs.———calling resolutely on old "Champion," sent him racing pace at the final hurdle, which he cleared a length ahead of "Mariner," Lord William whom everybody was glad to see out again, although certainly none the better for his nasty fall last Thursday, a fair third.

The next lot comprised Mr. Mountflummery on Rob Roy, the Major, the Bounding Jockey and Mr. Cochin China who got rather a bad "collar bones" looking fall over the last fence.

I hope to see a number of our Paperchasers perform between the flags at the Holiday Meeting on the 25th, for which I am glad to hear entries are fast coming in already.

The Paperchase on Saturday last was, despite the fog, which was very late in lifting, one of the most successful of the season. The meet was at the sheep-pens on the Red Road, and the course was so arranged that spectators could see, not only both start and finish, but a goodly number of the obstacles in the run. These facts doubtless leaked out overnight, as the Gallery was the largest I have ever seen. The meet was advertised for 7 o'clock, but deluded by the fog, which contrary to its wont, was much thicker in town than at Ballygunge, a strong contingent including the Government House party and the paper, took things so leisurely that it was half an hour after time before a start was effected. The paper was carried by Messrs. Lloyd and Latham on Shamrock and "J. M.," and the following was both numerous and well mounted. Among them were the Bounding Jockey, who has been out of luck lately, Mr. Nilloc on Black Prince, Lord William on his patent safety Summersaulter, Mr. Chasma on Commotion. The Boys on Gipsy and St. Patrick, Mr. Gateacre on the Cripple, Mr. Sniktaw on Blank, and Mr. N. W. P. on a big brown who showed his heels to the lot—all cup horses and men, with the usual ruck, to refusing country bred and set-to-partner "Teutons"—who this time were, however, fortunate in not upsetting any one. The absence of "our Leading lady" was regretted by all, the more so from its cause. The course was a particularly good one, every single pursuer I had an opportunity of "discovering" being loud in its praise, and although there were two doubles—big ones too—I only heard of one cropper in a blind ditch. The pace of the first half of the journey, with the exception of the first burst, was rather slower than usual, and there was a good deal of waiting on, as well as following my leader; indeed through-

out the chases it struck me that more than one good nag was slowed down a stroke for his cup chance. Quite right too, for very few horses can stand a weekly sixteen anna pounding over an Indian country, and be very fresh on his legs at the end of the season, just when you want him at his best. When time was called The Boys nipped away with the lead at a good pace, Necktie Billy being first over the initial hurdle, with his pal in close attendance.

After passing the carriages the course diverged to the right, over some holding going, which in conjunction with the prudential motives already referred to, reduced the pace to a fast canter, Mr. Sniktaw passing the leaders and losing the paper alternately. Where two lanes met, the leaders overran the paper, carrying with them two or three of the first of the ruck and a fairish quantity of strong language to boot. Mr. Nilloc now took up the running, the Bounding one and the Stranger in close attendance, the field, bar the former leaders, who had less way to make up, being pretty well together. When the leaders came in sight of the Gallery it was obvious a tight fit, and as they came nearer it looked very like a dead heat between Black Prince and the Stranger, but the latter, riding in excellent style, staved off Mr. Nilloc's challenge, and won the best contested chase we have had this season.

The Paperchase on Saturday will long be remembered by those who took part in it, whether as spectators or pursuers, as perhaps the pleasantest of an unusually successful season. The morning was positively cold—not cold enough to be unpleasant—but just enough to make a great coat an agreeable, if not an absolutely indispensable, accessory.

The meet was at the Old Kennels on the Gurreâh Hat Road, and the finish near the sheep-pens on the Red Road, a course which invariably induces a large gallery, as so much can be seen on wheels. Saturday proved no disap-

pointment to the many who turned out to see, as the course, for a great portion of its entire length, wound in and out in sight of the large assemblage of spectators on the Red Road, numbering among them the "L. G." accompanied by Sir William and Lady Eden, and two large parties on Lord William Beresford's and the Rajah of Paikparah's well appointed drags. The paper was carried by Mr. Latham on "J. M." and Mr. George on old "Bachelor," who, although, he did give his rider a tumble, looked as gay and cocky as when he dusted their jackets over Tollygunge. The following was not quite so large as I have seen it, but the men and horses out struck me as more than usually business like. We were all glad to see our "Leading Lady" again gracing the field with her presence, and it was with greater pleasure than surprise that we saw her, after leading the greater part of the way, score her second win in gallant style on that fine fencer "Champion."

The field comprised many well-known horses and riders ; among them, Lord William on Mariner, Sir William Eden on a corky brown, Mr. Boojum on old Cartwright, Mr. Leep on last week's winner, Mr. Gateacre on the Cripple, Miss Gipsy on "Burgundy," who by the way turned a summersault at the last hurdle that would knock spots on Victoria Cook, Mr. Mountflummery on St. Patrick, The Major on "Claret," Mr. P. Ask on—well, for one part of the chase on his horse, the remainder on his boots. This gentleman was ably backed up in his comic conception of a *chase au papier* by Mr. Kindergarten, who, like our friend the "Medium" makes use of "Guides"—not spirits, mind you, but solid flesh and blood—selected too, I am bound to admit, with the utmost impartiality from amongst the field, more especially from those nearest him. His system is this—when his mount deviates slightly from the straight path, he is quickly brought to a sense of his offending by a sharp cannon against the nearest equine, while his rider counter-

acts the lateral impetus thus inadvertently acquired by a good shove off from his rider, a hold of whose coat tails he wisely retains, to correct a possible error in the angle of incidence, should he find it necessary to correct his list to star-board by a similar process on the opposite tack.

"Mr. Kilhim and Oiler" was also in great form ; but, with him, a Paperchase is a serious business ; not a ten minute's scamper before breakfast, but a real day's work.

I left him working his passage at the up-jump, and if I did not offer to send him out breakfast and the daily papers it was simply because I saw he had his hands full, and no time to devote to either. Mr. Lauderdale on "Miss President" (don't let your P. D.'s print this Mess President—they made a Miss for themselves) went to earth ere yet the chase began, but I saw the game little English mare throwing jump after jump behind her afterwards in a way that looked very like cup form. Mr. Lowlander was out on a very likely looking mare ; a much safer conveyance than the, Champion jumper, despite her antipathy to mounted infantry which her soul disdained. Mr. Jorrocks, was to the fore on his hurdle racer, Mr. Jonsin Clair on Blackbird, and a host of others too numerous to mention.

The start was not a well conceived one, as the only way to the first fence was through a narrow gateway which upset some horses and many tempers. The first fence in the open was near the Gureah Hât Road, where a considerable crowd was collected to witness the negotiation of a rather stiffly mixed double.

No casualties, however, eventuated, and the field swept on in scarcely diminished numbers to a big mud wall on the north side of the road, "Burgundy" leading them over. Before crossing the road, which the course did just behind Paikparah's drag, our lady rider went to the head of affairs with Mr. P. Ask in spasmodic attendance, the Major, Lord William, Mountflummery, Mr. Boojum and the Gipsy in

attendance. Shortly after a second detachment, led by Mr. Gateacre and whipped in by Mr. Jorrocks, put in an appearance, all the horses jumping like garden thrushes. Rob Roy did, to be sure, look before he leaped at the drop, but Mr. Jorrocks displayed such an obvious determination of going on without him that he thought better of it, and his rider was well back in his saddle again as he rode at the next "unavoidable leap" and disappeared in the jungle. The course from this point appeared and disappeared from sight, at short intervals, the flutter of a riding habit now and again intimating that our leading lady was in her wonted place while Lord William was almost equally easily identified by means of his elegant Corduroy Caubeen, an old family heirloom I was told by a young scion of the Waterford family which had succeeded to the jeopardous appointment of his many dented Ellwood. On emerging the last time some one got a regular roley-poley, gyrating among the horse's feet like a shot rabbit. Mr. Mountflummery had at this point apparently the best of it with Mr. Boojum in attendance, "Burgundy" next, Lord William and the Major handy, but as they came down to the last fence Mrs.——let out Champion, whom she'd only been indulging in a well-timed pull and easily stalling off the determined, if slightly wobbly, rush of Mr. Mountflummery sailed over the last hurdle and won amidst loud cheers, Mr. Boojum third, Lord William fourth, and the Major fifth, "Burgundy" but for the main portion of the last hurdle being represented by a single bamboo, might have been third. As it was he and his rider set to rivalling the Empress of the Arena, luckily without damage to either horse or rider.

So ended the best Paperchase it has ever been my lot to see.

The penultimate Paperchase of the season came off yesterday, the meet being at the Jodhpore Thannah. As

it was generally known that a number of men were keeping their horses for the Cup, much was not expected of yesterday's chase, but, contrary to expectation, it was most successful, and eventuated in a very near thing between two of the favourites for the cup on Thursday next. Jodhpore is a longish way from home to meet, but a good many laggards having been left out in the cold more than once this year already, punctuality was pretty well observed, and the road between the Thannah and the station was crowded with all sorts of vehicles, including three drags, by the appointed hour. The paper was carried by Messrs. Lawrence and George on J. M. and Shamrock, but their bags appear to have been but sparsely furnished as the "scent" gave out before they reached home. The field, despite the fact that Cup horses were being eased off, was a very large one, and there were many likely performers ridden out among them, the Major on Claret, Lord William on Mariner, the Bounding Jockey, Mr. Nilloc on Black Prince, Mr Mountflummery on St. Patrick, Mr. Sniktaw on Blank, Mr. Lauderdale on his English mare, and Mr. P—Ask on "Anonyma." The last mentioned took a prominent part throughout the chase, and finished close up in a way that fairly stamps him a coming man.

The course began in the open on the west side a little further out. Onlookers were thus able to see both start and finish, while some of the more enthusiastic made their way to the first big wall which they saw negotiated by the field led by Mr. Kinoul on his jumping pony, in close order, and got back to the last fence pretty well pumped and rather hot, but in plenty time to see the finish and very much pleased with themselves for their cleverness.

Once over the wall the pony fell back and the heavy division took up the running in which they were joined by Mr. Patchwork on Gill, who at one time assumed a considerable lead, but overrunning the paper gave place to Mr.

Nilloc, who took them out a nice dance to a merry tune. Half way round Messrs. Lowlander, and Mountflummery went to earth, but the latter at all events was quickly up and on again, as he was not far behind the leaders at the finish. St. Patrick is a speedy horse, and beyond a doubt will render a good account of himself on the 2nd proximo.

The paper, as I have already said, gave out before the hares had gone the course, and the foxes were obliged to wait to show the pursuers the way home. When the field came in sight the Major had a bit the best of it, Lord William in attendance, but "Claret," although he has decidedly the foot of Mariner, is not so easily steered, and Lord William had the inside of the turn. The Major was a bit beat, and nearly left the farm at the last hurdle, but he made a good race of it with Lord William, who won a pretty race all out, the Bounding Jockey a close third.

I was glad to hear that we are to have a Chota Paperchase Cup this season. It is, I believe, to be for all Asiatic born horses. From what I heard the entry will be a large one, and the pace, if not quite so fast certainly as full of incident and amusement as the Pucka Cup on Thursday. If it is not to take place on the same date, Saturday would be a good day, despite the Ballyguuge Athletic sports in the afternoon. It is the last fling of the cold season, and we may as well make a day of it.

Before closing let me remind all aspirants for glory that entries for the Pucka Paperchase Cup close on Saturday, after which none will be received.

THE CUP.

Never since Paperchasing was first started in the City of Palaces, has the Paperchase Cup, which is of comparatively modern origin, came off with anything approaching the *eclat* with which, from a variety of causes it was yesterday invested. As I have already remarked in your columns, the field, though numerically large, was more even than has usually been the case, and this of itself, gave the chase a special in-

terest, as almost any horse that started had a fair square chance of winning that much coveted trophy—The Cup—.

The attendance was more than a bumper; it was something enormous, and open as the country was for the finish it was a matter of difficulty to get even standing room within sight of the winning flag, while the Red Road from the Curriah Hât corner to the turn towards Tallygunge was lined three deep with carriages of all descriptions, from the lordly coach to the humble ticca. Coaching by the way has quite taken a start, and the four handsome teams out yesterday, lent quite a holiday aspect to the gathering. Lord William was there with his handsome team of whole bays, Mr. Hildah with a very blood like black-team, while "The Major" tooled a mixed team of browns and chesnuts, which had never been together before, and very well they looked and went. There was a perfect "Ladies Gallery," on Paikparah's coach which was horsed with three very handsome greys and a black.

The number of spectators on horseback was as numerous and varied as their different styles of horsemanship, which were indeed truly marvellous, and set me wondering why men who never cross a horse from one year's end to another should on this solitary occasion consider it either "correct" or comfortable to get out on wheels in wonderful boots and breeches, and then abandoning their familiar and commanding seat in buggy, dog-cart or barouche, for, to many of them, a precarious perch on a slippery pigskin, submit to be taken about at the sweet will of some raw-boned waler or howling country-bred, over whose movements they have about as much control as had Mr. Walter Powell (poor man) over the runaway balloon. I flattered myself I could drive quietly out and see the chase safely and comfortably on foot, but my immunity from peril I soon found was only fancied. They might have made some allowance for ladies, Mr. Editor, don't you think? I saw

the gallant Colonel Fergus busy among them, and I heard he had a pocket full of ribbons, and a bag of light weight 8 anna bits to run in recruits. I wish him every luck, as a turn at Mounted Infantry would do most of them a power of good.

But I must now get on to the Race. The paper was carried by Mr. Lloyd on Shamrock, and Mr. Latham on Foxhall; the former jumping, as he always does, like a bird. The following horses entered for the Cup, and with the exception of one or two occasional pursuers who were not qualified by the terms of the Cup to start, they certainly were the pick of our paperchasers.

MR. N. S. WATKINS <i>Rona.</i>
„ GARBEN'S <i>Nelly.</i>
„ LAWRENCE'S <i>Lowlander.</i>
„ P. D. ESTRIAN'S <i>Cinders.</i>
„ E. W. COLLIN'S <i>Black Prince.</i>
„ W. DE PEEL'S <i>Skipper.</i>
„ W. M. BERESFORD'S <i>St. Patrick.</i>
„ O'MALLEY'S <i>Gipsy.</i>
„ ALLI'S <i>Telescope.</i>
„ A L. PASKE'S <i>Anonyma.</i>
„ T. S. ANDERSON'S <i>Commissioner.</i>
„ LAUDERDALE'S <i>Ramornie.</i>
LORD W. BERESFORD'S <i>Mariner.</i>
MAJOR COOK'S <i>Claret.</i>
MRS. COOK'S <i>Champion.</i>
MR. GATEACRE'S <i>Cripple.</i>
MR. R. G. CURRIE'S <i>Magpie.</i>

There has been such a keen interest taken in the Cup this year, that more than one sweep was got up on the Race. Mariner, in virtue of his previous majority of wins, was in most cases installed favorite, although Champion and Claret, his stable companions, also found a host of supporters. Mariner was very naturally supposed to be

favoured by the well known ability of his noble owner across a country of any kind, but when next our crack lady rider elects to try conclusions with the very best horsemen we have, I fully believe that after her magnificent riding this morning, her mount will carry the public confidence and coin. I have never seen a finer piece of riding than the finish for yesterday's Cup, never have we had such a close thing within sight of home, and never was a race for the Cup, which might have been so easily lost, so prettily won; but of this anon. Claret, despite his gallant (Major's are always gallant, and this one is no exception) owner's weight, was by many good judges considered the best horse in the race. St. Patrick, despite the fact of his being one of Mr. Macklin's latest shipment, was also a good deal fancied, and, as the result showed, very rightly so. Gipsy, Cinders, Black Prince, and Telescope, all useful safe horses, also met with a modicum of support; while the handsome little Ram's Hornie was a good deal fancied by her stable. What she may be able to do we must wait till next cold weather to see, as yesterday she and her rider dissolved partnership almost before entering on business at all. This is much to be regretted, as her owner was confident of success.

Nelly and Lowlander were absentees, the former being very wisely reserved for the Chota Cup, and the latter suffering, so his owner informed me after the Golf dinner from "staggers."

The foxes were allowed a wide margin, and it was more than twenty minutes past seven when the eager field was despatched on the momentous journey before them.

The first obstacle encountered was a good solid mud wall which was negotiated by the lot in great style. At the next obstacle, a hurdle, Mr. Haitland Meriot's mare pecked badly, unshipping her rider, whom subsequent proceedings interested no more, the running being taken up by Commissioner, who was not, however, ridden in his

owner's best style, and trying to cut it at the up jump alongside of the gallery, he upset Mr. Peel's good horse Skipper and entirely lost him his chance—by no means a bad one—of the race. On an occasion like the Cup day, surely the least the rider of a doubtful jumper can do is to accept instead of trying to give a lead, and much sympathy was expressed for Mr. Peel's unlucky mishap. Over the next fence Mr. Mountflummery led with Mrs. C. in attendance, Lord William, the Major and Archer lying handy, and in this order they negotiated the water jump, where Commissioner came a complicated cropper at a rather formidable double. From this point the running was taken up by Mr. Sniktaw, whose mare showed she possessed a wonderful turn of speed. Her temper is, however, by no means, her strong point, and after leading the field for $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile at a strong pace she resented her rider's attempt to make it hotter by kicking him clean over her head. Mr. Sniktaw's ideas of things in general were a bit mixed for half an hour or so, but he was soon himself again and able to ride home. Lord William was now at the head of affairs, Mrs. C. waiting on him, Mr. Mountflummery, the Major and Mr. P. D'Estrian next, Black Prince, Gipsy and the Cripple some distance behind.

The straight run in was very properly a long one, and, although I could not make out the exact relative position of all the horses, I could see that a riding habit and the "Waterford caubeen" were well to the front. Half way home Mr. Mountflummery brought up St. Patrick, and Cinders looked very like going to the head of affairs, but the pace was too hot for him, and he speedily died away. Mariner too showed signs of having had enough, and despite Lord William's fine riding, lost a lot of ground, making way for Claret, who was gradually closing the gap between himself and the leaders of the hunt. At the last fence but one, St. Patrick swerved from distress, but, being quickly

straightened, he came on again, and was soon on even terms with Champion. A well-timed reminder conveyed through the medium of a riding whip soon sent the speedy chestnut into his bridle, and it was, so far as one could see, going to be a ding-dong race for every inch—and so it proved—both horses rising at the last hurdle together. St Patrick was, however, beat, his hastily acquired condition being unequal to such a strain, and, rising only half high enough to the hurdle, he came down a buster. Champion flew the fence in magnificent form at a pace we have never seen equalled on Cup day before, and despite the brilliant finish of the Major and Lord William, who were both hard at it, the Mem Sahib won the Paperchase Cup of 1882, amidst the longest and loudest cheering Ballygunge has ever heard, Major Cook a good second, Lord William third.

The Chota Paperchase Cup which was run for yesterday morning resulted in a pretty close finish between "Red Gauntlet" and "Gill," of which the former had a good bit the best at the finish, the rest nowhere. Regarding the proceedings of the other competitors the kindest thing I can do is to draw the veil of silence. If this year may be taken as any criterion, a Chota Paperchase Cup for "Asiatics" is a mistake.

1882-83.

Owing to the heavy rains in October the first of the Paperchases was delayed until yesterday morning, when a capital field met at the Old Kennels. We noticed among the starters, the Major on Lord Harry (a likely-looking horse for Tollygunge) Mr. Bombay on the Cripple, Mr. Beresford and Mr. O'Mally, the well dressed men, on Brian Boru and Kepler, Captain McCausland on St. Patrick, Mr. Peel on Red Gauntlet, Mr. Lawrence on Lady Love, Mr. Sniktaw on Rona, the Tougall on Black Water, Mr. Allthere

on Pilgrim, Mr. Adjutant on the Star, the Bummer on a Rum 'Un and a crowd of others, mounted on howling country-breds, Hart's ticcas and other fearful mokes. We were glad to see so much beauty abroad, (not amongst the riders, but in the Gallery) who must have been amply rewarded for their early rising by the number of spills, loose horses and elegant language that was flying about.

The hares did not turn 'up till late; the start was therefore delayed till 7-30 A.M. At the call of time about thirty horsemen mixed themselves up at the first hurdle, and two or three nags proceeded on their way riderless, the rider of Star getting a nasty black-eye during his struggles. Then away we streamed towards the sheep-pens, the running being made by the Doctor, Brian Boru and Black Water, closely followed by Cripple, Kepler, Lady Love, Red Gauntlet, St. Patrick, and Lord Harry. The course now went through some very cramped jungle, which proved disastrous to the chances of Brian Boru, Kepler, and several others, who were unable to act round the corners. On we went across the open the Gallery water-jump, at which we saw an eminent banker qualifying for Wilson's Circus; then over the road to a hurdle, where Mr. Sniktaw stood on his head in a paddy field, and the Doctor and his partner shortly afterwards went to grass, or rather to mud. The guava-topee came next; here the riders of St. Patrick and the Cripple were adorning the trees with a stirrup leather and an ancient topee. The red flags now appeared, and legs began to move, the two last jumps being a big ditch with a wall on the further side and a nullah, the first of which stuck up Kepla, whose rider was offering his distinguished head gear to any one who would give him a lead over. The field were pretty close together from the distance, but after negotiating the last lep Black Water forged ahead and just won from Lady Love, who was followed by Red Gauntlet, Brian Boru, Lord Harry, Cripple, St. Patrick and Kepla, and the usual tail of little ones. As

this was the first Chase of the season, we must give a few words of advice to some of the riders who came out to enjoy a morning's sport. This is, avoid standing crops. There is plenty of galloping room without going through a field of uncut paddy, or any other crop, as we saw several riders do this morning, and the result of such performances can only be, that the owners of the crops will object, as some of them have done already, to have their lands ridden over, and then comes the end of the Paperchases.

We understand that Mr. H. Simpson, 2 Lall Bazaar, will receive any subscriptions which may be sent in.

Owing to the return of the Viceregal party to the capital there was a considerable increase both in the followers of the paper and in the spectators who defied the morning cold to witness the performances good, bad, or indifferent, of the competitors. Many ladies yesterday graced the scene with their fair presence, and the effect on the riders was wonderful. We observed several gentlemen getting over their jumps in true acrobatic style, but directly they caught sight of the flutter of a habit they pulled themselves together with a sharp jerk, and charged the next jump with a "do or die" expression on their faces. Many, alas, paid dearly for their gallantry by parting company with their mounts, as though the spirit was willing the seat was weak, and in some cases very weak.

We noticed amongst the starters Mr. McNair on Rocket, the Major on Lord Harry, Mr. Lawrence on Lady Love, Lord William on a hunter-like animal that reminded us strongly of the game old Mariner, Mr. O'Malley on the handsome pony Garibaldi, Mr. Lauderdale on Iona, Mr. Beresford on a handsome mare (belonging, we believe, to the Major) who threw most enormous leaps over the fences. Mr. Bombay on Tit, the Tougall on Black Water, the brothers Petrie on Skipper and Sappho, the Doctor on a grey, Elliot and a pal on two on raw 'un's, Kilburn, one or two strangers from Government

House, a contingent from the Fort and the usual ruck.

The start took place on the right hand side of the road just beyond Juggernath Car. The paper was laid by Captain Muir and Mr. Latham on two perfect fencers. The usual scramble took place at the first hurdle, where Messrs. Allthere, Simpson and Bombay came to a full stop on perfect refusers. The course now wound round to the left, over the road and a big mud wall, in full view of the gallery, the running being made in close order by Lady Love Black Water the Doctor, and the Skipper, then through some very cramped, not to say dangerous, country, amongst big ditches, trees and bamboos, the first proving a stopper to Kill'em and Oilem and two or three others, who abused each other roundly for not giving a lead. After negotiating two more walls and several hurdles—at one of which the Tougall went to earth with a beaming smile of joy—up the road, where the leaders overshot the paper leaving the lead to Mr. Patrie and Mr. Beresford through a thick clump of jungle. Here the Doctor and Mr. Mc Nair collided, both going down like a shot and performing the remainder of the course on foot. The red flags now appeared and the pace began to quicken. The two leaders raced together to the distance, where the little mare was beaten and Lady Love went up to the Skipper, who, however, always held her safe and won pretty easily at the finish. So many people claimed the empty honors of third place that it is impossible to say who deserves them. The leading lot, however, were Messrs. Kilburn, the Brummer, Mr. Beresford, and Mr. Pedestrian, the second lot being Captain McCausland, an Aides-de-Camp, Lord William, Mr. Bertram, the Major, Mr. O'Malley, Mr. Bombay, Mr. Allthere, and the Tougall.

The course on the whole was good, but some of the paths through the jungle were dangerous, big branches stretching right across the way, making it very dodgy business for riders on big horses. We suppose at this early

period of the season it is impossible to avoid nasty bits, but we hope as the going gets better to see the course of a less cramped nature.

Considerable disappointment was felt last week at the non-announcement of the usual weekly Paperchase among the sporting items; the postponement, however, was unavoidable as, although Mr. Latham had the course marked out, the natives who build up the jumps were down with fever, and it was not thought advisable to trust this ticklish business to strange hands. The jump builders having however, recovered, a goodly crowd turned out yesterday to witness the results of their labours. Sunday, apparently, was a hard day with many sportsmen, as both the field and the gallery were below the average in quantity, though not in quality.

The start took place at Rosedale, the paper being carried by Captain Muir and Mr. Alexander, both splendidly mounted. We were glad to welcome the Mem Saheb back again, and from the way in which she got on, knows how to "send them along." Lord William was mounted on a very handsome brown, Mr. Pedestrian on Cinders, Captain McCausland on St. Patrick, Mr. Petrie on Skipper, Mr. Bombay on Mr. Wilson's steeplechaser Unknown, who in spite of his bad condition showed up prominently, Mr. Beresford on Frill, Mr. Lawrence on Ladylove, Captain Harboard on the Goat, Mr. Killus on his famous pony, Mr. Banker on Binting, Mr. Simpson on Good Morning, Mr. Lauderdale on Iona, Mr. Sille on Bantam, Mr. Solicitor on "Won't you come up?" Lord Compton and Captain Rochfort on two big ones, the Bummer on Prodigal, Captain Schalch on Belvedere and the usual ruck.

The start took place on the left hand side of the road, through some very ponky ground to the first hurdle, then over the double and on across the railway, the running

being made by St. Patrick, Ladylove, Frill, and the Goat. After crossing the line we turned sharp to the right and, through several lanes, the pace being very fast. As we came to the open the Mem Saheb rushed to the front closely followed by St. Patrick, Skipper, Frill, and the Goat. A big hurdle here brought Captain Harboard to grief, his horse coming a beautiful purler, but luckily falling clear of his rider. The course now went through some jungle over two walls where Mr. Sille went to ground, and a hurdle across the line and on to the gallery at the sheep-pens; the leaders being the Skipper, St. Patrick and Saunteress with several others in close attendance. A big ground wall having disposed of Mr. Lawrence, whose mount attempted to go through the obstacle, the result being fun for the gallery. The finish was now left to the Skipper St. Patrick, Frill, and Cinders. The first named overshot the paper two jumps from home, and the other three raced in Captain McCausland landing St. Patrick a winner by a length from Cinders. Frill a good third, just in front of Skipper, the Mem Sahib fifth, and Mr. Lawrence sixth.

The going with the exception of the first half mile was very fair, but we think considering the earliness of the season that the course was too long, and we observed several horses at the finish in a very distressed condition.

The suitability of holding Paperchases on Saturdays was amply testified by the crowds of people who flocked out witness the fourth of these popular runs. If a sportsman knows that the "day of rest" is nigh, falls are of no account; he comes along at his jump in a resolute fashion, and when he comes gently or otherwise to earth, there is a pleasant conviction in his mind that though to-day may be full of evils, to-morrow there will be perfect peace for his aching limbs.

In spite of the ladies having to show themselves at the races in the afternoon, they turned out in goodly numbers

to cheer the hearts of those riders, who, if they wished to shirk a jump, took care to do so where the jungle hid them from the public gaze.

We noticed among the starters, the Mem Saheb on Saunteress, Mr. Lawrence on Lady Love, Captain Harboard on a puller, Lord William on his new one, Captain McCausland on St. Patrick, Mr. O'Mally on Gipsy, Mr. Petrie on Skipper Mr. Cecil on Boojum, Captain Muir on Ariel, The Tougall on Black Water, Mr. Nosredna on Commissioner, Mr. Simpson on Morning, Mr. McNair on Rocket, the Doctor on a black, Mr. Lauderdale on Iona and the usual ruck.

The start took place on the right hand side of the road, the paper being carried by Mr. Carlisle and Mr. Latham. After the usual scramble at the first jump the field headed for the sheep-pens, the leading division being Black Water the Boojum, Rocket, Morning and Gipsy. The third jump disposed of Mr. Cecil, who landed beautifully on a soft spot. The course for the next six jumps was in full view of the gallery, the leading division being joined by Saunteress and the Doctor. A pretty stiff hurdle here brought the Mem Sahib to harmless grief, her mount trying to cut it badly, and on being forced coming on her head. As the riders entered the jungle Ariel and St. Patrick joined the leaders. Near the Cactus hedge a small ditch stopped Black Water. It was not big enough, however, to stop the Tougall, who shot over it and pulled up with a puzzled smile as he observed his nag on the wrong side. As we neared home the pace got very fast, Skipper racing up to the front. He was, however, unable to live the pace with Ariel and Morning, and the former running rather wide, Mr. Simpson passed the flags first by a length from Captain Muir Skipper a good third, Lieutenant Patrick fourth, Gipsy fifth. Mr. Nosredna was not to be denied his bit of fun and stood on his head at the last wall right in front of the gallery, who seemed thoroughly to appreciate his jocular mood.

The course was the best we have had this season, and the beneficial result of avoiding jungle and shortening the course, was amply demonstrated by the closeness of the field at the finish.

We are afraid that the Xmas festivities proved too much for many sportsmen, as yesterday's field was the smallest we have seen this season. Where were Captain McCausland, the Bummer, Mr. Lawrence, Mr. Lauderdale Mr. O'Malley, Mr. Bombay, and a heap of others? We trust their absence is only of temporary duration. The gallery, however, was in great form, many ladies gracing the scene with their presence. They ought, I am sure, to be very grateful to Mr. Beresford for the fun he afforded them at the start. This gentleman's mount bucked him off most beautifully. Nothing daunted, however, he again mounted, but only to be again sent up like a rocket. Rising from the earth with his beautiful clothes soiled, he, with that indomitable pluck which characterises the Waterford family, and with the assistance of a popular and well known sportsman, managed to start the mare, who took him the rest of the journey like a bird, bringing him in last, but by no means least, in the day's performance.

The start took place to the right of the road just beyond Jodhpore Thanah. The paper was carried by Messrs. Latham and Harbord on Fairlie and a nice looking brown. We noticed among the starters the Mem Sahib on a powerful grey, Lord William on a coachhorse, Mr. Simpson on Morning, Mr. Beresford on his little mare, Messrs. Petrie on Skipper and Sappho, the Tougall on Black Water Mr. Lawyer on Noiram, the Major on Zil, Lord Compton on a brown, Mr. Comer on a black, Mr. Sille on a new chestnut, Mr. Boyd on a moke, Mr. Cochin China on Telescope Mr. Gateacre on Well-known and Captain Muir on a bay.

The running at the begining was made by Blackwater Lord William and Skipper, After negotiating the second

hurdle the pace slackened, the going being very heavy. We now went through a small piece of jungle up the road and on the higher ground, the Mem Sahib, Captain Muir and the Major now joining the leaders. Somewhere about these parts Mr. Petrie took a fancy to a little pedestrian exercise and letting go his nag trudged manfully homewards. The course now passed the railway, when Lord Compton got stuck up at a hurdle, and resumed the chase at a pace suited to his dignity. We now went over a couple of mud walls and a hurdle, where a stranger came to earth, who implored the public to send him a doctor, but whether for himself or his horse was not stated. The well-known lane now appears, and Mr. Simpson (whose knowledge of the course was obvious) rushed to the front round the corner and appeared to be winning easily. His jady nag, however, refused the last hurdle, enabling Skipper to win, Blackwater second, Morning third, Captain Muir fourth and Mr. Gateacre fifth.

The course bar the soft bits at the beginning was capital, and we hope as the ground gets drier that it may be utilised again.

We forgot to mention that Noiram put Mr. Lawyer on his back, choosing a nice soft place for his couch.

A week of festivities and dissipations was brought to a conclusion on Saturday by another of these popular chases. We have refrained from making any adverse comments on the general riding of the public on these occasions, in the hope that as the season advanced we might observe a change for the better; Instead, however, of improving, the riding we think, is, if possible, getting worse. Of course there are some riders who perform creditably, and we could pick out from among them half a dozen as good as could be found in India, but the remainder sadly need instructing. We could suggest two golden rules "Sit back at your jumps," and, "Don't cross,"

and if these are carried out, an improvement will at once be observed and many unnecessary croppers avoided.

This chase might aptly be termed a lordly one, as among the starters were, Lord Harris, Lord Alwyn, Lord William on Premier, and Lord Charles on "one of Bills." We also noticed the Mem Sahib on Harlequin, a Government House Mem Sahib who rode well to the front, Mr. Beresford on Lady Amy. Captain Rochfort on something with four legs and a tail. Captain Muir on Kepla, Mr. Killus on his new one. Captain McCausland on St. Patrick, Mr. Maguire on a treasure, the Bummer on Prodigal, Mr. Pedestrian on Cinders, Mr. Mac on Rocket, Mr. Indigo on Lowlander, Mr. Sille on a chestnut, Mr. Lawyer on his cob Mr. Cochin China on Telescope, Mr. Nosredna on Commissioner and the ruck.

The start took place at the Juggurnath Car to the right of the road in the direction of the sheep-pens, the paper being laid by Messrs. Simpson and Hamilton on Gill and a nice looking bay. At the call of time St. Patrick went off with the lead closely followed by Lady Amy, Cinders and Kepla. The first wall sent Mr. Kill'us to grass, and the next hurdle proved a temporary puzzle to Premier. After passing the gallery Mr. Maguire cried "enough," and tumbled off. The course now crossed the road over a mud wall and several hurdles, and through a bit of jungle, the only three in it being St. Patrick, Lady Amy and Kepla, the second division composed of Lord Charles, Cinders, the two Mem Sahibs, Lord William and Commissioner, being some distance behind. As we again came into the open the pace increased, several sportsmen spurting to catch the leaders, who, however, were still going strong. We now went through some more jungle, and on to a bit of plough. Kepla and St. Patrick from here ran a match home, over a hurdle, Prince Farrokh Shah's handsome bay winning pretty easily. Mr. Beresford third, just in front of Lord Charles and Lord Harris.

A noteworthy feature at the chase was the fact that the horse of a gentleman who got spilt at the second fence, kept on all round the course, finishing well up, and after getting over the last fence trotted quietly up to his syce and surrendered himself to discretion, the rider having in the meantime taken his morning exercise on Shank's mare.

We were disappointed that so many of the usual followers were again absent. When are we again to see Mr. Lawrence, Mr. O'Mally, the Tougall, Mr. Lauderdale, the Major, Mr. Petrie, &c. ? It is a little early yet to lay horses up for the Cup, and the going now is very good. We trust next week the field will be a bumper.

Many of the usual followers of the Chase were absent on Saturday, being employed in chasing the wily pig, Lord Alwyn Compton and Captain Muir being the sole representatives of Government House. We are glad to notice a marked improvement in the general riding, the rules we gave last week being well observed. There is one thing that ought to be put a stop to at once, and that is the presence of jockeys and stablemen in these chases. A couple of years ago there was a rule passed prohibiting these men following, but this year we have noticed several professionals appearing at the start, though we must say that, as a rule, they keep well behind. On Saturday, however, it was different. A well known jockey and a pal appeared on two raw walers ; the latter gentleman disappeared soon after the start, but the former rode with the leading division, crossing and cannoning in the most impartial manner. A wall at last brought him and the steed to grief, and they lay together on the landing side for several seconds, thus preventing any lady behind from negotiating the obstacle. We would recommend Mr. Latham reporting him to his employer, and thus preventing his appearance at any future date.

The gallery was in great force, the ladies, in spite of the number of dances that have been going on during the past week, showing up strongly and appearing to take as great an interest as ever in the horses and their riders.

We noticed among the starters, the Mem Sahib on Harlequin, the Messrs. Petrie on Skipper and Sappho, Captain McCausland on St. Patrick, Mr. Beresford on Brian Boru, the Major on Zil, the Tougall on a country-bred, Mr. Adjutant on a big bay, Mr. Sniktaw on Rona, Major Fitzgerald on a smart looking bay, Captain Muir on Kepla, Mr. Allthere on Pilgrim, Lord Alwyn on a brown, Mr. Maguire on a chestnut, Mr. Kill'us on his new one, and a larger number than usual of ambitious sportsmen more or less indifferently mounted.

The paper was carried by Mr. Hamilton, junior, on a bay, and Mr. Pedestrian on Cinders. The start was made at the Juggernath Car, the first two jumps being the last two of the preceding chase. Major Fitzgerald went off with the lead, closely followed by Harlequin, St. Patrick, Zil and Brian Boru. The first wall proved disastrous to Sappho, whose rider generously did the funny business in full view of the gallery. We now went sharp to the left down the lane and over a hurdle into the open, the pace being fast. Skipper here joined the leaders. The Irish Major was still at the head of affairs ; his mount, however, soon after turned rusty at a low wall, and Brian Boru and Skipper were left with the lead through a rather cramped line of country, the former taking Mr. Beresford all his time to keep him near the course. As we again came into the open we were met by a perfect crowd of jumps of various sorts and sizes, including two doubles, several hurdles and a drop. The leading four, composed of St. Patrick, Kepla, Skipper and Brian Boru, now raced straight away from the field and ran a great race home in close order, Skipper just managing

to gain first place, St. Patrick second, Kepla third, Brian Boru, fourth. The remainder wandered in some minutes later.

We are glad to see so many of the Paperchase nags in the Horse Show, and the style in which Skipper, Rocket, Lady Amy, Harliquin, Kepla and St. Patrick jumped was a treat well worth witnessing, and shows what good schooling these chases are for making fencers.

The chances of the various horses for the Cup are now being eagerly discussed. Ladylove, we are afraid, wont be fit, as she and a pig got mixed up together, resulting in one of her legs being badly cut. Black Water, who, in the earlier chases, carried that determined rider, the Tougall, so well to the front, is, we hear, far from well and likely to be in hospital for some time to come. His owner, however, states that if he can't win the Paperchase Cup, he means to land a mug or two at the Athletic Sports, and as his legs are long and his arms are strong, we have no doubt he will carry out his statement. The horses still going who seem to have the best chances are undoubtedly Skipper and St. Patrick, but as the newly landed horses are now beginning to get in fettle it is a little early yet to give a decided opinion.

In spite of the intense cold on Saturday morning, the attendance of spectators was up to the average, though many of them looked as if they longed to be under the blankets again and in the land of dreams.

The start took place at the Juggurnath Car, the paper being laid by the Brothers Latham on Unknown and J. M.

We noticed among the starters, the Mem Saheb on Saunteress, Captain McCausland on St. Patrick, Mr. Cochin China on Telescope, Captain Muir on a raw looking bay, Mr. Allthere on Pilgrim, Mr. Harboard on a nice looking grey, Mr. Beresford on Zoe, the Messrs. Petrie on Milkmaid

and Sappho, Captain Haines on a fidgety one, Mr. Rare on Rob Roy, Mr. O'Mally on his now famous steeplechaser, Gipsy, Mr. Pedestrian on Cinders, Mr. Simpson on Morning, Mr. Sandilands on Zoedone, Mr. Kill'us on his fiery one, Mr. Lauderdale on Morning. The Doctor on a black, Mr. Bombay on Zil, Mr. Mac on Rocket, Mr. Rivers on Magpie, Major Fitzgerald on his bay, Mr. Sniktaw on Rona, Mr. Bertram on his cob, Mr. Lawyer on Taillers, the Tougall on Bantam, Mr. Boyd on his moke, Captain Rochford on a ditto, and several strangers, who, however, did not distinguish themselves one way or another. At the word "Go" we dashed down the road sharp to the left, and over a hurdle and big wall in full view of the Gallery, Cinders lead over the first two jumps, closely followed by Zoe and Captain Haines. As we crossed the road Mr. Pedestrian's mount turned rusty, and the Aides-de-Camp went on with the lead for some time, followed by Zoe, St. Patrick, Saunteress, and Rocket. After going through a bit of jungle we went over several jumps, the course winding to the left, Mr. Sniktaw, somewhere in the dense jungle went to earth. We now came to the two wide ditches, which stuck up Beresford and Mr. Bombay for a period. The leaders were now St. Patrick. The Doctor and the Mem Saheb, the pace being decidedly slow. As we near the water jump two sportsmen shoot off, one to the right and one to the left, evidently considering a cold bath an unpleasant prospect. Mr. Allthere tumbled off, but we believe his mount kindly landed him on dry ground. A mud wall soon afterwards disposed of the Irish Major, who nimbly landed on his feet. We observed Mr. Cochin China soon afterwards doing Pedstrian's business. After going through a small clump of jungle, we appear in view of the gallery and the leaders quicken their pace. When it came to racing however, there was nothing in it but St. Patrick, who coming away at every stride, won by about a street, his owner's face

beaming with smiles of joy, Cinders who picked up in the last mile, second, Rocket third, Magpie fourth, Saunteress fifth. The course was as near perfection as could be, and every one appeared pleased with it. As the going this season is much softer than usual, we hope the Cup chase will be deferred as long as possible, as once Lent begins, Paperchasing will be the only dissipation left to us.

The many festivities which are now taking place are, we fear, beginning to tell their tale, as the number of absentees from these chases is increasing. It is impossible to sit up till 2 A.M., day after day without becoming more or less of a wreck, as many wan faces and weak seats yesterday, morning amply testified. We heard one sportsman state that he had no time for more than one ride a week and that was at the paperchases. How, he asked plaintively, was he to get his horse fit? We comforted him by reminding him that the peaceful time of Lent was rapidly approaching and horse-training would then be easy.

We were glad to see that the best jumper in the show last week was that fine paperchaser the Skipper, and we must congratulate his owner on his success; it was a treat on the swagger day of the show to see this horse stride over the leps well piloted by his owner.

The chase yesterday was very devoid of excitement, spills being quite the exception.

We noticed among the starters the Mem Saheb on Saunteress, Mr. Pedestrian on Cinders, Lord William on Premier, Mr. Sille on a bay, Mr. Simpson on Morning, Mr. Lauderdale on Night, Mr. Petrie on Skipper, Mr. St. Quintin on Something, Captain Haines on a nice looking bay, Mr. Adjutant on Star, Mr. Allthere on Remyat, Major FitzGerald on his nice looking bay, Mr. Premier on the Goat, the Doctor, Captain Rochfort and Mr. Harboard, all on nice looking hunters, Mr. Beresford or Zoe, Mr. Suiktaw on

Rona (who appears to have lost all the brilliant form she shewed last season) Mr. Ross on Rob Roy, and the usual ruck.

The paper was carried by Captain Muir and Lord Alwyn. The start took place near the old Kennels straight away to the right through some very cramped country, the running being made by Zoe, Captain Haines and Saunteress. As we came into the open near the sheep-pens the jumps became numerous, two stiff doubles proving stoppers to many. A mud wall, brought Mr. Sille to grief, who hung on to his nag's neck for several seconds undecided whether to go on or tumble off suddenly. However observing that the ground was soft, he went to earth like a common ball and lay on his back with his legs in the air till he found no bones were broken. The course now wound into the galloping lane, the Mem Saheb now being at the head of affairs, Cinders, Zoe, Captain Haines lying next. After crossing the road the Mem Saheb, who was leading easily, ran up an unnecessary bank, which utterly destroyed her chance. The Skipper now rushed to the front and led the field a merry chase till near home when he missed the paper for a moment. This proved disastrous to him, as Cinders and Zoe rushed passed him and ran a grand race in, the former, in spite of Mr. Beresford's vigorous finishing passing the flags first by half a length, Skipper a similar distance off third, Captain Haines fourth, the Mem-Saheb fifth.

The course was not nearly as good as last week, the first part being almost entirely through jungle; this, however, was balanced by the last mile, the country being open, the going good and the jumps numerous. We must give a word of praise to the hares for the capital way in which the paper (as long as it lasted) was laid, making it almost impossible to overrun, and saving the leading sportsmen much anxiety.

Paperchasing will not be the only sporting event this week as we observe that a sky meeting is to be held next Saturday. Judging from the capital extra meeting we had last year, we anticipate a good afternoon's sport. The Stewards are all riding men and well up to their duties, and will spare no trouble to make the meeting a success. We hope the public will aid them, both by entering their horses and persuading as many people as possible to attend, as we believe the gate money will be the chief source of funds, no subscriptions being asked for. There are to be two pony races, one for 12-2 and the other for 13-2 ponies. Considering the number of ponies in Calcutta at present, to say nothing of the half hundred the sporting twenty-third are reported to have located at Dum Dum, big fields should turn out for these two races. The other items in the prospectus are a Hurdle Race for *bona fide* paperchasers, which is sure to fill, though we would suggest the advisability of the Stewards clearly defining what a *bona fide* paper-chaser is, as it may save trouble afterwards; a Handicap for Arabs. Country-breds and Waler Galloways once round the course; a mile open for the Military, weight for price, and a Hurdle and Flat Race open to the world. The last ought to be well patronised by the horse importers, as horses that run forward and not too heavily priced are sure to find purchasers. We hope to see many of the paperchase riders earning fresh laurels on this occasion.

We suppose it must have been the bitter cold which kept so many people away from the chase on Saturday. One sportsman told us privately that he had been keeping himself warm for the last few days by continual drams of cherry-brandy, while a rumour was circulated that two new arrivals were seen enquiring the price of skates at the Great Eastern Hotel. The fun began by Mr. Harboard mounting a nag somewhere near the Body Guard Lines. He was no sooner in the saddle than the animal said "Go," and go he

did, about eighteen annas through a crowd of carriages and horses, his rider luckily keeping his wits about him and avoiding collisions in the most miraculous way. We believe, however, he got back to Government House in time for dinner. An idea got about that the finish was at the sheep-pens, and the gallery posted down to that well known spot. Finding no red flag, however, they tore down the road for several miles, but at last giving it up as a bad job, they trudged homewards, while many big big D's floated on the misty air. They found out afterwards that the finish took place at the spot where the chase started, which we think might have been better managed.

The paper was laid by Captain Muir on Skipper and Lord Alwyn on a bay. We noticed among the starters, the Mem Saheb on Saunteress, Captain Haines on Manchester, Mr. Lawyer on his cob, Lord William on Premier, Mr. O'Mally on Gipsy, Mr. Lauderdale on Night, Mr. Rivers on Magpie, Mr. King on Lady Amy, Mr. Nosredna on Commissioner, Mr. Brandy on Kepla, Mr. Beresford on Zoe. Captain McCausland on Zil, the Doctor on Sealskin, Mr. Sille on a chestnut, Mr. Kill'us on his Butcha, Mr. Apcar on a grey, the Tougall on Bantam, Mr. Boyd on Le Moke, and several strangers as yet unknown to fame. None of the old Polo Club were present, as we believe they were being made beautiful for ever by Messrs. Bourne and Shepherd.

The start took place at Rosedale in the direction of the railway, the running being made by Zil, Saunteress, Zoe and Manchester. After going over two hurdles and a big double, we cross the line and counter warily through some jungle to the right, Premier and Lady Amy here joining the leading division. Several more leaps were negotiated, when Zil and several of the leaders overshot the paper. This let up Magpie and Sealskin; the latter's glory was short lived, as catching his feet in some roots he went a regular bowler, his plucky rider luckily escaping unhurt. The course now

went round in a circle, the jumps being numerous. Mr. Lauderdale and Mr. Apear here tried a collision, and the former went to grass. He was up however (with about half a maund of mud) in half a minute, and was soon again with the field. We now recrossed the line, through a lot of jungle and finished over the first two hurdles, Mr. Rivers landing Magpie first, the shifty Zil, who was well ridden by Captain McCausland second, Captain Haines third, Premier fourth, followed by Zoe, Gipsy, Lady Amy, Night and Commissioner. The course was not an improvement on the last week's chase, as it wound about the jungle in the most disagreeable way. We noticed many horses cut about the legs, which is not to be wondered at when part of the going was over old pots, bricks &c. We suppose, however we must not grumble as, owing to the hardness of the ground, it is difficult to make a course like those we rode over at the commencement of the season.

We suppose it must have been the bitter cold which deterred so many sportsmen from putting in an appearance on Thursday morning, as it was most decidedly (among the followers) a case of quality not quantity. Perhaps the races on Saturday may have decided some of the owners to give their nags a holiday. The gallery were again out of it, as very few people turned up to witness the finish. We would suggest to the Honorary Secretary the advisability of advertising the finishing spot, as well as the start, as it must be very annoying to the ladies to drive up and down the road searching in vain for the red flags, while they hear afterwards of the fun they have missed in the way of spills, collisions &c.

We hear that the races on Saturday promise to be above the average sky-meetings, as capital entries have been obtained and large fields will most likely appear in most of the events; the going now is very fair, and we trust the

public will attend in large numbers. We would also remind them to bring some loose cash with them as the book-makers, we believe, intend doing a little business, and the totalisator will be in full swing. We are unable to give any direct tips, but we fear that Government House will be bad to beat in most of the events. The start yesterday was near the fifth milestone in the direction of the Railway. The paper was laid by Messrs. Harboard and Simpson, the latter on Gill.

We noticed among the starters the Mem Sahab on Harlequin, Mr. O'Mally on unknown, Mr. Beresford on Zoe, Mr. Nedraw on a chestnut, Captain McCausland on Saunteress, Mr. Apcar on a grey, Mr. Primrose on the Goat, Lord Alywn on a nice looking bay, Captain Rochfort on a fiddle-headed brown, Captain Muir on his bay, Mr. Rivers on Magpie, Mr. Pedestrian on Cinders, Mr. Boyd on Le Moke, Mr. Lauderdale on Night, Mr. King on Lady Amy, Mr. Nosredna on Commissioner, Mr. Cochin China on Telescope, Mr. Nosredneh on a brown, Captain Haines on Manchester, the stranger on a grey and a small ruck.

At the call of time Harlequin, Saunteress, Cinders, and Zoe jumped off with the lead; after negotiating a couple of leaps we entered through a patch of jungle and out into a long stretch of open. A hurdle here caused some fun, Saunteress, who had apparently fallen in love with her gallant rider, eloped with him in the direction of the Salt Lakes, while Mr. Nedraw's mount landed him softly on his back. The leaders were now joined by the Government House contingent, and we took the next few jumps without any accidents. The field streamed gaily onwards until they came on a stiff wall with a big ditch in front of it. Here the spectators had fine fun. Cinders got over somehow, but his rider went the next hundred yards beautifully seated on his neck, while the Mem Sahab got stuck up, and Mr. O'Mally embraced his steed in the most loving way.

One sportsman nearly knocked Zoe off his legs, and Mr. Beresford, while recovering him interfered with his noble kinsman who did not seem to appreciate the touching compliment. Night jumped Mr. Lauderdale on to his head, and the crimson flowed from his aristocratic nose; but the fun was not yet over, for up comes Mr. Nosredneh calm and cool, but his calmness was considerably ruffled and the coolness disappointed, when his mount bungled and sent him a flopper on some soft clay. We now went over several big ditches, a couple of walls, and a hurdle, and then pounded down the road, Captain Rochfort, Lord Alwyn, Mr. Rivers and Captain Muir being at the head of affairs; then away to the right over some stiff going, and on the direction of Jhodpore Thanna, the finish taking place about 100 yards behind that edifice! two jumps from home Mr. Rivers appeared to be winning easily, but running rather wide, he let up Captain Muir who managed to beat him for first place. So many sportsmen claimed third honors, that we are afraid to decide, but we noticed the leading division was composed of Mr. Apcar, Captain Haines, Mr. Beresford, Lord Alwyn, and Captain Rochfort.

The course was a capital one and the going good, the pace was fast, and the spectators witnessed much fun, which must have amply recompensed them for their early rising.

The next meet is again a long way off, for those who have to start from town, but at this season of the year it is next to impossible to get a good course nearer to home. The gallery, we understand, need not travel so far, as a good view of the finish ought to be had from the neighbourhood of the Red Road.

The hot weather which threatened at the beginning of the week, has luckily passed away, and paperchasing is still a pleasure. Let us hope the cold weather will continue until the cup is lost and won. The races on Saturday

gave the public a good idea of the form of several of the probable competitors, as the Stirrup Cup (a hurdle race confined to *bond fide* paperchasers) was run for by six well known nags. The result is well known. Premier, splendidly ridden by his owner, just gaining first honors from Skipper, St. Patrick who made the running was third, and he would have been nearer had his young rider indulged him with a pull at least *once* during the race instead of letting the game old horse run himself to a standstill. According to this running the cup appears to be a gift for Lord William, but as Premier is by no means an easy horse to get over a country, we would humbly suggest (contrary to the public opinion) that it is *not* all over bar shouting and we fully expect to see the Skipper give the gallant grey a good deal of trouble, even if he does not beat him over a long distance.

Now that cold weather dissipations are finished, we are surprised that the number of followers in these chases does not increase.

We missed many faces yesterday who are generally well to the front. What has become of Mr. O'Mally, Mr. Lawrence, Captain McCausland, Mr. Bombay, Mr. Beresford, Mr. Lauderdale, &c. ? Let us hope they are only reserving themselves for the cup day, and that we shall then see them like giants refreshed, with new coats on their manly shoulders and fresh legs on their nags.

The gallery yesterday came out in large numbers and were amply rewarded by a good view of the last three jumps. Lord Alwyn, when close to the finish, afforded them great fun by doing the "role y pole y" business in capital style, but we were glad to see him able to ride home afterwards, though his clothes were a piteous sight.

The start took place at the Jodhpore Thannah, the paper being laid by Mr. Carlisle on a beautiful jumping bay, and Mr. Simpson on Gill. We noticed among the starters

the Mem Sahab on Harlequin, Mr. Killem on his fiery one, Mr. Rivers on Magpie, Lord William on Premier, the Major on Saunteress, Mr. Sille on a chestnut, Mr. Boyd on Le Moke, Captain Muir on Landscape, Captain Rochfort on Fiddlehead, the Bummer on Prodigal, Mr. Harboard on a brown, Captain Haines on Manchester, the Tougall on Blackwater, the Stranger on a grey, Lord Alwyn on Patchwork, and a larger number than usual of the ruck, mostly vilely mounted. At the call of time we went away to the right of the road, and then straight ahead to the open ground where a beautiful line of jumps had been prepared. At the first hurdle Mr. Boyd who was ambitiously placed among the leaders, said he had mistaken his position and went to grass in a sitting position. The running was then made by the Stranger, Manchester, Prodigal, Lord Alywn and Magpie. After going about a mile the Stranger went down and improved his personal appearance by wallowing in the mud. The course now wound to the right, the leaders being joined by Harlequin, Saunteress, Premier, and Landscape, some very big walls had now to be negotiated, and then a patch of jungle. As we emerged from the trees Captain Muir rushed to the front and led on at a good pace in the direction of the Red Road. Rounding the next corner the welcome flags appear in view, and Prodigal races up to Landscape. He, however, was never able to catch the Captain, who won by two lengths, Mr. Kill'us was third, Captain Haines fourth, the Mem Sahab and the Major fifth and sixth. The course was splendid and the jumps big enough to suit an Australian Steeplechaser.

We were agreeably surprised on waking up yesterday morning to find that the cold weather had returned, and more perfect weather for paperchasing could not have been desired. The gallery was small, which is to be regretted as a beautiful sight-seeing course had been prepared, and the number of spills which occurred was a caution. This chase

might well be called a "Roley Poley" entertainment, as sportsmen were tumbling off at almost every jump. It is impossible to say how many bit the dust, but we will endeavour to chronicle the mishaps we ourselves witnessed. It is a strange fact that most of the riders who do the funny business object to its being published, and also object to any details which are not in strict accordance with their remembrance of the mishaps. One gentleman was very angry last week at our saying he tumbled off at a wall instead of a hurdle. We mildly suggested that we thought it did not much matter what the obstacle was as long as he did come off, and he rode off muttering nasty things.

We were glad to see that the Tougall's grand horse, Blackwater, was getting round again, and from the way he carried his rider yesterday his chance for the Cup looks very rosy. We were sorry to hear St. Patrick had gone up-country to be followed shortly by his popular and hard-riding owner, whose departure will be regretted by all. We wish them both every success in their new paths.

The start yesterday took place near the Jodhpore Thannah to the right of the road, the paper being capitally laid by Mr. Simpson on Gill, and Mr. Carlisle on Master McGarth. We noticed among the starters. The Mem Saheb on Harlequin, Mrs. Cecil on Ariel, Captain Haines on Manchester, Mr. Cochin China on Telescope, the Stranger on his grey, Mr. Beresford on the galloway Kilmanie, Mr. Apar on a grey, Mr. Adjutant on Zil, Mr. Lawyer on Tailless, Mr. Sniktaw on Rona, Mr. Kill'us on Red Knight, Lord William on Premier, Mr. Sille on a chestnut, Mr. Harboard on a brown, Mr. Rivers on Magpie, Mr. O'Mally on Unknown, Mr. Petrie on Skipper, Mr. Nosredna on Commissioner, Mr. Pedestrian on Cinders, Mr. Walker on Mignonette, Mr. Boyd on Le Moke and a heap of others.

When the 10 minutes' interval was about half over, we saw the Bumner, humbly mounted on a grey pony, charge

the first wall in grand style. The pony, however, said "No" and stopped short and the Bummer looked as if he was going over by himself; but the gallant grey placed him back at the saddle with a sharp jerk, and the pair disappeared round the corner of the wall, and were lost to our sight like a beautiful dream.

At the call of "time" a grand scramble took place at the first jump, when we observed Messrs. Hodgson and Miley rebounding from the earth like two footballs. Ariel now lead us out a cracker closely followed by Kilmanie, the Stranger and Unknown. After racing up the road we turned sharp to the left, Mrs. Cecil riding admirably in the front place; she, however, shortly afterwards overshot the paper, and the running was made by Black Water, Harlequin, and Kilmanie. A hurdle somewhere about these parts proved disastrous to Mr. Lawyer who went to earth like a rabbit. The course now went through a small patch of jungle, and again to the left over two big walls, at the latter of which Kilmanie jumped short and came down. She then added injury to insult, by using Mr. Beresford's head as a drum, and her hind legs as the sticks. Poor lad! his beautiful clothes were soon spoilt, and his perfect collar converted into a red rag by the crimson stream which flowed from beneath his cap. The next few jumps were negotiated without mishaps, and the field now headed for the sheep-pens. As Harlequin jumped from the lane into the field, the Mem Saheb had a purler and resumed the journey, on foot. Unknown, Black-water and Commissioner were now at the head of affairs, and galloped up the lane at a grand pace. Several leaps were now taken, at one of which Mr. Sille, missing his pal, tumbled off to look for him. The welcome flags now appear with a good run home of a quarter of a mile over three hurdles. Magpie and Skipper now raced up to Black Water, whom, however, they could never get near, and the Tougall secured first honors easily; Mr. Rivers second, Mr. Petrie third,

The course was capital and the jumps big enough for any body. The Cup will be run about the 10th of March, and we shall have something to say about the competitors as soon as we see the entries.

The fog early on Saturday morning looked as thick that it seemed as if the chase must be postponed. Luckily, however, the weather cleared about half-past six, and although it was decidedly muggy, it was not so hot as might have been expected. The rains we have had lately made the going very heavy. Perhaps, however, this is better than the iron-like going we generally experienced in chases at the tail end of the season. The course was a capital one, the jungle being avoided almost the whole way. The entries for the Cup have not yet closed, but we hear of many starters. Several sportsmen have told us privately that they have put their horses into strong work with the view of winning the trophy, and what is much better, they all appear to think they stand capital chances. We observed one man the other day tearing madly round the course who, on pulling up, informed us he was getting his horse fit. We humbly ventured to suggest that the nag looked a *leetle* thin. He, however, told us we knew nothing about it, and started for what he called a spurt. He finally disappeared from our sight, working his arms and legs like an engine, and told us next day that he had been imitating Vinall at a finish. We told him we recognised the style at once though we did not think that it was the usual habit of that jockey to spur his mount about the ears or yet about his tail. The gallant sportsman got angry at this, and so we left him, thinking what a day we shall have if the rest of the starters are only half as enthusiastic.

The start took place yesterday on the right of the road just before reaching Jodhpore Thanna, the paper being carried by Mr. Simpson on Gill and Captain Muir on the great Jack, who flew the country in grand style. We

noticed among the starters the Mem Saheb on Harlequin, Mr. O'Mally on Unknown, Mr. Millet on a bay, the Stranger on his grey, Mr. Beresford on the Camel, Captain Haines on Manchester, Mr. Rivers on Belvedere, Mr. Mac on Rocket, Mr. Chota on Unknown, Mr. Kill'us on his pony, Mr. Pedestrian on Cinders, Mr. Allthere on Pilgrim, Mr. Adjutant on Zil, Mr. Helyar on a bay, Mr. Petrie on Black Domino, Mr. Boyd on the Moke, Mr. Nosredna on Commissioner, &c., &c.

At the call of time, we dashed up the lane, Mr. Mac and the Mem Saheb leading. We now turned sharp to the left and over a mud wall. Mr. Helyar here appeared to be having a match with his horse as to which of them could turn the greater number of summersaults. We had no time to stop for the finish of the exciting contest, but we believe it resulted in a dead heat. We now turned again to the left, and over a nice piece of open country, well studded with jumps. The Stranger, Cinders and Manchester were now with the leaders. A wall hereabouts proved too much for the Camel, who never rising an inch, came an awful purler, pitching Mr. Beresford clean on his head. He, however, was none the worse, partaking an involuntary "chota hazri" off Ballygunge mud, which he said was very filling at the price. The course now went across the road and over some rather rough country, the only ones in it being the Mem Saheb, Manchester, the Stranger, Cinders and Rocket. Two hurdles from home Mr. Mac, who had apparently waited for the gallery to see the fun, went to grass with a flop, and a good race ensued between the other four, resulting in the Stranger securing first place, Captain Haines second, Mr. Pedestrian third, and the Mem Saheb fourth.

The Cup will be run for to-morrow, and, judging from the entries, the chase ought to be well worth going out to Ballygunge to see. Last year, as every one will remember it was won by a lady, who, we are glad to see, is again going to take the field, and, if not first, we fully expect to see

Harlequin well to the fore. There are altogether seventeen starters, one more than last year, but still the names of several hard riders are conspicuous by their absence, owing to the various ills which horseflesh is heir to.

St. Patrick's owner, we believe, has gone up-country, and we miss from the list the Bummer, Messrs. O'Mally, Beresford, MacNair, Captain Muir and the Hon. Secretary, all of whom, had providence been more kind, would have helped to swell the field.

Out of the seventeen who faced the starter last year only five are forthcoming, including the Skipper, who ought to carry his sporting owner well to the fore, but we are afraid he is not fit enough to win with the present heavy going. Telescope, Commissioner, Magpie and Cinders all good in an ordinary chase, but hardly fast enough for the Cup day. First and foremost amongst the new chasers stands Premier, who won, some say easily, at the Sky Races the other day. Zill, who notwithstanding her owner's welter weight ought not be out of the race, White Star, Blackwater, Manchester and Red Knight have on several occasions shown what good stuff they are made of.

The start is advertised for the Juggernaut Car, but we advise all who wish to get a good view of the chase to take up their position near the sheep-pens on the Red Road a spot long connected with Cup days. Unless we have more rain the going will not be so heavy as many doubtless expect, as the heavy rain which fell on Wednesday did not extend so far, and we strongly advise all who can to go and see the best sporting race in India.

The following are the entries :—

Mrs. Cook's <i>Harlequin.</i>
Major „ <i>Zil.</i>
Major Fitzgerald's <i>Tittaghur.</i>
Mr. Irwin's... <i>Star.</i>
Lord W. Beresford's <i>Premier.</i>

Mr. W. W. Petrie's <i>Skipper.</i>
„ S. A. Apcar's <i>Spec.</i>
„ Petrocochino's <i>Telescope.</i>
Captain Haine's <i>Manchester.</i>
Mr. T. S. Anderson's <i>Commissioner.</i>
„ R. G. Currie's <i>Magpie.</i>
„ Tougall's <i>Blackwater.</i>
„ Kilburn's <i>Red Knight.</i>
„ Stevenson's <i>Rustic.</i>
„ Lawrie's <i>Pilgrim.</i>
„ Probyn's <i>Grenadier.</i>
„ Walker's <i>Cinders.</i>

THE CUP.

Let us hang up our spurs and whips and weep, for the paperchasing season has passed away, and the hot weather is upon us. No less than sixteen times have the worthy peasantry of Ballygunge been disturbed in their rural pursuits, by a long stream of frantic horsemen galloping wildly through their peaceful haunts, while the well-known sight of a mud bespattered sportsman, limping painfully homewards, made them ponder in their gentle minds on the eccentric notions of enjoyment entertained by the *saheb log*. We are sure everybody is very grateful to the Honorary Secretary for the trouble he has taken. We never remember courses to have been so well laid out or fences better made. When Mr. Latham went home it was rumoured that the paperchases would deteriorate. Rumour luckily proved a false prophet, and under the new management we have enjoyed as good, if not better, sport than the most sanguine anticipated.

We had whispered softly in our servant's ear on Friday night :—" When you're waking, call me early, call me early, bearer dear." His idea of earliness turned out to be the middle of the night. These little errors on his part do not now anger us, as they used to, as being an intelligent native, we think that under the proposed new regulation he

stands a capital chance of a judgship. We also treat our punkha-wallahs with great gentleness, as the thought has struck us that though at present we may rebuke them for their tardiness in agitating the punka rope, they may shortly be in a position to agitate us at the end of a very different sort of rope. We therefore now talk to each other like dear brothers.

The sights that met us on the road to Ballygunge were very interesting. Every available vehicle appeared to have been brought out for the occasion, from the evenly hung barouche of the rich merchant to the rattling bone shaker of the worthy Baboo, while the number of persons riding was a caution. Men whom we had always thought too timid to be conveyed in anything more dangerous than a humble but useful ticca-gharry now appeared to have cast prudence to the winds, and arrayed in breeches and boots of an ancient order boldly rode forth, on fearful and wonderful looking mokes, who took them where they pleased, greatly to the discomfort, not to say danger, of the foot passengers. The rain of Friday night made the weather charming, and we almost imagined ourselves back in January. The start took place just beyond the Juggernath Car, but owing to the late arrival of one of the horses, proceeding did not commence until nearly half an hour after the advertised time. The paper was carried by Captain Muir and Mr. Hamilton mounted on Jack on Rocket. Both animals fenced splendidly.

The following are the starters :—

Mrs. Cook's <i>Saunteress.</i>
Major Cook's <i>Zil.</i>
Mr. Irwin's <i>Star.</i>
Lord W. Beresford's <i>Premier.</i>
Mr. W. W. Petrie's <i>Skipper.</i>
„ S. A. Apar's <i>Spec.</i>
„ Petrocochino's <i>Telescope.</i>

Captain Haines' <i>Manchester.</i>
Mr. T. S. Anderson's <i>Commissioner.</i>
„ R. G. Gurrie's <i>Magpie.</i>
„ Tougall's <i>Blackwater.</i>
„ Kilburn's <i>Red Knight.</i>
„ Lowrie's <i>Pilgrim.</i>
„ Probyn's <i>Grenadier.</i>
„ Walker's <i>Cinders.</i>

As far as condition went Premier, Manchester, Saunteress, and Pilgrim, were the pic of the lot, Blackwater and Red Knight looked short of work, while Zil and Skipper were bags of bones.

At the call of time Blackwater dashed off with the lead over a low wall and a hurdle. The course now went in full view of the gallery, the jumps being a big ditch in front of the plateau and a hurdle with a drop just beyond. Blackwater here had a long lead with Saunteress, Premier, and Red Knight behind. The field now wound round to the right, the going being rather heavy. The next jumps were a hurdle, a wall, and the double, all the horses fencing admirably. After negotiating these leps, we turned to the left, and up the road for a short distance. Saunteress about these parts slipped up and destroyed what appeared a very good chance, Star followed her example, and Mr. Irwin rolled out of reach of his legs with a celerity that showed he had not forgotten the rap he got in the first chase. We now went through some open ground with tanks on each side, the water jump being taken by all without a mistake, though some of the riders landed well on their horses' necks. The going now was very good, and Blackwater was still leading the field at a strong pace. A big mud wall here proved disastrous to Mr. Currie; his mount jumped very big, but his owner was in such a hurry to reach *terra firma* that he dismounted in the air. We now turned our heads towards home, and Premier rushed

up to the leaders. The Tougall's face now showed great anxiety, as he boldly spurred his gallant black over the next two jumps, after which he pulled back as his mount was done. The last wall now appeared, and Premier led over it by about a length. He, however, was tiring fast, and Skipper and Pilgrim gained rapidly upon him. The welcome red flags now appear, and Premier and Skipper rose at the last hurdle together. Mr. Petrie now appeared to have the race at his mercy. The Irish Lord, however, was not to be done, and, applying his shillelagh with whacks that might have been heard at Government House, he shot Premier to the front and won a magnificent race all out by three quarters of the length, Pilgrim close up third, and if her young owner had only come sooner, he must have nearly secured the coveted trophy. Red Knight was fourth, Manchester fifth, Zil, and Cinders next. Much regret was expressed at the Mem Saheb's misfortune, as, at the time of her fall, Saunteress was going so strong and well that it appeared as if the popular win of last year was about to be repeated.

1883-84.

The Paperchasing season which has been looked forward to so eagerly by the sporting community of Calcutta, commenced yesterday, and was one of the best chases we ever witnessed. Mr. Simpson who made the courses last year has gone home, but from what we saw yesterday we have no doubt that his successor, Mr. Walker—better known as Mr. Pedestrian—will ably carry on the good work. At present owing to the standing crops it is very hard to get a good run, but the course yesterday was very fair, though there was a little too much of the lane business at the start. We hope gentlemen who are riding over the same ground on Thursday will endeavour to avoid the crops as much as possible, as otherwise the good Bengalis may prove troublesome when

other courses are being made. The weather yesterday morning was very chilly, and everybody was shivering, mostly from cold. The gallery mustered very strong, and were rewarded by a good view of the greater portion of the run. Falls were very numerous, chiefly the fault of the riders, as nearly all the nags were jumping beautifully. The start took place near the Juggernath Car up a lane to the right, and then down another lane to the left. The paper was laid by Mr. Carlisle on Mr. MacGarth, who fenced magnificently, and Mr. Pedestrian on Cinders, who hit the hurdles hard and eventually brought his rider down.

Amongst the followers of the paper we noticed the Mem Saheb on the Laird, Mr. Lawrence on Ladylove, Mr. Lawrie on Pilgrim, Captain Griffiths on Donald, Mr. Gough on the Old Ass, Mr. King on a cobby brown, Mr. Beresford on Gipsy, Mr. Boyd on Le Moke, Mr. O'Mally on Black Boy, Mr. Butler on Bellows, Mr. Myers on Silver Fox, the Bummer on Ullmann, Mr. Anderson on Commissioner, Mr. Décle on Roderick Dhu, the Greek on the Villain, Mr. Learoyd on Handicap, Captain Webb on Gazelle, Mr. Mercantile on a brown, Mr. Campobello on the Partition, Major FitzGerald on a nice looking bay, Captain Muir on Trooper, the Tougall on Blackwater, Dr. Dhurumtollah on Madman, Dr. Ditto, Junior, on Ladybird. Mr. Drydendale and Mr. Fraser on Warrigal and Banker, Mr. Stevenson on a chestnut, Mr. Orrell on a bay.

At the call of time we dashed down the lane to the left and then over the first hurdle in the open to the right, the leading division being Blackwater, Trooper, the Laird, Gazelle, Unknown, Silver Fox, Partition and a stranger, who charged the hurdle boldly after losing his hat and both stirrups. He managed, however, to get back in the saddle and then pulled up with a jerk among the carriages. This first obstacle proved a stopper to Mr. Décle, whose horse here "stopped short, never to go again"—at least in this chase.

The field now swept on at a good pace across the road over a mud wall and a couple of hurdles and again into the jungle. Here a mud wall proved too much for Mr. Myers, who resumed the journey on foot, and the Greek shortly afterwards went to grass. We now came round to the left over a nice piece of country, the pace beginning to increase, and Mr. Orrell taking the opportunity of falling on a soft spot. We now got our heads in the direction of home. Blackwater still leading with the Trooper, Gazelle, Unknown, Gipsy and Black Boy lying handy. Here the leaders overshoot the paper and landed in a swamp. The Bummer, Mr. Mercantile, and Mr. Stevenson, landing at the bottom of it, while a little further up Dr. Dhurumtollah, Junior, and Mr. Campobello, also came to grief, the result terminating, we regret to say, fatally for Dr. Dhurumtollah, Junior,—better known as Dr. Woolcott of Messrs. Cook & Co.'s.—The remainder of the field galloped on in the direction of the winning post, the Masher taking the opportunity to tumble off at a corner. He was soon up, and apparently relished his spill so much that he did his utmost to repeat the performance among the carriages. His horse, however, would not allow him to indulge further in his acrobatic fancies. The finish was now left to Trooper, Blackwater, Gazelle, and Gipsy, and they negotiated the last wall in the order named; the Tougal now shot the corner sharp, and obtained the lead from Captain Muir, who was never able to regain it, and was beaten for first position by a length. Mr. Beresford, who came with a rattle at the finish, a good third, just in front of the little Captain who was followed by Mr. Lawrence, Mr. Anderson and Mr. O'Mally.

The riding with a few exceptions was very bad, and we trust as the season advances we shall have an improvement, as there is plenty of room for it. We were sorry to miss these good sportsmen Mr. Cartwright, the Major, Mr. Agra, Mr. Cecil, Mr. McNair and others. We trust their absence

is only temporary, and that we shall soon see them again to the front.

We have been requested to add that Dr. Woolcott's funeral will take place at 4-30 P.M., this afternoon, from 184, Dhurumtollah.

We much regret that our article of Friday's Paperchase was sent into press before the writer had heard full particulars of the fatal termination of Dr. Woolcott's unfortunate accident, and we were only able to refer shortly to the painful event. His death has cast a great gloom over the sporting community of Calcutta, as not only was he a great favourite with them, but he was also very popular with the general public, as he was always willing and pleased to take any amount of trouble to oblige any one who sought his services. He was only 25 years of age, and, as he was devoted to his profession, had very bright prospects in life. He was a bold rider, a good sportsman, and a cheery companion. We never heard any one say a word against him, and we believe he had not an enemy in the world. The liking and respect the Calcutta Public had for him was amply testified by the numerous attendance at his funeral on Saturday.

So deep was the regret felt by all at the fatal accident to Dr. Woolcott in the first Paperchase, that it was decided, as a tribute to his memory, that no meeting should take place during the following week. Since then we have had so much rain that the country has not been in a fit state to ride over, Messrs. Carlisle and Walker, however, have been hard at work making a course, and the second chase took place yesterday morning. The course was one of the best we have ever seen, the jungle being avoided in a marvellous way. The going was capital, but we think the distance was a little too long, considering the paperchasing season has only just begun. We noticed many horses, and riders too, done to a turn, before reaching the winning post.

The weather was cold and bright without any fog, so the attendance was fairly good, though not nearly so numerous as at the first paperchase. We are glad to say there was a marked improvement in the riding all round, and spills were few and far between.

The meeting place was on the left hand side of the road, just beyond the Jodhpore Thannah, the first hurdle being judiciously placed well in the open. The paper was well laid by Mr. Pedestrian on Cinders, and Captain Muir on Skipper

The field was small. We noticed the Mem Saheb on Black Pearl, Mr. Campbello on the Partition, Mr. Peel on Snowstorm, Captain Rochfort on a brown, Mr. Cartwright on Ladybird, Mr. Lowrie on Lorna Doone, Mr. Beresford on Skylark, Mr. Masher on a black, the Tougall on Zulu, Captain Haines on Manchester, Captain Harboard on a brown, Lord Alwyn on a Baby, which we think he rode last season, Mr. Suave on Childe Chaphie, Mr. Murray on Zil, the Major on a breedy looking chestnut, Mr. Boyd on Le Moke, Mr. Anderson on Commissioner, Mr. Dynamite on Stonehenge, Mr. Drysdale on Warrigal, Mr. Décle on Hurricane, Mr. Kilburn on Red Knight, Dr. Morgan on Fairlie, Mr. Edwards on Whalebone, &c., &c.

The start was delayed about five minutes, owing to a train stopping opposite the crossing gates, which accordingly had to be closed. As soon as they were opened, the signal was given to start. At this period a youth mounted on a roan pony who was about 100 yards in front of the field, dashed forward over the first obstacle. We presume his youthfulness is the only excuse for this very unsporting behaviour. "A fair start and no favour," is considered a point of honour amongst the paperchasing community of Calcutta.

After clearing the first hurdle, which proved a stopper to Captain Rochfort and Dr. Morgan, we went away towards and over some natural ditches which tried the cleverness of many of the horses, the leading division consisting of Zil,

Ladybird, Stonehenge and Zulu. We now crossed the railway and turned to the left over a nice line of ditches, hurdles and mud walls. A big ditch proved too much for Mr. Dynamite, who lay at the bottom, while several horses cleared him in their stride. Shortly afterwards we re-crossed the railway and went through some rather close country which enabled Messrs. Butler, Campbello, and Peel to join the leading division. The paper was now laid over some very open country, and the pace got slightly faster, Zil, Zulu, and Ladybird being at the head of affairs. We now turned to the left up a lane in the direction of the main road, after reaching which a very sharp turn to the right brought us in sight of the last two jumps, which were beautifully placed for the inspection of the public. Mr. Murray now gave Zil her head, and coming away at every stride, won very easily by several lengths. The Partition second, Mr. Masher third, the Tougall fourth, Ladybird was fifth, and, as she jumped magnificently, it was quite apparent that her fall at the first chase was entirely owing to other horses interfering with her. Captain Harboard was sixth.

The third chase came off yesterday morning, a day earlier than had been anticipated. The gallery were in strong force, though we were sorry to see so few of the fair sex present, as their presence always acts as a stimulant to the mashers of the field ; the weather was bright and bitterly cold, and everyone was wrapped up to the eyes in warm *kupra*, which was very much needed. The field was very small, owing greatly to so many nags being laid up with coughs at this time of the year ; a good many horses also have gone up-country for pigsticking during the Christmas week. The course was very well selected, and the jumps nicely placed, the going in parts was very heavy, but we can expect nothing else after the dose of rain that has lately

fallen. We were glad to see that riders have now got some idea into their heads of keeping their own line ; mishaps are therefore, few and far between.

The start took place at the Juggernath Car, down the main road to the left, over a hurdle and a mud wall and then across the road and a hurdle into the jungle.

The paper was laid by Mr. Pedestrian on Cinders and Captain Muir on a rather restive bay. Amongst the starters we noticed the Mem Saheb on Black Pearl, the Tougall on Zulu, Captain Rochfort on a brown, Captain Harboard on a ditto, Mr. Beresford on Godfrey, the Bummer on Red Rover, Mr. Murray on Zil, the Greek on the Villain, Mr. O'Mally on Gipsy, Mr. Lawrie on Pilgrim, Mr. Cartwright on Ladybird, the Major on Copper, Mr. Gough on Jim, Mr. Corrie on Stagbeetle, Mr. Burn on a brown, Mr. Campobello on the Partition, Mr. Boyd on Le Moke, Lord Alwyn on a bay, Mr. Helyar on Something, Mr. Learoyd on Handicap, Mr. Peel on his old friend the Skipper, Mr. Anderson and many others whose names are unknown to us.

At the call of time we went off at a slow pace, which quickened up a bit when we got to the first hurdle. The leaders were all close together, consisting of Lord Alwyn, Zil, the Greek, the Mem Saheb, and Gipsy, while the ruck were close behind. After crossing the road we went over a hurdle and into the jungle, the pace being slow. The Greek was now leading, but the paper taking a sharp turn he overshot it and went into a big tree. We now left the jungle for a time, and went into some heavy ground and over a bund, a hurdle and a wall. Mr. Helyar was now leading with Pilgrim and Gipsy close up. The course now wound close to a pile of bricks which most of the field steered clear of. The Tougall, however, insisted upon inspecting this novel object, and we left this enterprising sportsman and his steed rolling on their backs. We now turned to the right over some nice open ground, the pace being very fast. The water jump now

appeared in view, and proved such an attraction to one of the Government House party that he missed a hurdle in his eagerness to reach it. Godfrey, Zil, Ladybird now joined the leaders, while the Mem Saheb's mount began to hold out signals of distress. The paper now went through some close jungle and into the open, where the red flags were seen in the distance. Gispy now missed the paper for a few seconds, but soon recovered it and leading over the last hurdle won hands down by a length, Captain Rochfort, who cut a corner at the finish, was second. The third place appeared to be between Pilgrim, Godfrey, Mr. Helyar and Mr. Burn, who were closely followed by Ladybird, Zil, Le Moke and the Mem Saheb. We never saw a closer finish, as the first flight were all neck and neck about a length and a half behind the winner. Next week we presume the Behar gentlemen will give us a show, and it is to be hoped that the public will turn out in strong force, as there is sure to be a good run. Calcutta sportsmen will have to ride their best, as the Mofussilities are sure to ride very hard for first honours.

Great disappointment was felt on Saturday morning, when it was found that, owing to a parade taking place at 7 A.M., the gallant Behar Rifles were unable to be present at the Paperchase. The course had been specially prepared for a big field, and the Mofussilities would have had a very pleasant ride. However, we trust next week that their military duties will not interfere with what we trust will prove as good a chase as the one we witnessed on Saturday. The going was very good, though rather "ponky" in some parts, and the jumps were very well built and judiciously situated. The pace throughout was very fast, in fact, faster than we have seen it this season; the ruck were out of it before going half a mile, and had only covered about half the course when the leading division landed over the final hurdle. Spills were very plentiful, though we believe nobody was seriously hurt.

The start took place at the sheep-pens, and at the advertised time for starting a large crowd had assembled on the road near; the paper, however, was 20 minutes late, which caused a good deal of grumbling. The paper was laid by Mr. Carlisle on Master McGarth and Mr. Perman on his good old hunter Rufus.

Amongst those present we noticed the Mem Saheb on Handicap, Mr. Cartwright on Ladybird, Captain Harbroad on a brown, Captain McCausland (whom we were all glad to see back again) on St. Patrick, Mr. Rivers on Magpie, Mr. Allsopp on a big brown, Captain Rochfort on a ditto, Mr. Gough on Jim, Mr. Nosnevets on Red Rover, Captain Muir on a bay, Mr. Beresford on Godfrey, Mr. Lawrie on Pilgrim, Mr. Decle on the Howle, Lord Alwyn on a bay, Mr. Mercantile on Zil, Mr. Pedestrian on the Squire, Dr. Morgan on a bay, Mr. Peel on Partition, the Bummer on Lord Donald, Mr. Lennox on Nawab, Mr. Dunne on a black, &c., &c.

At the call of time we went off with a rush to the first hurdle, which proved disastrous to one gentleman, who tumbled off after clearing the obstacle. Mr. Decle also was unable to persuade his nag to jump, and finally disappeared into the jungle, from which he and his stud subsequently emerged at different periods. The second hurdle was successfully negotiated by all, and we then swept on to the "in and out" the leading division consisting of St. Patrick, Pilgrim, Godfrey, Ladybird and Red Rover. We now turned to the left, and Red Rover, after coliding with everybody he could, got to the head of affairs and led the field down the pucca at a tremendous pace. A sharp turn to the right, however, proved too much for his rider, who went to mother earth much to everybody's relief. We now went through some nice country and over several walls and hurdles in close order. A bit of cramped country here brought Mr. Allsopp and his nag a regular crumpler. The paper now led into the open. Here St. Patrick, Pilgrim and Godfrey came away from the rest at

racing pace, their riders apparently thinking the finish was near at hand. This was, however, not the case, and the course going through a piece of very close country. Handicap, Ladybird and Jim joined the leading trio.

Mr. Gough now led for a bit, but overshooting the paper enabled Captain McCausland and Mr. Lawrie to head the field. A sweep to the right now brought us in sight of the last lap. St. Patrick now appeared to be winning easily; the Mem Saheb, however, was not done with yet and catching Handicap by the head, she gave him a couple of rousers, and the horse running as game as a pebble she caught the Captain at the last jump and won a beautifully ridden race by a length, Pilgrim third, Ladybird, Godfrey and Jim all within a couple of lengths of the winner. The rest of the field were beaten off.

In order to suit the Behar Mounted Rifles, the fifth Paperchase was postponed till Saturday. Contrary to expectation, the field was a very small one. We believe only six Mofusilites started. They, however, were good men and true, but their horses were unable to go the pace with the Calcutta Juldiwallahs. We hear more would have started, had not so many troop horses been laid up with sore backs. Many usual followers of the paper were absent, as it was thought that there would be a tremendous scramble. As it was, however, the chase was entirely free from jostling and crossing, and the ride was most enjoyable. The pace was a cracker from start to finish; so fast, indeed, that the gallery had no time to reach the winning post, and the leading division were received by a few gaping natives. We much regret to hear that the Mem Saheb, while changing horses before the start, was so badly kicked that she had to proceed home. As she was present at the Ballygunge Steeplechases she apparently sustained no serious injury, and we shall soon see her again in the field. It is particularly to be regretted that the

accident occurred on this occasion as all Calcutta would have liked the Behar men to have seen our leading lady at the head of the field. Never have known the weather so cold as it was on Saturday morning, and even the competitors in the chase hardly appeared to be warm when they reached the winning post. The paper was laid by Mr. Perman on Rufus and Captain Muir on Trooper. Amongst the field we noticed the following Behar gentlemen:—Mr. Canning on Fieldfare, Mr. Dixon on the Crocodile, and Mr. Macpherson on a brown, also Mr. Cartwright on Ladybird, Captain Harboard on a brown, Mr. Lawrie on Pilgrim, Mr. Lennox on the Blackguard, Mr. Gough on Jim, Captain Rochfort on a brown, Mr. Burn on a bay, Mr. Anderson on Commissioner, Mr. Beresford on Godfrey, the Bummer on Zulu, Mr. Rivers on Magpie, Dr. Morgan on a grey, Mr. Butler on Lina, Major FitzGerald on his bay, Mr. Kilburn on Red Cross Knight, Mr. Helyar on a bay, Mr. Nosnevets on Red Rover, &c., &c.

At the call of time Pilgrim and Godfrey led over the first hurdle, closely followed by Zulu, Lina, Captain Harboard and Ladybird.

This order was maintained till we reached the wall near the railway, where Pilgrim refused and the running was taken up by Zulu, Godfrey and Ladybird. A sharp turn to the right now enabled the field to get on terms with the leaders. A hurdle here proved too much for Mr. Butler, who after hanging on to his horse by one leg in the most approved circus fashion, finally sat the cold earth with a gasp of relief. We now crossed the road, Pilgrim again leading the field; a double now puzzled some of the field, especially Mr. Beresford, whose horse jumped so big that he landed on the second wall, and it took his rider all his time to say nothing of bad language to recover his upright position. The paper next lay through some close jungle, and the field had to proceed in single file. On emerging into the open

Mr. Macpherson dashed to the front, but the next wall brought him and his nag a regular crumpler, and we are afraid this sportsman must have had a bad shaking, as it looked a nasty fall. The course here turned to the left over some very soft fields, the leading division consisting of Pilgrim, Zulu, Ladybird, Jim and Godfrey. We again went through a patch of jungle, and on reaching the open, the red flags appeared about a quarter of a mile ahead, over some capital ground with two hurdles nicely placed for racing over. Mr. Lawrie now gave Pilgrim her head, and coming away as he liked, won by several lengths. Zulu was second over the final hurdle, but his rider pulled up before reaching the red flags. Ladybird and Jim therefore had a race for second place which the former gained by a neck. Godfrey, Major FitzGerald and Red Rover came next, and then Mr. Canning and another Behar gentleman treated the public to a slashing finish for seventh position. We hear that the Behar sportsman did not think the jumps big enough; we would, however, remind them that as, with one exception, they rode in the ruck, the legs were considerably knocked about before they reached them. The one exception alluded to attempted to lead the field over a wall, and as above mentioned, came to grief; we ourselves think the jumps are quite big enough to afford a pleasant ride, as it is not desirable that paperchasing should be turned into steeplechasing.

We regret to find that the descriptions of the paperchases which have appeared in these columns have given rise to the querulous correspondence which have been amusing the Calcutta public during the last week. It must be owned that when about ten riders all come in close together (every one of them gravely asserting that he is either second or third) it is sometimes rather difficult to chronicle their proper positions, but as it happens this season, our

reporter has had a remarkably good view of the finishes, and we are satisfied that the first flight have always been correctly placed. However, after all, people go to these chases for a moraing ride and not for the sake of their names appearing in the public prints.

The sixth Paperchase had been postponed twice on account of the foggy weather, and we suppose the gallery were afraid to again being disappointed, as the gathering at the winning post yesterday was very scanty. The field, however, was quite up to the average. The start took place to the right of the Jodhpore Thannah about 300 yards from the main road. The paper was carried by Mr. Perman on the Juvenile, and Mr. Pedestrian on Cinders. Among the field we noticed the Mem Saheb on Atalanta, Captain. Muir on Trooper, Mr. Kilburn on Red Knight, Mr. Burn on a brown, Lord William on a bay, Mr. Beresford on Kirk, Mr. Mercantile on Zil, Mr. Chapman on a bay, Indigo Billy on Blackwater, Mr. Peel on his little grey, Captain McCausland on St. Patrick, Mr. Gough on Jim, Mr. Myers on Zulu, Mr. Stevenson on Red Rover, Captain Webb on the Squire, Mr. Cartwright on Ladybird, Mr. Macartie on the Crocodile, Dr. Morgan on Fairlie, Mr. Cochin China on Telescope, Mr. Campobello on the Partition, Mr. Lawrie on the Pilgrim, Mr. Currie on Volunteer, Mr. Chota Walker on Pedestrian, Mr. Tangee, &c., &c.

At the call of time the field started off at a strong pace, the leading division consisting of Blackwater, Pilgrim, Jim, Red Knight, Kirk, Ladybird, and the Squire. The paper led straight for the main road, but after negotiating two jumps, we found the next bend was sharp to the right. The next hurdle brought Ladybird to grief, who in getting on her legs, kicked her rider badly about the face. We, however, are glad to hear that (with the exception of his beauty being spoilt for some time) he is not seriously damaged.

Mr. Beresford tumbled off a few yards further on, and Mr Chapman was observed tramping sturdily homeward through the plough. The course here went over some very nice country with lots of jumps. Blackwater and St. Patrick were now leading, while Captain Muir was lying near them. We now wound round to the left through some jungle till we came in sight of the road, the paper running parallel with it for some time. A mud wall with a drop on the landing side proved too much for Indigo Billy, who reached *terra firma* with great celerity, owing, chiefly, we believe, to his saddle slipping round. The course here went over the road in the direction of the railway, the following being at head of the field :—St. Patrick, Trooper, Zil and the Squire. The paper led to the left round a thick clump of jungle, on the far side of which the final hurdle was placed. St. Patrick now appeared to be winning, but Captain Webb, bringing the Squire with a rush managed to secure the first position, St. Patrick a good second, Captain Muir third, Mr. Mercantile fourth, Mr. Chota Walker fifth, Mr. Cochin China sixth. The going was rather heavy and the distance long. All the horses rapped the last hurdle in a way which showed they were pretty well done.

The seventh Calcutta Paperchase took place on Saturday, and afforded one of the best runs we have had this season. The going was capital, and the distance not too long. The fog luckily held off, and the weather was bright and cold; the number of followers of the paper was small but the gallery turned out in strong numbers, many strangers being present. It is generally thought that the hurdles were being put up a little too stiff, as two horses hit them and came down at once, as if their legs had been caught by ropes. It is all right to have the first hurdles pukka, but the last two hurdles might be put up a little slack, especially when they are placed in ploughed fields.

Proceedings began by Mr. Charity mounting a new horse on the Maidan. As soon as he was in the saddle down went the horse's head, up went the back, and Mr. Charity turned a beautiful somersault. The horse went home, and the fallen one witnessed the chase on foot.

The start took place at the Jodhpore Thannah, on the left side of the road, the paper being laid by Mr. Pedestrian on Cinders and Mr. Perman on Paddy. Amongst the field we noticed the Mem Saheb on Black Pearl, Captain Harboard on a brown, Mr. Burn on a ditto, Mr. Stevenson on Red Rover, Captain Muir on Skipper, Lord William on a bay, Mr. Mercantile on Zil, Mr. Chota Pedestrian on a Black, Mr. Peel on Blackwater, Mr. Apcar on Tambourine, Mr. Kilburn on Red Knight, the Greek on a brown, Mr. Campbell on Partition, Mr. Anderson on Commissioner, Mr. Sandilands on a brown, Mr. Macartie on Telescope Dr. Morgan on Fairlie, Captain Rochfort and several strangers, whose names are unknown to us. At the call of time Lord William dashed off with the lead, but at the first hurdle his horse fell, and the running was taken up by Red Knight, Captain Harboard, Telescope, Skipper, and Blackwater. The paper headed straight for the railway, and then curved round to the right in the direction of the main road. After crossing the road we went to the left, the leading division consisting of Blackwater, Skipper, Tambourine, Zil, Telescope, and the Greek. Mr. Chota Pedestrian and his steed were now seen separated, the rest of the horses jumping beautifully, though some of the riders were a little loose in their saddles. Some close country now slackened the pace slightly, which was fortunate, as the next two walls were rather stiff. We now got our heads in the direction of Jodhpore Thannah, Skipper, Zil and Telescope being at the head of the field. After skirting a patch of jungle the last two jumps appeared in sight; Skipper was now leading by two lengths.

The last hurdle, however, brought him a regular purler his rider luckily escaping with a shaking. Blackwater and Zil now raced for first place, which the latter secured by half a length, Tambourine third, a length behind, Telescope close up, fourth.

The eighth Paperchase took place yesterday morning. The attendance, both in the field and on the road, was very meagre, and it seems a pity that the chase could not have taken place on Friday, which being a general holiday, the public would have turned out in great numbers. The weather yesterday was bright and clear, and much cooler than it was the previous week. We are glad to see that the followers of the paper are now all riding much better than they did at the beginning of the season, while there is a marked improvement in the jumping of the horses. We see that there is to be a Sky Race Meeting on the 9th February, and as paperchase nags are now pretty fit, we trust we shall see many of them competing for the events. We also hope that we shall see some fresh amateur sporting skill, as if they can stick on in a paperchase they are quite capable of performing creditably over hurdles, and it seems a shame that, in a sporting place like Calcutta, there should be a dearth of gentlemen riders.

The start took place on the right of the road near the Jodhpore Thannah. The paper was carried by Mr. Perman on Paddy and Mr. Anderson on Commissioner. Amongst the starters we noticed the Mem Sahib on Atalanta, Mr. Kilburn on Red Knight, Captain Beresford on a brown, Mr. Beresford on Godfrey, Mr. Macartie on Dan, Dr. Morgan on Fairlie, the Greek on a brown, Mr. Cochin China on Telescope, Mr. Mercantile on Zil, Mr. Myers on Zulu, Mr. Peel on a grey, Mr. Learoyd on Handicap, &c., &c.

At the call of time we started in the direction of the main road over a pretty stiff hurdle, the leading division

consisting of Mr. Macartie, Red Knight, Godfrey, and Zulu. After negotiating the second jump-a mud wall-we turned sharp to the right, which rather put out Mr. Macartie, who overshot the paper. Red Knight and Zulu now led through a piece of jungle and on to a hurdle, which they both refused, and the running was taken up by Zil, Godfrey, and Fairlie. The paper now went to the right, straight away over some very open country with several stiff mud walls, two hurdles, and an in-and-out. All the horses were jumping well, especially Fairlie, whose lepping was a treat to witness. After skirting a bit of jungle we went over an open bit of jungle in the direction of Jodhpore Thannah. The pace now was fast Zil, Zulu, and Fairlie being the leaders. After reaching the starting place the paper lay over the lane and gateway, and through a rather long stretch of jungle. On reaching the open the two last hurdles came in view, and Mr. Mercantile giving Zil her head, came in an easy first, Zulu second, Mr. Macartie third ; Fairlie and the Greek were close up fourth and fifth.

The ninth Paperchase took place yesterday morning, the course being about the best we have had this season. The weather was bright and cold without any fog ; the spectators were few in number, which was a pity, as it was a capital gallery chase. There were many of the usual chase horses conspicuous by their absence, owing to their owners reserving them for the Sky Races on Saturday, which promise to be unusually good, no fewer than forty-six entries having been obtained for the six events. For the pony race nine ponies are entered, including, Chief, Gazelle, Bapta, Trout and Cinnabar, while for the lep races Jimmy, Johnny Crapaud, Warregal, Lunatic, &c., will appear, and the Flat Race will prove an interesting contest between

Rebecca, Squire, and Trafalgar. We strongly recommend the public to go and witness what will, undoubtedly, be a capital afternoon's sport.

The start yesterday took place near the Red Road, at the place where the Cup Chase started last year, the paper being laid by Mr. Pedestrian on Cinders and Mr. Anderson on Commissioner. Amongst those present we noticed the Mem Saheb on Beryl, Mr. Cartwright on Ladybird, Mr. Irwin on a bay, Major Cook on Black Pearl, Mr. Kilburn on Red Knight, Mr. Henry on a bay, Mr. Helyar on a ditto, Mr. Mercantile on Zil, Mr. Gough on Jim, the Greek on Apostle, Mr. Apcar on Tambourine, Mr. Barrow on Kilmore, Mr. Rivers on Magpie, Dr. Morgan on Fairlie, Mr. Peel, Mr. and Mrs. Chapman, Mr. Macartie, Mr. Campbell on Partition, &c., &c.

At the word "go" Beryl began to buck in the most approved manner. The Mem Saheb sat tight for five bucks when her hat flew off, and at the sixth buck she followed her topee, luckily escaping without injury. Tambourine, Plack Pearl, The Apostle, and Ladybird led over the first hurdle, and then on to another hurdle, with a drop, in full view of the gallery. This obstacle proved very trying to many of the riders, several of whom embraced their horses in the most loving way, while Mr. Barrow reached mother earth, apparently somewhat against his inclination. The paper was laid over a double, Tambourine, Zil, Jim, and Ladybird leading them over a mud wall, and into the open where a hurdle caused Ladybird to run out, and Mrs. Mercantile shortly after tried the hardness of the ground, without, however, we are glad to say, sustaining any harm, as she was able to go the course afterwards in her usual dashing style. We now cross the road and over a mud wall, Zil, Red Knight, Jim and The Apostle composing the foremost contingent. The pace now slackened down, owing to the

paper lying through a bit of jungle, and on emerging into the open, the pace again quickened up, and we raced over a hurdle, a mud wall, several ditches, and then another wall. Zil was now leading by about fifty yards. The course now curved round to the left till we headed for the Red Road when we found that we had a straight run in over two hurdles. Mr. Mercantile was now going very easily at the head of the field, but Mr. Gough's Irish blood was roused, and running his spurs into Jim, he encouraged him with shouts of "Faugh-a-ballagh and Erin-go-bragh," and the horse answering gamely they rattled over the two last hurdles at a grand pace, but could never quite reach Zil, who won somewhat easily by a length, Red Knight third, Mr. Henry fourth. The Apostle fifth, Tambourine sixth, Ladybird seventh.

The tenth Paperchase came off on Saturday, and was undoubtedly, the fastest run we have had this season. The pace was a cracker from start to finish. All the leading horses, however, jumped beautifully, and those faint hearts who lay behind in the hopes of scrambling through gaps must have been bitterly disappointed to find the fences almost untouched. There is no doubt that these chases are capital schooling for horses and riders, and now saw proof of this at the Sky Races on the 9th instant, when Zulu, judiciously ridden by his young owner, beat such horses as Lunatic, Gameboy, &c., although they were handled by professionals. We trust Mr. Baron's success will induce other light weights to don the silk at the monsoon meetings this year, as new blood is badly wanted, and is always cordially welcomed.

In spite of the rain, which fell early on Saturday morning, the weather turned out fine by 7 A.M., and the temperature was just right. The field was very small, but the gallery turned out a good number, though, owing to the start and finish taking place close to a very narrow lane,

most of the spectators took to their feet, while those who stuck bravely to their traps were jotted about in the most alarming manner. Many usual followers of the chase were absent, including the Major, Mr. Mercantile, Mr. Cartwright the Greek, &c., &c., but we were glad to see Child Chappie, out again, who apparently tired of Late Nights, was mounted on his old favourite Ladylove. The start took place to the left of the lane, leading from Rosedale, the paper being carried by Mr. Pedestrian on Cinders and Mr. Anderson on Commissioner. Amongst the starters we noticed the Mem Saheb on Black Pearl, Mr. Smith on Little King, Mr. Helyar on a brown, Mr. Baron on Zulu, Captain Muir on Skipper, Mr. Henry on a bay, Mr. Irwin on Adjutant, Mr. Beresford on Godfrey, Captain Webb on the Squire, Mr. Learoyd on Handicap, Mr. Lawrie on Pilgrim, Mr. Peel on Blackwater, Dr. Morgan on Fairlie, Mr. Kilburn on Red Knight, Mr. Lennox on the Fire Engine, Mr. Lawrence on Ladylove, &c., &c.

At the call of time we dashed away at a grand pace, the first hurdle being taken by Handicap, Pilgrim, Blackwater, Red Knight, Zulu, and Godfrey, all close together. The paper now led into a very deep ditch, which stopped the pace for a few seconds, we then dashed up the road, and across the railway, Handicap, Zulu, and Red Knight, leading. After crossing the railway a sharp turn to the right brought us in full view of a mud wall, after which we curved round to the left and on to a stiff hurdle, which brought Mr. Henry to earth, his horse appearing to roll on right over him. We, however, saw him on his legs afterwards, and trust he escaped with a shaking. The course was now quite straight for about three quarters of a mile, and the pace was furious, the leading division consisting of Zulu, Fairlie, Blackwater, and Pilgrim, all of whom were fencing in good style. After going over some rough ground, we turned to the left over a mud wall with a drop and a hurdle. We then got our

heads towards the railway, and galloped across the lane. Zulu was now leading easily, but ran out at a hurdle. This enabled Pilgrim (who missed one jump altogether) to get a long lead which Zulu could never quite make up. Mr. Lawrie, therefore, passed the flag first, Zulu second, Blackwater third, Fairlie fourth, Mr. Helyar fifth.

The gathering at the Paperchase yesterday was the largest we have seen for some weeks in spite of the dance at the Fort on the previous night, which kept many of the mashers out of bed till the small hours of the morning. The weather was just right, while the shower of rain which fell on Sunday last had considerably improved the going. The Government House party turned out strong, and Lord William gave the public a treat by showing them Jack's jumping powers.

The Cup, we believe, will be run for in the second week in March. We anticipate that there will only be about ten starters. From their performances, Zil, Blackwater, Pilgrim, and Zulu appear to hold the rest of the field safe. The Tougall, however, has rendered himself so useful to his employers, that they object to his risking his precious life over leps. Blackwater will, therefore, not start, but we ought to witness a grand race between the other three, while Commissioner, Jim, and Red Knight are sure to be in the front rank.

The course yesterday was good, though some of the turns were very sharp, no doubt with the idea of stopping the pace, which it certainly succeeded in doing to some extent. Falls were very plentiful. Sovereign slipped up at a corner, and got rid of his rider, while Othello also slipped going up a bank, his rider escaping with a dirty coat, Mr. Agra also came to grief at an open ditch, which he charged with all the daring and impetuosity that characterised his performances in the Kentish hunting field. His

nag, however stopped short, but his rider's blood was now roused, and casting a look of contempt on his steed he boldly dived over the chasm, and was afterwards seen proceeding nimbly on his boots through a ploughed field.

The start took place across the railway, close to the Jodhpore station. The paper was laid by Mr. Perman and Captain Muir. Amongst the starters we noticed the Mem Saheb on Black Pearl, Mrs. Chapman on Master McGrath, Mr. Baron on Zulu, Mr. Beresford on Silver Fox, Captain Rochfort and Harboard on a pair of browns, Major Cook on Harlequin, Mr. Dunne on a black, Mr. Chota Pedestrian on Othello, the Bummer on Godfrey, Mr. Sandlands on Jimmy, Mr. Burn on a brown, Mr. Peel on his little grey, Mr. Mercantile on Zil, Lord William on Jack, Mr. Rawlinson on a bay, Mr. Gough on Jim, Mr. Anderson on Commissioner, Mr. Cooper on Red Rover, Mr. Chapman on Sovereign, Mr. Agra on Full Stop, Mr. Learoyd on Handicap, Mr. Apar on Tambourine, &c., &c.

At the call of time, Tambeurine, Captain Harboard, and Zulu led off at a sharp pace over a hurdle, which was placed parallel with the railway, and then round to the right over a line of jumps well placed in the open. We next turned to the left over a couple of ditches, and up a lane. About twelve of the leaders here overshot the paper, which turned off very sharp to the right. This enabled Commissioner and Black Pearl to obtain the lead, and they rattled straight away for about half a mile at a merry pace. The course now curved round in the direction of home. Zulu, Commissioner, Red Rover, Mr. Rawlinson and Zil were now leading. The pace being fast, a slipping lane here made most of the riders take a pull at their nags, but on again reaching the open the leaders began to race; a mud wall here brought Red Rover to grief. After skirting a clump of jungle the red flags appeared, with a nice run in over two hurdles. Zulu now appeared to have the best of it,

but Mr. Anderson was not to be done, and shaking up Commissioner he forged to the front, and won pretty easily by a couple of lengths from Zulu; Mr. Rawlinson third, Mr. Peel fourth, Mr. Helyar fifth, Mr. Dunne sixth.

The attendance at the Paperchase yesterday was very meagre, and the number of followers few. We suppose many sportsmen are reserving themselves for the Cup, which they advertised to be run for on 6th March. This has caused a good deal of grumbling as from previous advertisements it was generally understood that the cup would be the second chase in March, some horses therefore, will not be qualified to start, unless the number of chases for qualification is reduced from six to five. The weather yesterday was decidedly warm, and horses and riders, as a rule, came in utterly exhausted. The course was very open, though the going was soft, and the distance considerably longer than we have generally been accustomed to. Falls and mishaps were plentiful: Mr. Watkins was swept off by the wing of the first hurdle, and Mr. Baron got a nasty fall at a big bund. He, however, escaped with what he described as "an awful shaking." Mr. Edwards parted company with his saddle owing to his horse stopping short at the last fence. Mr. Learoyd and Lord William both came to grief when leading close to home. This was owing to the paper being laid close to a shallow sort of ditch into which Handicap tumbled and Jack rolled over him. Nobody, however, was any the worse for the mishaps.

The start took place just beyond the Jodhpore Thannah on the right hand side of the road, the paper being carried by Messrs. Perman and Fox. Amongst the starters we noticed the Mem Saheb on Black Pearl, Mr. Peel on his grey, Captain Rochfort and Mr. Burn on a pair of browns, the Greek on the Villain, Lord William on Jack, Mr. Mercantile on Zil, Mr. Beresford on Lord Donald, Mr. Anderson

on Commissioner, Mr. Sandilands on Dolly Varden, the Bummer on Premier, Dr. Morgan on Dauntless, Mr. Apar on Tambourine, Mr. Learoyd on Handicap, Mr. Dunne on a black, Mr. Rivers on Magpie, Mr. Croft and Mr. Gough on Jim, &c., &c.

At the call of time we dashed over the first hurdle, the leading division consisting of Tambourine, Mr. Dunne, Lord Donald, Black Pearl, and Jack. We next turned towards the long track of open going generally known as the bund-country. The pace now was very fast, and the jumps, consisting chiefly of mud walls and natural banks, very numerous. A big bank with a path running along the top of it proved a little too much for some of the horses, while many riders clung desperately to their horses' necks on reaching the landing side. After going over two very stiff old banks, we went through a piece of jungle to the right, Zil and Handicap now rushed to the front, the pace still, being good. On emerging from the jungle we rattled down a long bit of lane and then sharp to the right over a nice bit of open country. In the direction of the Thaannah the going hereabouts being very soft. Zil and Handicap were now leading with Jack lying handy, while Commissioner was now hurried up to the front. The course now went over several mud walls, a hurdle, and a bank and across the road where the finish took place over a hurdle, a mud wall with a drop, and another hurdle. Handicap led over the road, after which Jack rushed up to him, and they took the hurdle together. They, however, had to turn very sharp to the left to reach the mud wall, and as above mentioned they both came down at the trappy place near which the paper was laid. Zil had now no difficulty in securing first honours, while the Mem Saheb, who came with a rattle over the last hurdle, was just beaten for third place by Commissioner, Mr. Dunne fourth, Tambourine fifth.

THE CUP.

“ Let those now ride who never rode before,
And those who always rode now ride the more.”

The contest for the Cup which took place yesterday brought to a close what has, undoubtedly, been one of the best paperchasing seasons we have ever witnessed. In former years if a man was mounted on a sure jumper he was pretty certain to be well up at the finish, but now a change has come over the state of affairs, and it requires a very fast horse to live with the flyers who compose the foremost division in these chases. Many of the horses who have been running this season knew very little about jumping when they arrived in this country, but with a little practice Walers soon pick up the art, and owners cannot complain that they have no opportunity of schooling their nags, as that popular and obliging sportsman, Dr. Morgan, is always glad to see any one on Sundays during the rains at his well constructed jumping course, Ballygunge, and is also ready to let any horse have a trial over his fences whose owner may wish it; some of the finest fencers in India have received their education in this school, and an owner may be sure that if a horse can successfully negotiate the stiff obstacles placed here to test his abilities, he will have no difficulty in getting over any steeplechase or paperchase course in India. It must be very gratifying to Dr. Morgan to find that this idea of his educating horses has turned out such a complete success.

The weather, yesterday morning, was very pleasant, being much cooler than what we have lately experienced. The main road at about a quarter to seven presented a very lively aspect, there being a numerous throng of vehicles proceeding in the direction of the Jodhpore Thannah, to say nothing of a motly collection of horsemen, amongst whom we noticed many who apparently had not ridden for many a long day. However, they appeared to thoroughly

enjoy their unwonted exertions, as clad in curious and wonderful garments, and mounted generally on fearful mokes, they pounded gaily along colliding with everything and everybody they could possibly get near in the most impartial manner. The number of spectators was greater than we have ever seen at the Cup Chase, the ladies especially appearing in great force, and their appreciation of the fun was amply demonstrated by the game way in which they tramped bravely through ploughed fields, in order to catch glimpses of the field as it swept by on its exciting journey. The course was undoubtedly the best of the many good courses we have had this year, the going being good, and the jumps stiff without being dangerous. The Calcutta public are greatly indebted to Messrs. Carlisle, Perman, Walker, and several other gentlemen, who by the trouble they have taken in making courses have offered so much sport during the past season.

The paper was carried by Mr. Perman and Mr. Latham, the start taking place to the left of the road just beyond the Jodhpore Thannah.

The following were the entries for the Cup :—

Mrs. Cook's	... <i>Black Pearl.</i>
Mr. T. S. Anderson's	... <i>Commissioner.</i>
„ S. A. Apar's	.. <i>Tambourine.</i>
„ W. J. M. Besesford's	... <i>Godfrey.</i>
„ A. P. G. Gough's	... <i>Jim.</i>
„ H. Helyar's	... <i>Gladys.</i>
„ W. D. Kilburn's	... <i>Red Knight.</i>
„ E. C. Apostolides Lazzaretto's	... <i>Sappho.</i>
„ C. D. Learoyd's	... <i>Handicap.</i>
„ Lowrie's	... <i>Pilgrim.</i>
„ D. B. Myer's	... <i>Zulu.</i>
„ R. Murray's	... <i>Zil.</i>
„ A. T. Rawlinson's	... <i>Coronation.</i>
„ P. Sandiland's	... <i>Jimmy.</i>
„ L. Walker's	... <i>Othello.</i>
„ G. W. Walker's	... <i>Squire.</i>

Time was kept by Major Cook in his usual precise way, and after getting the competitors into line, he despatched them to a capital start. Red Knight, Godfrey, and Pilgrim led over the first hurdle, and then over two ditches, and on to a big mud wall with a ditch in front of it. After clearing this obstacle the paper lay to the right over a hurdle and across the road. Pilgrim, Zulu, Zil, and Handicap were now leading, with Black Pearl, Godfrey, Jim, and the Squire next. The leading division raised the dust so much on the road that the drop ditch just beyond it disappeared from view, the consequence was that Godfrey, Jim, and the Squire all rolled together on their backs, their rider luckily escaping without broken bones. Jim bolted and left Mr. Gough standing with a stirrup leather in one hand and broken bridle in the other. Mr. Beresford's saddle was broken in the scrimmage, and he was seen looking very much like a mud lark, leading his horse homewards. Mr. Walker managed to continue the journey, but could never make up the ground he had lost. After crossing the road the field was led by Zil over a double. Zulu, Handicap, and Pilgrim, lying close up. The paper now lay over a hurdle and into the open bund-country, straight away, for about $\frac{3}{4}$ mile over a mud wall, a hurdle, a big bank, another hurdle and mud wall, and into the jungle on the right. Zil, Zulu, and Handicap now had a good lead, while Commissioner began to forge to the front, and Black Pearl and Coronation held out signs of distress. On leaving the jungle the course went over some rough ground and then curved round in the direction of the Thannah with a straight run in over a mud wall and two hurdles. Zulu and Handicap now raced up to Zil, who shut up like a telescope, and the other two took the mud wall almost together. Zulu now appeared to have slightly the best of it, but Handicap caught him at the last jump, and they raced passed the winning post locked together, the Judge's verdict being a *dead heat*. Commissioner was third, Red Knight fourth, Sappho fifth.

1884-85.

With the month of December come the Paperchases, and old friends whose faces we are glad to see again.

"Jam satis terris nivis atque dirce

"Grandinis misit pater.—"

Which being interpreted into the vernacular meaneth, the rains are over, and we shall now proceed to enjoy ourselves.

"Sunt quos curriculo pulverem Olympicum

"Collegisse juvat, metaque fervido."

We shall again see coaches tooling up the Gurriah Hât Road, a proof of the efficacy of Turnbull tuition during the dull season.

The heavy fall of rain we had in September must have made the selection of a decent course a difficult task, the country as yet being more fit for snipe—shooting than for riding. Crops are not cut, the jungle is blind, and for some time courses will have to be laid more or less amongst the lanes and roads. For the next fortnight at least our flyers will be out of it, and happy is the man who possesses a crack as cunning as a lawyer and handy as a knife and fork; his will be the chance of a show at the finishes. The first new chases, however, are seldom a criterion of how horses will run for places towards the end of the season. Our "first rank" are usually either on young ones, or their nags are not yet in a condition to be hustled, and a man on a handy horse has a good chance of a "place" to his credit for the next few weeks.

The first meet of the season took place yesterday at Juggernath Car on the Gurriah Hât Road, and there was a goodly muster of the sporting fraternity of Calcutta. Most of the old and well known faces were there amongst the crowd of performers or onlookers, but we noticed here and there a mournful gap. We missed poor Dr. Morgan on Fairlie and Dr. Woolcott. Peace be to their ashes. It will be difficult to fill their places in Calcutta as sportsmen, and

in many other ways. The field of starters was rather smaller than usual, some twenty or thirty all told, but the talent amongst them more than made up for the quantity.

We noticed Mrs. Cook on Hector, the Major on a new one, Mr. Agra on his bay, the Apostle on the Villain, Mr. Lawrence on Master McGarth, Mr. Flummery on Lord Donald, Mr. Cartwright on George Dashwood, Mr. Myers on a little one, Mr. Bintang on Zil, Mr. Nastrelep on Gloom, Mr. Mylne on a grey, several Ballygunge chummeries on horses of sorts, Mr. Learoyd on Handicap, Mr. Hamilton on Milk-maid, Mr. Hadow on Thoms, and Mr. Collin on Fort. We apologise to any gentleman we may not have mentioned, but we have not much space at our disposal. The start was down the lane to the right, over a hurdle, the going being very slippery, Mr. Lawrence, the Apostle, Mrs. Cook, Mr. Cartwright, and Mr. Bintang got away first, and kept well together for the major portion of the distance. Then we trended away to the left, over the open by the sheep-pens with a hurdle or two and a wall and a ditch, across the Red Road, with a blind-looking ditch into a garden. Mr. Lawrence here had a good lead with the Greek, lying well up. Some thick jungle then entailed rather careful riding, until we got to the brick fields. A succession of walls and hurdles, with a scramble through the guava tope, led us out into the Tollygunge lane. Here the leading division sat down and began to ride, the Apostle having the legs of the lot round the corner. The finish was a real gallery one, being placed in a circle in the open to the right of the Red Road at the Gurreeh Hât Thannah. After crossing the road three of the leading divisions shot off to the right of the paper, and lost their places. A warning shout, however, put the rest on the right track, and a good race home ensued. Mr. Lawrence landed first, Mr. Agra second, the Unknown third, Mrs. Cook fourth, Mr. Cartwright fifth, the Greek sixth, then the Masher, and a crowd of others. On the

road home we noticed Mr. Flummery still looking for the course, and others, we fancy, will be dropping in all day.

The paper was laid by Mr. Latham and Mr. Walker. Mr. Simpson accompanying them to see that the ryots behaved properly. The course was a very good one. The pace moderate. There were no accidents, and we must congratulate the honorary secretary on having given the gallery such a good view of the finish.

The second Paperchase came off yesterday morning. The public turned out in great numbers, both as spectators and followers of the chase. The weather was all that could be desired, but the going was fearfully deep, and we think the distance was a little long, considering that the season has only just commenced. We heard many complaints of the sparing manner in which the paper was laid. We think it a great mistake to be niggardly in this respect, as the field spread all over the crops in the endeavours to recover the scent, and this naturally prejudices the natives against the sport. The riding, as it generally is in the first few, chases, was decidedly loose. Courtesy is a thing we always advocate, but we think it is carrying the matter a little too far to see riders, after negotiating a fence, bowing politely to their horses' neck. This attention must be very embarrassing to the horses, while it is far from a pretty sight for the gallery. The start took place at the Juggernath Car, the paper being carried by Messrs. Latham and Walker on Weaver and Cinders.

We noticed at the start the Mem Saheb on a new one, the Chauringi Mem Saheb on Nancy, Mr. Lawrence on Master McGrath, Mr. Burn on a pony, Mr. Learoyd on Engineer, Captain Webb on Remorn, Mr. Beresford on Boatman, Mr. Alston on Pilgrim, Mr. Graham on Sappho, Lord William on Pigsticker, Mr. Drysdale on Warrigal, Captain Haines on Ariel, Mr. Tom on Commissioner, Mr. Hamilton

on a chestnut, Mr. Apar on Tambourine, Mr. Myers on King Arthur, Mr. Petrie on a brown, Mr. Delphin on Credit, Mr. Agra on Sherry Cobbler, Mr. Dunne on Gretchen, Mr. Maitland on a black, Mr. Murray on Zil, Mr. Tunncliffe on a chestnut, Mr. Gordon on a ditto, and a host of other good men and horses, whose names unfortunately are unknown to us.

At the call of time we darted down the road and sharp to the left over a hurdle and a mud wall in full view of the gallery. After the mud wall we crossed the road, and then inclined to the left over a stiff hurdle. The leaders were Gretchen, Ariel, Messrs. Hamilton and Petrie. The pace was very fast. After going a short distance over some very heavy ground, we jumped on and off the red lane over a hurdle and a couple of mud walls, and then over a brushwood fence and another wall, Messrs. Alston and the Greek now joined the leading division. The course now lay through some jungle which proved disastrous to the Greek. On emerging into the open we found two more obstacles, a drop jump and a nasty looking hurdle. Gretchen, Ariel and Pilgrim were now at the head of affairs, but the pace had slackened down considerably. The paper now laid over a narrow wall and into a patch of jungle where we found two fearful grave-like ditches, the second one of which was cleared by Mr. Maitland in gallant style well ahead of his horse. We now got our heads in the direction of home, and several of the field made ineffectual attempts to get near the leaders, who were now racing. As they came in view of the gallery Gretchen was leading. Mr. Alston, however, now gave Pilgrim her head, and the mare striding over the last two jumps came in first pretty easily, Mr. Hamilton second Gretchen third, Ariel fourth, then after a long gap came Messrs. Agra and Lawrence, the Mem Saheb, Lord William, &c., &c.

Jodhpore Thannah, the advertised meet for Thursday, was one of the most distant meets, we have had during the

season,—a palpable disadvantage to many of the riders and spectators some of whom looked very much as if they had been assisting at the dance given the night before the chase, by one of our best known sportsmen. The course was a long one, too long, we think, for the season, and the present holding nature of the ground. A long course will not stop the pace at the commencement of a run, unless its length is advertised beforehand. People crowd along gaily at the beginning, and find they are only half way through when they expect to see the red flags; then comes the episode of a tired horse and a binding hurdle, or an obstinate mud wall, with the inevitable consequence, a fall. Messrs. Latham Hamilton and Walker, laid the paper, and the attendance, both of spectators and riders, was very good indeed. Most of the Calcutta riding brigade were there—Mrs. Chapman, Mrs. Cook, Mrs. Sanders, and Mrs. Turner, Captain Muir on Skipper, Lord William on a grey, Mr. Alston on Pilgrim, Mr. Beresford on a brown, Mr. Cartwright on George Dashwood, Mr. Dickson on Napraxia, Mr. Lawrence on Master McGrath, Mr. Learoyd, Major Cook, Mr. Croft, Mr. Peterson on Gloom, Mr. Mayne on Sherry Cobbler, Mr. Donald on Warigal, Mr. Nosredna on Commissioner, Mr. Simpson, Mr. Myers, and a good many others. At the word “go” a general stampede took us off the road, across a pea-field, over a couple of hurdles, on and off a bank, past the railway, to the biggest wall during the run. This obstacle stopped two warriors, their downfall frightening Napraxia through the wing, and giving a couple of others a pretext for a refusal. A sweep to the right over an occasional jump or two took us into several patches of jungle; a ditch here proved fatal to the Alipur Mem Sahab, and a little further to Mr. Agra who might have been seen endeavouring to qualify his Sherry Cobbler with a little tank water. Mr. Dunne, Mrs. Cook, Mr. Alston, and a half dozen others composed the leading brigade, the pace being slow, throughout, and the field well together.

Some marshy ground, a hurdle in a lane, a succession of mud walls, and the well known guava tope, brought us round in full view of the gallery and the finish. We regret to say that Mr. Hamilton at the last wall put his shoulder out. We hope, however, that he will soon be out again to push along as pluckily as is his wont. This left Mrs. Cook and Mr. Alston the opportunity of trying conclusions for first place. Mr. Alston's mare, however, landed a most enjoyable chase pretty easily. How is it that we have not had a "double" yet in any of the chases?

Owing to the holidays the hour fixed for the fourth chase was 8 o'clock, and most people will regret that the daily labours of a large proportion of our sporting community prevent this from being the usual hour. We fancy that many sportsmen gladly hailed the respite of one hour after the convivialities of the previous night. Be that as it may, out they turned in force. Amongst those present were many of the visitors whom the attractions of the season call to Calcutta some old friends, some new, but all equally welcome. On the other hand, several of our well known riders were conspicuous by their absence, having gone elsewhere for the Christmas holidays. The course was certainly the best we have had this season, and afforded the spectators ample opportunity of witnessing their friends' horsemanship. Amongst the field we noticed the Meni Saheb on a chestnut, Mr. Chapman on Sovereign, Mrs. Turner on Ariel, Mrs. Murray on Peg, Mrs. Sanders on Red Rover, Mr. John on Comet, Mr. Alston on Pilgrim, Mr. Learoyd on Handicap, George Dashwood on George Dashwood, Mr. Euripedes on Sappho, Mr. Cochin China on Telescope, Mr. Rivers on Magpie, Mr. Bintang on Zil, Mr. Beresford on King Arthur, Mr. Donny on Query, Mr. Agra on Little Duke, Lord William on a chestnut, Captain Harboard on a grey, Mr. Little on another of the same

colour, Mr. Pedestrian on Cinders, and Captain Hawks on his bay. Juggernath Car was the starting point, and Captain Muir and Mr. Latham took charge of the paper on Skipper and the Weaver.

At the call of time they started down the road and field off across the open to the right, then to the left and over a wall which brought them to the sheep-pens, where they negotiated a hurdle and went on and off a garden. The Mem Saheb, Pilgrim and Handicap were leading when they crossed the Red Road, followed by Comet, Red Rover, Little Duke and the rest. The hurdle in the open upset the Mem Saheb's chestnut, and we were very glad to hear afterwards that what looked like a nasty fall had resulted in nothing more serious than a severe shaking. The paper lay to the right again over some heavy going with a mud wall in the middle through the jungle and across the open. Another mud wall to the left barred the homeward track, which then lay over two hurdles on the high ground, across the kutchra road and through a mango tope, when the field were again in sight of the Red Road. Here Pilgrim was still at the head of affairs with Handicap coming along, and the rest a little way off, and this order was maintained to the finish which was over two walls in the narrow field leading to the Red Road. Mr. Alston and Pilgrim scored their third win this season, Handicap was second, then *longo intervallo*, Red Rover, Comet, and Little Duke. The going is improving every week, but we see that the crops are still standing in the bund-country and over some of the other well known courses.

The meet for yesterday's chase took place at Cavanagh's stables, Gurraah Hât Road, and brought together a very large field both of spectators and riders. The Secretary, we notice, unburdened himself of one of his grievances

in the advertisement of the meet, and we assist him with a word in season to those sportsmen who appear to think that the walls and fences put up during the week are intended more especially for their delectation before the chase comes off. The "gallery" would also oblige if they would kindly keep off the crops as much as possible, as compensation was of course paid to the ryot.

The paper was carried by Mr. Lathan and Mr. Walker, and amongst the field we noticed Mrs. Cook on True Briton, Mrs. Chapman, Mrs. Turner on Ariel, Mr. Beresford on Lord Donald, Mr. McCartie on a grey, Mr. Alston on Pilgrim, Mr. Lawrence on Ladylove, Lord William on a chestnut, Captain Hawks on his bay, Mr. Cartwright on George Dashwood, Mr. Myers on Satanella, Mr. Peterson on a grey, Mr. Currie on Magpie, Mr. Apostolides on Sappho, Mr. Boileau on Master McGrath, Mr. Agra on Sherry Cobbler, Mr. Murray on Zil, and Mr. Kilburn. The start was from the road opposite the stables, across a field to the left, over a couple of hurdles, two walls and a drop jump, back to the Red Road, and through some rather close country to the old brick fields. Up to this point the field, with the exception of a grey haired planter had managed to keep their seats. A mud wall, however, shortly afterwards desposed of Mr. Myers, while Mr. Chatham came to grass over a bamboo fence a little further on. The going at this point was rather slow, for the paper led through thick jungle and huts plentifully strewn the course. A turn to the right brought the riders out into more easy country with a succession of mud walls and a short stretch of open fields. A portion of the field here went astray in chase of the Apostle and lost their places, and Mr. Alston, Mr. Murray and Lord William formed the leading division as the red flags came in view. At the corner Mr. Alston overrun the paper, letting Lord William up for the first place, with Mr. Murray second, while he came third. Then came some six or seven of our

usual riders for a place, then a hiatus, and the rest of the field at intervals.

No gaieties or parades intervening, this week's meet, took place on the usual day, Thursday, the start being from Jodhpore Thannah. The task of finding suitable ground of the courses this year has been rather a hard one. The sudden and heavy rain we had towards the end of the monsoon run off instead of penetrating the flat ground, and the consequence is that fields are already becoming as hard as iron, while many depressions are still almost deep enough for snipe shooting.

The ryots, moreover, seem to be putting in a larger crop of peas than usual, and this means that a good deal of plough has to be negotiated, all chances in the favour of light weights and thoroughbreds. It is early yet to form any opinion as to respective chances for the cup, some six weeks hence. Up to date Pilgrim shows the best record, but there have been a good many going every week who have not tried, but have contented themselves with easy work for qualification.

The field on Thursday was hardly as large as usual. The gallery, however, turned out bravely in 'coaches, barouches, dog-carts, and every kind of conveyances down to ticcas, ulsters, rugs, and red noses testifying to the rawness of a Bengal January morning. Amongst the starters were Mrs. Cook on Handicap, Mr. Chapman on a chestnut, Captain Burn, Lord William, Mr. Learoyd, Mr. Lawrence on Master McGrath, Mr. Dickson on a brown, Mr. Cartwright on Colchester, Mr. Beresford on Lord Donald, Mr. Myers on Satanella, the Butler on a galloway, the Greek on Sappho, Mr. Mayne on Drink, Mr. Rawlinson on a bay, Mr. Barnes, Mr. Noira on a chestnut, Mr. Peterson on Cavanagh, Mr. Kilburn on a pony, Mr. Murray on Zil, and Mr. Anderson on

Commissioner. At the word "go" we streamed off to the left of the road over a hurdle and wall in full view of the gallery ; to the right over some plough with a big grip and a drop jump on the right hand side of the railway, then across the lane and sharp round to the right, a wall and a hurdle intervening between us and the road. The course here led straight into the jungle and wound in and out of mango topes and bustis in a manner that tried the handiness of a good many of the horses. A ditch and some ponk here disposed of Messrs. Myers and Barnes. A gallop down a long green lane formed an agreeable change to the heavy ground we had been floundering across, but a couple of hurdles prevented the pace from becoming too furious.

The paper then turned sharp to the right, through some jungle, over three or four walls and into the open with the red flags in view. The leading division here overshot the paper, and one wrong-headed animal refused the last wall. Mr. Butler seizing his opportunity, landed his game little galloway first, Mr. Mayne second, Mr. Lawrence third, with rather an awkward-looking fall at the last hurdle, Mr. Murray, Mr. Beresford, Lord William, Mr. Cartwright and Mr. Dickson all following close up.

There can be little doubt as to the daily increasing popularity of our paperchases. Time was, and that not so very long ago, when the field of starters might have been covered with a blanket, and when the spectators comprised half a dozen individuals. Nowadays there is as large a crowd on the road as on a Ballygunge race day, with a field of from thirty on forty riders graduating from our well known sportsmen on steeplechasers down to willing, but unsteady youngsters on ponies and buggy nags.

On Thursday the Duke of Connaught, the Viceroy, and Government House party were present, and the meet was the largest that we have as yet had. Every trap and horse in Calcutta seemed to have been pulled out for the occasion,

and the cross road where the gallery assembled was quite impassable from the Gurriah Hat Road to the corner. This position must have been as good as the dress circle at the Circus to the spectators, for there were no less than six jumps in full view, including the double, which at one time very much resembled a sheep-pen. A considerable number of the crocks in the first place refused to jump in, and when they did get these absolutely refused to get out again. One sportsman incontinently fell off on the flat, and a good deal of the riding was amusing, if not instructive, to witness. The pace was very hot indeed from start to finish, as it naturally would be with such horses going as Jack, Copper, and Handicap, every body buzzing to the best of their ability. The paper was laid by Mr. Pedestrian and Mr. Latham, and amongst the field we noticed Mrs. Cook on Copper, Captain Baron on a bay, Captain Gordon, Lord William on Jack, Captain Harboard, Mr. Alston on Pilgrim, Mr. Dickson on Ladylove, Mr. Cartwright on Master McGrath, Mr. Beresford on Charles I, Mr. Myers on a grey, Mr. Agra on Drink, Mr. Peterson on Cavanagh, Mr. Learoyd on Handicap, Mr. Donald on Warigal, Mr. Anderson on Commissioner, Mr. Rawlinson on a bay, the Greek on Sappho, Mr. Butler on his galloway, and one or two others. The start took place on the field to the left of the road, which we crossed at once, then over a hurdle, in a pea field; a mud wall, a bank, two drop jumps, and a double, all well in view of the dress circle. The last jumps must have afforded considerable amusement to every one, for at one time it was as full as it could hold, with an anxious crowd waiting to jump in. The redoubtable Jack, too, refused here, but was soon set going again. We then treaded to the left, between two small jheels. and over some mud walls along the edge of the jungle, up a lane with a hurdle in it, and on to a stiffish mud wall, where Mr. Dunne came a real "buster." A succession of ditches, a little further on, brought Captain

Harboard and Mr. Rawlinson to grief, and an unknown sportsman rode straight into a mud hole, when he was left. The course then led us round a mango tope and across some open fields, the "leps" consisting principally of alternate walls and hurdles. A turn to the right led us out in view of the red flags and the finish. Here Lord William, Mr. Alston, and Mr. Butler missed a couple of hurdles and disqualified themselves; the former, however, persevered, and the other two went back.

Lord William was the first to go past the post, but as he had not gone the course the chase must be credited to Mrs. Cook, Mr. Learoyd second, Captain Burn third, Mr. Cartwright fourth, Stranger fifth, then followed Mr. Alston, Mr. Beresford, Mr. Mayne, Mr. Dickson, and the rest of the field at intervals.

Calcutta when it chooses can be the gayest city in India, and it has during the past fortnight put its best foot forward in this respect, races, polo matches, dances and dinners following each other day after day most persistently. The past week has been a particularly gay one, and we noticed that the late hours we have lately gone through had left their impression on many of the field.

Thursday's course was a fair one, but not so good as many we have had the pleasure of riding over. The first portion took us over the same ground we travelled last week, the diversion taking place in front of the old bank and double. Thence we passed the mango tope, round the tank past the guava gardens, walls and hurdles alternating. A big wall on the home side of the Tallygunge Lane made Remorse and a couple of other run out, but they were soon restarted on their journey. Further the paper led us on past the brick fields, and we rattled along back into the last week's course, taking it in the reverse direction. At the take off from the lane into the rice fields, about a mile

from home, the paper was laid over rather a trappy place, and here Captain Burn, Mr. Cartwright and Mr. Myers simultaneously came to grief, Mr. Myers' horse rolling over him, fortunately without evil results.

A hurdle a little further on brought Mr. Beresford down.

A succession of mud walls on the left of the Dhoobie Talao brought us to the last two hurdles, and the run in, Mr. Butler landing his game little bay first, the Unknown second, Mr. Bintang third, and Captain Webb fourth.

The paper was laid by Messrs. Latham and Walker, and amongst the starters we noticed Mrs. Sanders, Mrs. Chapman, Mr. Chapman on a bay, Lord William on Jack, Captain Harboard, Captain Burn, Mr. Anderson, Mr. Perman on "a colt," Mr. Beresford on Lord Donald, Mr. Cartwright on Colchester, Mrs. Murray on a bay, Mr. Murray on Zil, Mr. Petrie on Sawyer, Mr. Myers on Zulu, Mr. Peterson on Norseman, the Mem Saheb on a grey, Mr. Butler, Mr. Petrocochino on Telescope, Mr. Dickson on Ladylove, and Mr. Kilburn on a pony.

A few days ago it appeared probable that this week's paperchase would have to be postponed. The southerly winds we have lately had brought up dense masses of fog from the sea, and our mornings since Monday have been dank, dark, and miserable, the jungle and trees dripping with moisture, and lamps all but invisible beyond ten paces. Yesterday, however, the wind blew again from the north and the morning was as bright and cool as one could well wish. Two dances running had thinned both the fields, and the gallery, and many well-known faces were absent, evidently preferring a "Europe morning" to the questionable delights of a seat in a slippery saddle over twenty or thirty jumps. Dire grief, too, was the order of the day, and we have seldom seen more spills during the course of one

paperchase. Messrs. Peterson, Drysdale, Butler, Thompson, Campbell and Captain Harboard all managed to upset themselves at various stages of the journey, and great was the horse-hunting in the jungles, for some hours after every one had gone home.

The course was laid in an entirely new direction, starting at the railway crossing at Old Ballygunge to the right in a line parallel to the rail, which was again crossed at Jodhpore, with the finish on the high ground to the left of the road. The field was a small one, and amongst the riders we noticed Mrs. Murray, Mr. Myers on Zulu, Captain Harboard on a grey, Captain Burn on his chestnut, Mr. Murray on Zil, Mr. Beresford on Lord Donald. Mr. Dunne on Peggy, Mr. Peterson on Cavanagh, Mr. Alston on Pilgrim, Mr. Johnstone on Master McGrath, Mr. Nairn on a chestnut, Mr. Perman on the aged colt, Mr. Drysdale on Warrigal, Mr. Dickson on Ladylove, Mr. Simpson and Mr. Anderson.

After crossing the rail, a wall led us on to a close bit of going with a series of ditches which proved rather disastrous to some of the riders. A sweep to the left and a gallop down a lane then brought us out into the open, hurdles and walls alternating across the fields. The field were tailed off considerably, some of them finding the pace too good, and others being obliged from the force of circumstances to continue the chase on foot.

About half a mile from the Jodhpore crossing, the 8 A.M. train was seen coming up the line, and it looked long-odds on the train being up in time to stop the whole business. The leading division, however, managed to get across, leaving the tail of the pack disconsolately shut out. Mr. Murray was first past the post, Mr. Currie second, Mr. Nairn third, Mr. Mayne fourth, and the field at intervals.

Thursday's course was very similar to one laid at the commencement of the season. The start was from the

Juggernath Car, a short spin down the road and a turn to the left into the fields taking us up to the first two jumps, a hurdle and a wall. Across the road again, through a pea-field, and we came to a couple of hurdles and a series of walls amongst the close country to the left of the cross Red Road. Mr. Mylne's proceedings came to an abrupt termination at this stage of the journey.

A lane, some thick jungle, a series of ditches, and a scamper through the guava garden, brought us out on the Tollygunge Lane. At the end of this, and just past the Thannah, a double was placed in full view of the gallery, a goodly crowd of spectators having taken up a position on the top of a bank to see the fun, and a good deal of fun we fancy they witnessed, in the way of refusals, loose seats, and general gymnastics.

A hurdle on the high ground brought Mr. Murray to grief, extinguishing his chance, and two artists ran out at the water jump a little further on. The finish was laid in a circle between the railway and the road giving every one a good view of at least the last half mile of the chase.

Mr. Myers landed Zulu first, Mr. Tom on Commissioner second, Nigger with a stranger up third, and Captain Burn fourth.

The field was composed of Mrs. Murray on Bintang, Mr. Esculapius on a grey, Mr. Beresford on Copper, Captain Burn on a brown, Mr. Cartwright on Nellie, Mr. Johnstone on Master McGrath, Mr. Tom Anderson on Commissioner, Mr. Learoyd on Handicap, Mr. Myers on Zulu, Mr. Dickson on Ladylove, Mr. Mylne on a grey, the stranger on Nigger, Mr. Anderson on a grey, the Greek, Mr. Nairn, and one or two others, the paper being laid by Messrs. Latham and Pedestrian.

Interest in the Calcutta paperchase appears to be waning in sympathy with the Calcutta "season." The attendance has been weekly growing smaller, and on Friday, in

spite of a fortnight's rest, enforced by the heavy state of the ground, both field and gallery were smaller than any we have yet seen. But few of the regular performers were present, and those that did start seemed to be riding with a good deal in hand. The chase was marred by an unfortunate accident to a horse of Mr. Heriot's. He succeeded in depositing his rider somewhere about the second fence, and getting away followed the field in the direction of the brick fields. Here the poor brute stepped on his reins and brought himself on to his head, breaking his neck. The paperchase cup is to be run for, we believe, on or about the 7th March—a Saturday—and we would suggest to the executive that the race might be run in the afternoon.

The change would be generally acceptable to the public and would ensure a much larger gallery.

Thursday's course was very similar to the Duke of Connaught's one, the start being from the east side of the Gurriah Road, the first few fences lying parallel to the Red Road. Leaving the old double to the left, the paper took us askirt the jungle, and over several "leps" of sorts, down the lane to the brick fields.

Here our old friend the big wall faced us, and we galloped gaily to the left through the jungle and out into the open, about half a mile from home. A run through a garden, and a succession of walls, led up to the last two hurdles. The leading division consisted of Mr. Apcar, Colonel Poole Carew, Mr. Anderson, Captain Burn and Mr. Butler.

Finally Colonel Carew on a horse of Lord William's, just shot Mr. Apcar for first place, Mr. Anderson third, Captain Burn fourth, Mr. Butler fifth, and Mr. Murray sixth.

Amongst the starters, we noticed Mrs. Sanders, Mrs. Murray, Captain Burn, Mr. Myers, Colonel Carew, Mr. Barnes, Mr. River Currie, Mr. Perman, Mr. Anderson, Mr. Apcar, Mr. King, Mr. Nairn and a few others.

The last open chase of the season was run on Thursday last, with a very small field and before a limited gallery. Casualties were numerous, and the percentage of spills to the total number of performers must have proved both edifying and amusing to the crowd of natives who thronged most of the jumps along the course, and greeted each gymnast with cheers of approbation.

Both Messrs. Beresford and Dickson accomplished uncomfortable looking spills, and there were some four or five loose horses careering through the jungle before the journey was half over. The cup will be run off on Thursday next, and as the Viceroy proposes being present, we fancy most of Calcutta will turn out to see the fun.

It is difficult to spot winners with Handicap, Copper, Pilgrim, and Lord William's horse out of the hunt. Zil, Commissioner, and The Rabbit show the best record up to date. The last of these is much too small to live with the big ones when it comes to real galloping, and of the other two we should feel inclined to "Plank the counters" on Zil. Zulu has not as yet been really set going in any of the chases, having been in training for Ballygunge. We think he should about win. Master McGrath and Sappho have an off-chance, their owners being both straight-goers.

Thursday's start was from Gurriah crossing, the paper being laid parallel to the railway for some two and a half miles down to old Ballygunge. It was by no means a gallery course, and not more than three of the spectators managed to reach the winning post in time to see the finish. Blind ditches were numerous, causing a considerable amount of grief, and there was a good deal of Indian file business down lanes, at different portions of the chase.

The paper was laid by Messrs. Latham and Walker, and amongst the starters we noticed Mrs. Sanders on a grey, Mr. Beresford on Cavanagh, Mr. Dickson on a brown,

Captain Balfour on a pony, Lord William on Skipper, Mr. Lawrence on Mr. McGrath, Mr. Cartwright on Nellie, Mr. Murray on Zil, Mr. Myers on Zulu, Mr. Anderson on Commissioner, Mr. Perman on a Black, and one or two others. Mr. Apostolides secured the first place, with Mrs. Sanders second and Mr. Anderson third.

The following will be the starters for the Cup on tomorrow morning :—

Mr. S. A. Apcar's	<i>Tambourine.</i>
„ R. Murray's	<i>Zil</i>
„ T. S. Anderson's	<i>Commissioner.</i>
„ D. B. Myer's	<i>Zulu.</i>
„ R. G. Currie's	<i>Magpie.</i>
„ A. L. Butler's	<i>Rabbit.</i>
„ E. C. Apostolide's	<i>Sappho.</i>
„ G. Nairn's	<i>Redgauntlet.</i>
Captain Burn's	<i>Tanderook.</i>
Mr. W. L. Alston's	<i>Pilgrim.</i>
„ Evelyn's	<i>Black Ace.</i>
„ A. Dunne's	<i>Peggy.</i>
„ C. D. Peterson's	<i>Scandinavia.</i>
„ C. L. Johnstone's	<i>Master McGrath.</i>

In all 14, of which 7 are old competitors. On public form Tambourine and Zulu should be first favourites, but when following the paper the race is not always to the swift, and we would recommend the Tollygunge winners not to be too confident.

Ballygunge is well represented by Commissioner and Zil, the former having been placed in three out of the last four Cup Chases, and we are sure no win would be more popular than that of Mr. Anderson, the veteran paper chaser.

Pilgrim favoured by a light weight, should be well to the front, but Mr. Alston is a doubtful starter, owing to

possible absence from Calcutta. The foreign division is ably represented by Sappho, who ran well last week. Of the rest Rabbit has the best record, but to-morrow the race will be too hot. Government House sends only one representative, Captain Burn, who will be well to the front, but we hardly think first past the post, and on of the whole, barring accidents, we are inclined to pin our faith upon Commissioner with Zulu second, but we would warn the Ballygunge representative to keep a good lookout for the finish and not this year to lose sight of his men in the dust.

Owing to the rain last month the chase on the 12th had to be abandoned, and we have had only twelve this season, and, a starter for the Cup must have gone in at least six chases, the regular frequenters should have a very good idea of the form of the Competitors.

The Soudan war has cost us two starters, Copper and Handicap, both likely winners, and from some cause neither Lord Donald nor Othello are entered, but notwithstanding the field will be fully up to the average, and we expect a very good race, and one well worth coming to see.

The start is to be at 7-30 punctually, and we would warn all riders to be up to time.

THE CUP.

Yesterday (Thursday) morning broke with a dense fog over all things at Ballygunge, and up to 8 o'clock, it seemed probable that the race for the Cup would have to be postponed. At the hour, however, the fog suddenly lifted and the hares, Massrs. Latham and Walker, after three or four most determined refusals at the first wall, started on their journey. The Viceroy and Lady Dufferin were unable to be present, but the gallery was one that must have exceeded all expectations. We cannot say that the race was an unalloyed success. Four or five of the first flight, including

the favourites, missed one of the jumps, and were disqualified. The Cup in consequence went to Pilgrim, who was first in of the batch that went the whole course. The *contretemps*, was a pity, for Pilgrim was going so strong and well at the finish, and but for the mistake we should probably have seen a good race for first place.

Thirteen started, Mr. Apar's Tambourine, Mr. Murray's Zil, Mr. Anderson's Commissioner, Mr. Myer's Zulu, Mr. Butler's Rabbit, Mr. Apostolides' Sappho, Mr. Nairn's Redgauntlet Captain Burn's Tanderook, Mr. Alston's Pilgrim, Mr. Evelyn's Black Ace, Mr. Dunne's Peggy, Mr. Peterson's Scandinavia, and Mr. Johnstone's Master McGrath. Tambourine was decidedly the favourite, and justified the confidence placed in him by winning pretty easily from Zulu, with Captain Burn third, and Mr. Apostolides fourth. As however, the whole of the leading division had missed one of the jumps, honours fell as we have said, to Pilgrim. Mr. Murray on Zil was second and Mr. Anderson on Commissioner third, Mr. Johnstone's situation of tenth was transformed into fourth, Mr. Dunne fifth owing the mishap; spills were numerous; Mr. Stanley, Mr. Butler. and Mr. Nairn succeeded in parting company with their mounts, Scandinavia caused some excitement by careering wildly amongst the spectators; and as coats had been discarded, owing to the heat, and the course led through some thick jungle, there was a good deal of torn linen floating on the breeze at the finish. This event brings to a close the paperchase season of 1884-85.

An informal meeting of the subscribers to the paperchase fund was held at the Old Race Stand yesterday morning, to consider the terms upon which the Paperchase Cup should be competed for next season.

The attendance was small. The proposal which found most favour was, that, in order to give the walter weights a chance, two cups should be given, one for catch weights

over 10st. 7lbs., and the other for catch-weights over 13 stone, other conditions to be the same as this year.

The winner of the Cup in 1883 has generously offered to give a cup to the rider who comes in first on the same horse oftenest during the season, and the offer, we need hardly say, was accepted with many thanks to the donor. Prospects for next season look bad, as a branch line from the Port Canning Railway to the New Docks is to be constructed through the best of the country.

1885-86.

The scent laid admirably all the way by two well-known sportsmen used to the game to their fingers' ends, from the Jodhpore Depot crossed the Gurriah Hât Road near the Moulvi Spinney, then over two mud walls into a cross-grained plough, was carried over broken ground abounding in natural "bunds" and grips across the paddy land on to the Tollygunge Musjid Lane, and on into the country lying just south of the Red Road, where the Hunt came in view of the small but select company of admiring spectators, who as usual, managed to get in the way ; but the field was sufficiently strung out for every horseman to take his own line. At the fall of the flag Commissioner pranced leisurely on in front of the gallant band ; but from want of practice or distemper, or some unexplained cause, refused at the second hurdle and completely upset his entire following, who in the excitement of the moment gave him the best *galli* at their command till they got by. So much did his master take the refusal to heart that Commissioner was immediately on his return to the Park, added to the list. The next episode of any interest was the dethronement of *collars*. He clutched at mane, ears, and headstall, all in their proper order, but without avail, a thump he came down where the back joins the legs, discomfitted, but undismayed. Zulu, carrying a visitor from the Clyde Country, did not stop anywhere,

and finished well up. Warrigal was fast losing his friends when some of his gear parted, an ancient stirrup leather probably, and thus occurred another casualty. The owner of this good nag has developed into quite a horseman, and there is a vast gap between a horseman and a rider. As for the order at the finish, the best man out (and who will deny that he is ?), came in first, as for the others, A. A. Apcar, Howes, J. J. Rose, E. T. Roberts, was about the order, but I was not close enough up myself to see.

Notwithstanding that it was the morning after Christmas, a large number of people found their way to Jodhpore Railway station to witness the start for the second of the popular meets. A good many of the old faces were not amongst the starters, but the holidays, no doubt, accounted for their absence, and we hope to see them out next week, for it must be remembered that there is a cup for the horse that comes in first and oftenest. We are glad to see The Bummer back again, and hope that he will soon be amongst the starters. Bummer's voyage back, did not agree with him, for we hear he has lost weight. Amongst the starters we noticed Mr. Sanders on Footlights, The Masher on his own Bunny ; Captain Harboard on a grey ; Mr. Rawlinson on Forester ; Calcutta's Own, under an exquisite cap, on Copper ; Mr. Richardson on a grey, Ally Sloper on Saunterer ; Mr. Gregory on the Padre's mare ; Ballygunge Jim on his new bay ; Chota Dunne on a grey ; Captain Muir on a brown, Mr. Nolan on Sunbeam, and a few others.

Punctually at 7-30 Mr. Latham on Weaver and Mr. Tougall on Trump Card started with the paper, both horses fencing beautifully, and fifteen minutes later the word "go" was given to the eager field of starters. The course lay down by the railway where the first obstacle, in the shape of a mud wall, was negotiated by the leaders without a mistake. The Rabbit, Copper, Mr. Richardson, and Foot-

lights, showing the way. A turn to the right brought us on to a hurdle and mud wall which stopped no one, although a little later on Captain Harboard came to mother earth gracefully and took no further part in the chase. The going was a little heavy after this, until we came into a pucca lane, which was the signal for the leaders to increase the pace, and a merry rattle soon brought us into the open again where a hurdle and a mud wall had to be got over. Mrs. Sanders and Footlights parted company at the latter owing to a riderless horse knocking the grey out of his stride, and she was obliged to finish the chase on foot. Crossing a field with a hurdle across the centre brought us into the last turn for home, but not before Mr. Butler had tried the experiment of tumbling off and running alongside his handsome galloway for a little. The result was not successful ; he got on again, but failed to make up what he had lost, and Mr. Richardson, taking advantage of these little eccentricities, raced over the last fence an easy winner, Copper and Captain Harboard's riderless horse making a close finish for second place, Rabbit third, Forester fourth, Ballygunge Jim fifth, Mr. Gregory sixth, and Ally Sloper a good seventh.

Owing to the crops being cut a gallery course could not be arranged, but this difficulty will soon vanish, and we promise the spectators something good on an early date.

It was no doubt the promise of a "gallery course" that attracted so large a number of onlookers to Ballygunge on Saturday morning to see the third chase of the season. The field, however, was small, and we should have liked to see more of the old faces. The starters were Mrs. Harvey, on a magnificent bay, Lord William on an English horse, Lord Clandeboye on a bay, Mr. Alston on Pilgrim, Calcutta's Own on Copper, The Masher on Red Rover, Ballygunge Jim on Beeswing, Mr. Muir on Zulu, Mr. Ander-

son on Commissioner, Mr. Newall on Trump Card, Mr. Sholto on Kate Coventry, Mr. Hen on Silver Fox, Ally Sloper on Saunterer, Mr. Richardson on Crinolette, Dusra on Othello, and several others. Mr. Latham on Weaver and Mr. Pedestrian on Squire started punctually at the appointed hour on the road at the old Kennels, and after allowing them twelve minutes Captain Muir let the field go. A merry rattle down the road brought us to a sharp turn to the left over a ditch where the first mud wall and hurdle were placed in an open field. Red Rover, Pilgrim, Zulu, Mrs. Harvey, and Beeswing led them across the road at a strong pace, the course winding down to the right towards the Dhubie's tank and the old double. Mr. Sholto and Kate Coventry parted company at the first hurdle, and one or two others had a narrow squeak in consequence of being baulked; but we must go forward with the leaders, who were streaming out of sight, and negotiating every obstacle in an undeniable style. Mrs. Harvey lost her hat and stopped, which was a pity, as her horse was going strong, and would have been well to the front at the finish had she persevered. Three ditches with a fence in front of the last brought us over to the road again, and down the lane the pace increased visibly, Pilgrim, Red Rover, and Zulu, being still at the head of affairs. A mud wall lost Calcutta's Own stirrups, and thus stopped him. A rather novel double in the mango tope puzzled some of the riders, but no one stopped. We were now very near home, and, crossing the railway embankment, we turned down to the left over a mud wall and a hurdle. Pilgrim passing the red flag first with two Tollygunge winners, Red Rover and Zulu, close up, second and third, Othello fourth, Beeswing fifth, and Crinolette sixth. The rest of the field straggled in at intervals, some with hats and some without them. Messrs. Latham and Pedestrian must be congratulated on the excellent course chosen and the faultless way in which the paper was laid. It was

noticed that one or two professionals were riding, and while there is no wish to be disagreeable, there is a disposition to remind them that these chases are got up purely for sport and not for training horse, and it is to be hoped that they will take this hint and not join in any future chases, or, if they do, that they will kindly keep back until the whole field have gone before. We do not for one moment grudge them the course after the chase is over. The next chase will be on Saturday, we understand, so feed your "mokes" well and come out strong, for there will be lots of fun; and if you have not got horses borrow them.

There was a large field and there were more spectators than usual at Jodhpore Thannah on Saturday morning to see "the start," for the fourth chase of the season. Notwithstanding the railway bund which has been put up, and which everyone predicted would spoil our paperchases, the courses so far have been excellent, and Saturday's was not an exception. At the same time, there is no doubt that we are getting further away from Calcutta; and unless the new Dock scheme collapses, we must take up our minds to start earlier, for we cannot do without our favourite cold weather sport. Amongst the goodly show of starters we noticed Lord William Beresford on a black, Captain Harboard on Zulu, Lord Clandeboye on a bay, Captain Muir on Sappho, Mr. Alston on Pilgrim, Mr. Richardson on Crinolette, Mr. W. W. Petrie on Snark, Mr. Rawlinson on a grey, Mr. Evans on a bay, Mr. Edwards on Nancy, Mr. Chapman on Hurricane, Jamie on Curly, Mr. F. Walker on a brown, Mr. Newall on Trump Card, Mr. Sawyer on Nellie, and several others. Mr. Latham on Weaver and the Tougall on Red Rover started with the paper at the Jodhpore Thannah, and thirteen minutes later the starters got the word to go. The course lay to the left of the road towards the railway, where on the high ground was placed a nice long

hurdle, over which the leaders went in line, Pilgrim, Crinolette Lord Clandeboye, Trump Card, and Nellie showing well in front. The next obstacle was a mud wall with a ditch in front, which the leaders negotiated in grand form, but it was too much for some of the tail of the field, and several stopped short, at least the riders did; some of the horses went on without them. A hurdle was the next leap met with, and then we crossed the road up to the station, and turning to the right came on a mud wall judiciously placed between two banks; and on to the road through a narrow gap. So far the leaders were unchanged, and after rattling down the road we turned to the left over a hurdle on the high ground, then down into the paddy fields, where the going was rather heavy; but it did not last long, and we soon came on to firmer ground to the right over two mud walls. Three retired Sylhet planters were racing for the lead as we came across by the lane to the Ballygunge Road, but going round a sharp corner to the right Crinolette and Nellie slipped up and got rid of their riders. Mr. Richardson, however, was not to be done, and getting into the saddle again caught up the leaders at the two ditches, which had checked some of them. Pilgrim had by this time obtained a strong lead, and as we came into the open was sailing in front with the race comfortably in hand, the second division together some three fields behind. After crossing the railway bund the red flags appeared and Mr. Alison came cantering in first with Lord Chandeboye and Mr. Richardson riding hard some distance behind for second honours, which was eventually secured by the former. Mr. Richardson's third was a most creditable performance for horse and rider, seeing that they had both been down, thereby losing a lot of ground, Mr. Newall on his new purchase, was fourth, Ballygunge Jim on old place fifth, Mr. W. W. Petrie on Snark sixth, with Mr. Rawlinson, Captain Muir and several others close up. As the season advances

the horses show a marked improvement, and the fencing of the leading horses on Saturday was something worth getting up to see. One or two paperchasers are entered at Tollygunge on Saturday, and we expect to see them well to the front, for from the earliest records we find that the Ballygunge paperchases accounted for most of the winners, and there are several men here now, who can remember Billycock coming in a winner at the big tree by the body-guard lines, while the names of such winners as Jovial, Snark, Boojum, Telegram, Warwickshire, Lad, The Cripple Quiet Cove, Blackwater, Zulu, and Red Rover are familiar to most of us. The next chase will be on Thursday, and as several men have already announced their intention of being first, it should be unusually interesting.

There was again a large turn out of people at Ballygunge yesterday morning, and from seven to half past the road from the old Kennels to the corner of the Red Road was crowded with carriages, &c., of all sorts. The field was also a good one, although some of the horses took their time to start. We were glad to see two or three of the old paperchasers out yesterday, and no doubt several more will appear as the season advances. We noticed amongst those waiting for the word to go, Mrs. Sanders on Footlights, Lord William Beresford on Prospero, Mr. Murray on Zil, Lord Clandeboye on a bay, Captain Harboard on Zulu, Mr. Alston on Pilgrim, Mr. Rawlinson on Crinolette, Mr. F. Walker on a brown, Mr. Newall on Bourbon, Mr. Westmacott on Saunterer, Mr. Nolan on Sunbeam, Mr. Dickson on Blackboy, Mr. CochinChina on Telescope, the old man on Jumbo, Mr. Anderson on Commissioner, Mr. Gregory on a chestnut, Mr. Butler on a bay, and a good many others whose names we cannot remember.

The paper chase was started by Latham on Weaver, and the Tougall on Red Rover punctually at 7-30, and after allowing the horses thirteen minutes grace, the field got away

in line over a hurdle placed to the left of the road. Then crossing the road to the right we went across the corner down to the first mud wall which stopped a few of the second division. A close bit of jungle forced the leaders into Indian file, which order was maintained round the tank and down to the railway line, where we got into open country again. Pilgrim, Prospero, Mr. Walker, Lord Clendeboye, Crinolette and Zil showing well in front. Heavy going checked the pace a little until we turned into the lane leading down to the open ground, across which was placed a mud wall which every one took, as it was the only way of getting across. The course now lay to the left towards the railway over a hurdle and mud wall, then back to the Gurriah Hât Road over a double which the leaders negotiated in undeniable style, but the second division used it as a sheep-pen, no fewer than six horses being in at one time. They eventually got out, however, but not without levelling the off wall pretty well. The leaders were now well ahead along the open. Turning round to the right we came on two stiffish walls, at one of which Hurricane took off too soon, landing smack into the wall and rolling over on the far side with his rider, who, however, with the help of a dozen friendly but noisy Bengalees, caught his horse and followed on. Turning through the old gateway of the sandy lane the pace increased, Pilgrim leading, with Zil, Prospero and Mr. Walker in close attendance. Indian file was assumed again along the tank before coming into the open, where a hurdle and mud wall brought us to the railway bund, and on turning to the right, the welcome red flags were sighted. Mr. Walker made a most determined effort to catch Pilgrim, but it was no use, and the game little mare cantered in an easy first, Zil third, Crinolette fourth, a length in front of Prospero. The rest came in at intervals amidst cheering words from the gallery, who held a commanding view of the first hurdle.

The sixth chase of the season, on Saturday, was well attended. Amongst the starters we noticed Mrs. Sanders on Footlights, Captain Harboard on Zulu, Mr. Rawlinson on Crinolette, Mr. Alston on Pilgrim, Mr. Newall on Trump Card, Lord Clandeboye on the Demon, Mr. Westmacott on Saunterer, Calcutta's Own on Copper, the Old Man on a youngster, Mr. Anderson on Commissioner, Mr. Pain on Paddy, Mr. Hen on Silver Fox, Ballygunge Jim on Beeswing, Mr. W. W. Petrie on Snark, Mr. Mylne on a grey, Mr. Cochin China on Telescope, Mr. Walker on Othello, Mr. Emerson on a chestnut, Mr. John Anderson, Mr. Drysdale, and a host of others. Mr. Pedestrian on Squire, and the Tougall on Red Rover, started with the paper at the hour appointed on the road by the Juggarnath Car, and turning up a green lane were lost to sight, but the field had not long to wait before the magic word was given, and away we rattled down the road and up the green lane to the right, where we came in sight of the first hurdle, a long low one, which stopped nobody. Turning down a lane to the left a short mud wall judiciously placed in a corner between two impassable banks was likewise negotiated without a mistake. Pilgrim, Copper, Othello, Zil, and Zulu were gradually making headway from the rest of the field, and on reappearing in the open at the Red Road, were lengths in front. After disposing of a hurdle, mud wall and a second hurdle in the open we crossed the road and found two stiffish walls, at the first of which Mr. Westmacott's horse took off too soon, and came down with his rider, who landed heavily on his right shoulder, and broke his collar bone. He is, however, we are glad to hear, doing well, and will soon be out again. The course now wound to the left over the railway bund, and again to the right across the open to the mangoe tope, where a formidable binder made some of the leaders jump big. The next mud wall brought Trump Card to grief, but his rider stuck to him pluckily and was soon in the saddle again. Pilgrim

Crinolette, Zil, Zulu, and Copper were still well to the front, as we bustled through the well-known gap in the stone wall before turning towards home. The leader was unchanged as we crossed the railway bund back by the brick fields, where a nice water jump was placed beside a tank, into which most of the horses dropped their hind quarters, but no stoppage took place, and after getting through the brick fields we rattled up the lane for home. Leaving the road we turned to the left over some blind ditches and a hurdle, and round by the Dhobie's tank over a stiff mud wall, which all the horses took beautifully. Othello took a big leap over a small bund turning down to the open, and, landing on all fours on soft ground, was unable to extricate himself, and rolled in the mud, where he left his rider well painted with *muttee*. The buzz of the gallery now attracted the leaders, who quickened the pace, and Mr. Alston giving Pilgrim her head, the game little mare landed a winner by three lengths from Zil, Copper and Crinolette perserving to the end made a dead heat for third place, Silver Fox was fifth, Beeswing sixth, Mr. Mylne seventh, and Lord Clandeboye eighth. The other straggled in at intervals much pleased with themselves and their horses, and mentally placing themselves well to the front next Saturday. Altogether the chase was a most enjoyable one, and as there are only five or six more this season, we would recommend those who ride to make the most of their opportunities.

The rain last week stopped our favourite sport, but there was quite a large gathering at Ballygunge yesterday morning to witness the seventh chase of the season. Punctually at 7-30 Mr. Latham on Weaver and Mr. Pedestrian on Squire started with the paper from the road at Jodhpore Thannah. We noticed amongst the field waiting to start Mrs. Sanders on Footlights, Mr. Rawlinson on Forester, Mr. Richardson on Crinolette, Mr. Murray on Zil, Calcutta's

Own on Copper, the Tougall on Red Rover, Ballygunge Jim on Beeswing, Mr. Butler on Rabbit, Mr. Dusra on Othello, Mr. Hen on Silver Fox, Mr. Newall on Trump Card, Mr. Alston on Pilgrim, and several others. After an interval of ten minutes the word was given, and away they went, Pilgrim, Red Rover, Copper, and Rabbit taking the lead over the first hurdle on the high ground. The going was excellent as we skirted the railway down towards the station, where the pace increased visibly. Pilgrim leading with Red Rover and Rabbit close behind. Coming out on the road Rabbit took second place, and further on raced up to Pilgrim, the two leading in turn for the most part of the way. The going on the low ground was heavy as we turned off the road to the right towards Tollygunge, and one or two of the horses slipped up, depositing their riders in the *muttee*. Turning towards home Rabbit put on the pace and raced along the open neck-and-neck with Pilgrim, Red Rover lying about ten lengths behind. And enterprising spectator appearing in sight warned the leaders that the finish could not be far off, and some hard riding commenced [as we rattled down the last lane for home, when a most unfortunate accident happened to Pilgrim who slipped up going round a sharp corner, and broke her leg. Red Rover now came up with a wet sail, and overhauling Rabbit the pair raced over the last hurdle neck-and-neck, Red Rover ultimately winning on the flag by a head from Rabbit, Zil third, with Copper, Crinolette, Othello, and Footlights close up. Great sympathy was felt for Mr. Alston in the loss of his game little mare, she was always to the fore in the paperchases, and stood a great chance of winning the Cup for the second time for her sporting owner. We trust he may soon get such another, for we can ill afford to lose such a straight going pair.

Notwithstanding the change in the weather the interest in these popular meets does not seem to flag, and the gallery

yesterday morning was quite up to the average. A start was made at the time appointed. The Tougall on Sunbeam, and Mr. Anderson carrying the bags. Neither of their horses were very steady at first, and we saw Sunbeam carry away a considerable portion of the first mud wall which was quickly built up again before the chasers started. The scent was well laid, however, and there was no difficulty in following the "ins and outs" of the course. The field was a small one, and we missed several familiar faces. Amongst those present were Mrs. Sanders on Footlights, Mr. W. W. Petrie on Snark, The Hatter on Silver Fox, Ballygunge Jim on Beeswing, Mr. Butler on Rabbit, Mr. Richardson on Crinolette, Mr. Murray on Zil, Mr. Mylne on Merrythought, Captain Rawlinson on a grey, Mr. Dusra on Othello, Mr. Sholto on Kate Coventry, Mr. Newall on Bourbon, Mr. Roberts on a roan, Mr. Jimmie on Bob, Mr. Killian on a chestnut, Mr. Ackworth on a black, and several others. At the call of time, Rabbit, Zil, Crinolette, and Snark jumped off with a lead up the road, and down to the left over a bank and brush fence winding down towards the left towards the Red Road, which we crossed after negotiating a hurdle. Across the road a nice mud wall was placed in the open, and then we crossed over towards the brick-fields and across the railway bund, then turned to the left across the open again by the mangoe tope and over several nice leps, until we finally came out by the old gates on the sandy lane leading down to Jophpore Thannah. The course now lay down to the right on the low land and round to the right over two old mud walls built up. Turning down towards the Ballygunge station, Zil was at the head of affairs, with Rabbit in close attendance. The latter assumed the lead as we crossed the road down to the station, and must have come in first, had he not lost the paper at the next turn, which was Zil's fate also. This let Crinolette and Snark in, and the pair ran a ding-dong race to the end, Crinolette winning

by half a length, Zil third, Rabbit fourth, and after a long gap Merrythought, Footlights and Othello came in. The gallery mustered strong at the last hurdle, and witnessed some amusing incidents as the exhausted hounds came up to the last fence. There were very few spills.

We would remind those who intend to run for the Cup to see that their horses are qualified, for there are only two or three chases more before the Cup Day, and a careful record is being kept. It is not easy to pick out the winner ; Copper will be dangerous in an open course, while Rabbit, Zil, Beeswing, Crinolette, Zulu, Trump Card, Red Rover, and Forester have claims to be considered.

Captain Hayes' class took away a good few of our Paper-chasers this week, but notwithstanding this counter attraction there was a good show of spectators, and a large field of starters at the corner of the favourite Red Road yesterday morning. Some of the villagers had put up a barrier in front of the first jump during the night, but it was very soon disposed of by the *mali* in charge, and at 7-15 the course being signalled clear, the Tougall on Red Rover and Major Davidson on a bay started with the paper up the road, and turned the lane up the left out of sight. The starters mustered strong, a large proportion of them being quite new faces. Amongst them were Mrs. Sanders on Footlights, Mrs. Murray on a bay, Mr. Butler on Rabbit, Mr. Richardson on Crinolette, Mr. Murray on Zil, Mr. Mylne on Merrythought, Mr. Dusra on Othello, Mr. Atlay on a chestnut, Mr. Sholto on Galatea, Mr. Newall on Trump Card, Mr. Killian on a chestnut, Mr. Ackworth on a black, Mr. Orrell on a bay, Mr. Morgan on a brown, Mr. Barrow on a chestnut, and a lot more whose names we cannot recollect.

Twelve minutes' grace having been allowed to paper carriers, Mr. Petrie let the field go. Zil, Rabbit, Footlights, and Crinolette showing in front over the first hurdle. Turn-

ing off the road to the left we negotiated a second hurdle, and now we went up by the brick-kiln over a nice fence with a good ditch on the off-side, where the first incident of the chase occurred, the victim being Crinolette's rider, who was swept off by a low branch. The same greedy twig, not being content with Mr. Richardson carried away a portion of Mrs. Sanders' riding habit and several topees. The course now lay towards the Jophpore sandy lane over two walls, and then across the road to the "on and off," quite a novelty in a paper chase. The majority of the horses took it beautifully, but Mr. Orrell's mount was too eager to get over it, and shrinking away from under his rider at the off ditch left that enterprising sportsman to think how it had all come about. The leaders were now well on to the Gurriah Hat Road, which was crossed below the station road, and then we turned homewards over two natural fences parallel with the road, and on by the lane to the right of the Thannah down towards the railway over three mud walls and two hurdles. Emerging from the jungle Zil was shaken up a bit and came over the last two fences an easy first, three lengths in front of Rabbit, Mr. Sholto was third up to the last wall which his horse bit hard, and his rider rolled off, but beyond a slightshaking was uninjured. After a little time, Mr. Atlay appeared to take third place, and then Merrythought, Footlights, Othello, and the rest straggled in at intervals. The last chase before the Cup Day will be held on Saturday next, we understand, and we would remind those who have not qualified their horses that it is their last chance.

There was a moderate gallery at Jodhpore yesterday morning to witness the tenth chase of the season, but the field was the smallest we have seen this season, possibly on account of the sultry weather, but the more likely reason is that the horses are now being kept for the Cup, which is advertised for the 10th proximo. We regret having to

record another sad accident, and again to a horse that stood a good chance of the Cup. We mean Trump Card, who broke his leg at the "on and off," and had, we understand, to the shot. Mr. Nairn has the sympathy of all paper-chasers, and it is exceptionally hard in this case, as the horse was only paperchased a short time ago, and showed great promise of becoming a valuable chaser. Punctually at 7 A. M. Mr. Latham on Weaver, and the Tougall on the great Kingston started with the paper from the Jodhpore Thannah up the sandy lane, to the right, and twelve minutes later the field followed. We give the names of those we noticed :—Mrs. Murray on a bay ; Mr. Murray on Zil, Mr. Dusra on Othello, Mr. W. W. Petrie on Snark, Mr. Richardson on a bay, Mr. Mylne on Merry thought, Mr. Verschoyle on a bay, Mr. Atlay on a chestnut, Mr. Nairn on Trump Card, Mr. Ackworth on a black, Mr. Henry on a bay, Mr. Sniktaw on a bay, and one or two others. At the call of time Snark, Othello, Trump Card and Mr. Richardson jumped away with the lead and showed first over the low hurdle before going up the lane. Leaving the lane the first mud wall was negotiated, and then the "on and off" which brought Trump Card to grief, and unfortunately finished his career for ever. Turning to the left we went through some close jungle on the high land before emerging into the open by the *bund* country, where another hurdle divided the break before coming into a second piece of jungle. The horses named were still holding the field, leading in turn as we turned homewards down a long stretch of open which brought us to the Gurriah Hat Road. The pace increased visibly as we took the circuit down by the station, and coming on to the road again the gallery appeared in full view. Snark and Othello raced over the last two hurdles, the former winning by about three lengths. Othello, however, was disqualified from taking a place, as he missed a jump, and Mr. Richardson was, therefore, accorded second

place, Merrythought third, Mr. Atlay fourth, Zil fifth Mr. Ackworth sixth, Mr. Verschoyle seventh. We understand there is to be one chase more next Thursday, and then the Cup. There will likely be a dozen starters, and it will be a difficult matter to spot the winner. If Copper comes to the post fit, he will be difficult to beat, but we are inclined to pin our faith on Rabbit or Zil, although Crinolette, Othello and Snark's chances must not be overlooked.

THE CUP.

The Paperchase Cup ran on Saturday was won by Mr. Butler's b. w. g. Rabbit, Mr. R. Murray's Zil second, Mr. C. Richardson's Crinolette third.

1886-87.

Yesterday morning the Ballygunge Circular Road was once more alive with vehicles wending their way to the Jodhpore station to witness the first chase of the season. The muster was as good as has been seen, and shows that these meets are as popular as ever. Owing to the lateness of the season and softness of the ground, no meet could be arranged last week, but now that a commencement has been made, it may be expected these popular meets will be carried on without interruption, and although the new railway has seriously interfered with the favourite gallery course round the Red Road, there is still lots of good country round Jodhpore, and there is no doubt that the executive will keep the ball rolling merrily till the Cup Day. There were a good many old faces at the start as well as many new ones, although there was disappointment expressed at the actual number that started out of such a promising assemblage. Among the actual starters were two, if not more, ladies which is encouraging, and it is to be hoped a few more of the fair sex will venture to follow next time.

Punctually at 7-30 Mr. Anderson on Bedouin and the Tougall on Red Rover, started with the paper over a low hurdle on the other side of the railway at Jodhpore station, and ten minutes later Mr. Johnstone let the field follow. Another week is required before the names of the riders and of all the numerous horses can be given, but there was no mistaking some of them—Calcutta's Own on Sappho, Mr. Murray on Zil, Mr. Alston on Rocket, Mr. Atlay on a chestnut, Mr. Currie on Magpie, Mr. Sniktaw on a bay, Mr. Dusra on Othello, Mr. Eden on a bay, Captain Rawlinson on a grey, Mr. Ackworth on a black, Mr. Orrell, Mr. Verschoyle, Mr. Campobello on Tim, Dusra Cawmill and a host of others. The starters drew up in line and went away together towards the first hurdle, but before reaching so far, the Snark put his fore legs in a small drain and rolled over his rider, who fortunately was not much hurt. Sappho got rid of Calcutta's Own over the first hurdle, and matters looked serious for a first start, but the horses, headed by Rocket and Jumbo, soon settled down as we raced over the paddy fields where a mud wall was placed.

We then turned to the left over two ditches with mud walls in front, and on through a village inclining round to the right through some lanes and then on to the open towards the Salt Water Lakes, where we turned round for home across the road over some nicely placed jumps. The two leaders had by this time got well away from the field, and came sailing across the railway towards home with nothing else in sight. The last four jumps were in full view of the gallery, and some encouragement was doled out to each rider as he rushed by. Rocket came in some two or three lengths from Jumbo and then after a long interval Magpie appeared, followed by a gentleman on a bay, who the gallery called "Tom," Mr. Atlay was fifth, Mr. Ackworth sixth, Mr. Murray seventh, Mr. Orrell eighth, and the rest came straggling in at safe intervals. The next chase will probably

be on Thursday morning, when it is hoped that a larger field of starters and a closer finish will be run. All interested should qualify their horses early, for there may not be quite so many chases this year, owing to the lateness of the season and the bad state of the ground.

It was to be regretted that a better gallery course could not be provided for Christmas week, but as the crops are still lying about the Red Road country and the new railway is so much in the way, nothing could be done inside Jodhpore. The extra distance, however, did not prevent a large number of people from coming out, and the number of starters was a long way above the average. The course, though a short one, was well chosen, and the jumps were judiciously placed while the scent was laid thick and unbroken throughout ; indeed, there was nothing for any one to find fault with, not even the weather which was cold enough to bring out furs !

The start was at the sixth milestone beyond Jodhpore, on the right hand side. Among the starters we noticed Mr. Murray on Zil, Mr. Alston on Trumpeter, Mr. Masher on Tom, Mr. Holmes on Jumbo, Mr. Roland on a black, Dusra on Othello, Mr. Atlay on a chestnut, Mr. Currie on Magpie, Captain Muir on a bay, a stranger on Snowstorm, Mr. Gregory on a chestnut, Mr. Boyd on Le Coe, Mr. Eden on a bay, Mr. Barrow on a bay Mr. Paget on a brown, Eyeglass Topee on a chestnut, and a host of others whose names we cannot remember.

Mr. Walker on Malta and The Tougal on Red Rover, started about 7-30 and freely distributed the paper from start to finish, both horses fencing beautifully. Mr. Johnstone timed, and left the field go in a line ten minutes after the paper carriers had disappeared round the corners. Jumbo, Tom, Trumpeter and Zil showed in front as we went Indian file through the lane towards the first mud wall

which all the horses negotiated in good form. A little more lane brought us to another open bit, where a hurdle was got over without accident. Turning to the left we went through some close country, but beyond the absolving of a few ancient topees no damage was done, and we came out to some grand country with mud walls and hurdles placed at intervals. At one of these Mr. Paget and his steed rolled over, but neither was hurt, and the horse cantered on with the field, leaving his sporting own to finish on foot. Going round a corner of the homeward turn, Jumbo slipped up and destroyed his chance. His rider was not hurt and got on again, but too late to catch up the leaders, who were now at the last turn for home. Mr. Bulter on the little pony came in sight first, and was only caught over the last hurdle by Snowstorm, who finished first by about a length in front of the pony, Mr. Roland third, Mr. Alston fourth, Mr. Murray fifth, Mr. Atlay sixth, followed by a round dozen all in a lump.

There was again a large turnout of people at Ballygunge to see the third meet of the season. The Behar visitors turned out strongly and came well to the front. The number of starters was again above the average, and included, amongst others, the following:—Mrs. Murray on Peggy, Mrs. Sanders on Footlights, Ballygunge Jim on Red Rover, Captain Rawlinson on a grey, Mr. Roland on Rona, Mr. Dickson on Snowstorm, Captain Wheeler or Robin. Mr. Sniktaw, Mr. Holmes on Jumbo, Mr. Murray on Zil, Mr. Boyd on Le Coo, Captain Learoyd on a bay, Mr. Shins on a bay, Mr. Killian on a chestnut, Mr. Barnes on a pony, Mr. Alston on Commissioner, Mr. Verschoyle on a bay, Mr. Cartwright on Hurricane, Mr. Dusra Cawmill on Sidling Sal, Mr. Tisra Cawmill on Tim, Mr. Taylor on Rob Roy, Mr. Barrow on a bay, Mr. Robinson on Charlie, Mr. Gregory on Powder, Mr. Orrell on a bay, Mr. Macnabb on an elephant, Mr. Atlay on foot, and several others on wheels.

Punctuallay at 7-30 the Old Man on a Young' Un, and Mr. Walker on Malta, started with the paper down the road at Juggernaut Car, and turning to the right at the corner of the big wall went out of sight. Whether it was cold nervousness, or excitement, the next ten minutes seemed very long, and the word "go" must have been a relief to many. Away we clattered down the road till we came to the corner, where we turned to the right into a field where the first hurdle was placed. Jumbo, Zil, Rona, Robin, and Snowstorm showing the way. A little close country kept the field well together, but as we came in sight of the Red Road the pace increased and the tailing process commenced. The railway was crossed without accident, but between this and the sandy lane at Jodhpore some part of the ground was heavy, and those who eased their horses found it paid to do so. Mr. Shins came to 'grief in these parts, and was left behind unhurt, his steed going on with the other horses and taking the jumps as they came, up to the very last ; coming into the sandy lane Rona was leading with Snowstorm, Tom, and Robin close by, and in this order they crossed the road at the Thannah. Going round by the railway Mr. Butler forced Tom to the front, but at the second last hurdle the race proved too fast to be safe. The pony being unable to collect himself, made a mistake and rolled over with his rider, who though stunned by the fall, luckily escaped unhurt. Rona now got her head, and shot over the last hurdle in front of Snowstorm with Captain Wheeler on Robin a good third, Jumbo and Zil fourth and fifth, respectively. Rob Roy, coming next, jumped too high for his rider over the last hurdle, and managed to unseat him. He came down heavily, and was considerably shaken. No bones were broken, however, and we hope to see him to the front again next week, Mr. Barrow was seventh, and the rest finished at intervals during the next quarter of an hour.

So ended a most enjoyable chace. I hear the Old Man is raising the jumps at Tollygunge to something like the jumps of former years, and I sincerely trust the experiment will be a success.

No doubt the performance of the "Mikado" and other late festivities accounted for the rather poor turnout of people at Ballygunge yesterday morning. The meet was at Jodhpore station, no less than six jumps being in full view of the gallery, and it was much to be regretted that the field was so small, for a better course could not well be found. The going was good throughout, while the jumps were many and varied, and were spread over about three miles of country. Those who stayed in bed certainly lost a most enjoyable ride, and we hope they will not be so lazy again. Among the starters were Mrs. Sanders on Footlights, Mrs. Murray on Peggy, Ballygunge Jim on Beeswing, Mr. Murray on Zil, Mr. Alston on the Major, Mr. Holmes on Junbo, Mr. Johnstone on North Star, Mr. Sholto on Pygmalon, Mr. Petrie on Bob, Mr. Verschoyle on a bay, Mr. Maher on Tom, Mr. Prevost on a grey pony, the Apostle on Cocktail, Mr. Ackworth on a black, Captain Rawlinson on a grey, Mr. Atlay on a chestnut, Major Glancey on his charger, Mr. Barrow on a bay, and a few others.

Punctually at 7-30 Mr. Walker on Malta and the Tougal on Red Rover started with the paper, and ten minutes later Mr. Johnstone started the field in line over the first hurdle by the Jodhpore station road, the Major and Junbo showing the way, before the road had been crossed. Turning to the left along the railway a hurdle, dip, and mud wall were negotiated, most of the horses fencing beautifully. Mr. Prevost's pony cleared the wall at the drop all right, but the ditch was too broad for him, else he did not see it, and was so pleased with it that he sat down and let his rider walk over his head! Descending into the low

ground by the Thannah, Major Glancey overbalanced himself in his eagerness to counteract the effects of a "peck" and rolled over into the *muttee*. The course now wound up a lane towards the railway crossing, with a mud wall laid across it which was unbroken when the chase was over Jumbo and the Major were still at the head of affairs, as we came out into the open where Zil and Beeswing joined the leaders. Turning to the left we found a hurdle and mud wall which stopped no one, and shortly afterwards we turned to the right over two open ditches, and again to the left over a further series of open natural ditches which brought us to the road. Crossing over towards the Salt Water Lakes Zil assumed the lead, while Jumbo and Major made room for Beeswing, and in this order the road was recrossed. The course here wound through a narrow lane, which had to be gone through Indian file. Zil led over the last mud wall before coming to the railway station, but after coming across the rails he would not turn off the road, and Beeswing cut in and romped over the last hurdle an easy first much to the delight of his sporting owner, Zil second, the Major and Jumbo third, and fourth respectively, Mr. Ackworth fifth, Tom sixth, and Cocktail seventh. The next man showed the gallery how easy it was to leave the saddle when the horse hit the hurdle, and we would caution a few of the beginners to learn the art of sitting back over their fences, otherwise they must come to grief sooner or later.

Notwithstanding the dissipations of the week in the shape of dancing, the "Mikado," &c., there was a good many people out at the paperchase yesterday morning. The starters came out strong, and we were very glad to see among them so many of our military friends. Thursday morning is selected, as often as practicable, to suit them, and we hope they will come in even larger numbers next and following meets. The starters were Captain Muir on the

Baron, Mr. Mylne on a bay, Captain Rawlinson on his grey, Mr. Dusra on Othello, Mr. Sniktaw on a bay, Mr. Butler on a chestnut Mr. Gregory on Sterling, Mr. Orrell on Toby, Mr. Ackworth on a black, Ballygunge Jim on Beeswing, Major Glancey on a bay, Captain Worlledge on a black, Captain Garland on a roan pony, Mr. Digan on a charger, Captain Hunt on a C. B., the Apostle on Cocktail, Mr. Barnes on a grey, Mr. Barnard on Trumpeter, Mr. Sholto on Pygmalion, Mr. Barrow on a bay, Mr. Henry on a bay, and a good many others whose manes we cannot remember.

The start was from the Jodhpore station, and the finish close to the Ballygunge station. Between these two points a distance of over three miles as the course lay, the going was excellent, and the jumps, nineteen in number, were judiciously placed. The paper was carried as usual by Mr. Walker on Malta, and the Tougall on Red Rover, and it would be difficult to find better fencers, not a twig being touched all the way round. Scent was fully distributed throughout, and altogether matters looked promising for a good chase. Ten minutes having been allowed, the field galloped down the road at a steady pace. Over the first hurdle, Beeswing, Othello, Mr. Mylne, and Toby showed the way, and changed places occasionally throughout the first part of the chase, which took us along to the right across a hurdle and mud wall. The next turning brought us across a bit of last week's chase in the shape of four open ditches, the last one with a wall placed in front of it. The Baron made a mistake here, and came down his rider, who, however, was not damaged, was soon in the saddle again. Mr. Butler, who came to grief almost at the same moment, was not so fortunate, we regret to say, and broke his arm ; we trust it will soon mend again. for we cannot afford to lose such a straight rider. After crossing the road we came round the left and shortly after turned homewards. Going across the open Trumpeter

"pecked" and threw Mr. Barnard, who was damaged about the head though not seriously hurt. A little further on Mr. Mylne followed suit, and here our casualties ended. Going across the new brick fields Othello took the lead from Beeswing, while Toby took third place, Sterling. Cocktail, Captain Worlledge, and Mr. Ackworth close up. After getting through the big ditch the gallery came in view, and showed, that the finish was not far off. Toby shot in front, but after negotiating the hurdle at the corner of the jungle he overran the paper and allowed Ballygunge Jim to come up. Toby, however, managed to get on the scent again just before reaching the last hurdle, which he and Beeswing took together. After a brief struggle, and some hard riding weight told, and Mr. Orrell managed to get Toby first past the red flag, beating Beeswing by a neck, Captain Worlledge third, Othello fourth, then Sterling, Cocktail and Mr. Ackworth all in a lump. It is early to say any thing about the Cup yet, but from all appearances it promises to be a most open race, and we hope to see at least fifteen starters.

There was a good turnout of spectators at Ballygunge yesterday morning to witness the sixth meet of the season. "After a storm comes a calm" is an old adage, and a true one, for while he had no less than four accidents to record last week no one was hurt yesterday, although there were several amusing spills. The going was very fair throughout while the number of starters must have gladdened the hearts of those who arrange these popular meets. Among them we noticed :—Mr. Sanders on Footlights, Mrs. Murray on Peggy, Lord William Beresford on a bay, Mr. Alston on Major, Mr. Flummery on Cocktail, Mr. Orrell on Toby, Mr. Paget on a bay, Captain Rawlinson on a grey, Ballygunge Jim on Beeswing, Mr. Ackworth on a black, Mr. Gregory on Sterling, Captain Turner on Trumpeter, Mr. Tom Anderson on Commissioner, Mr. Murray on Zil, Mr. Henry on a brown,

Mr. Holmes on Jumbo, Captain Hunt on Ella, Captain Garland on Paleface, Mr. Sholto on Pygmalion, Mr. Killian on a chestnut, Mr. Sniktaw on a bay, Mr. Mylne on a bay, Mr. Dynamite on Paddy, Mr. John Anderson on Bedouin, Mr. Taylor on a black, Mr. Dusra on Othello, and a few others.

The course, which was well laid, started to the left of the Gurriah Road opposite the sixth milestone, crossed the road and wound out towards Tollygunge, through some villages and gardens where mud walls and hurdles were judiciously placed at convenient intervals, then came back round by the open country outside the villages and into the lane leading down to Jodhpore, where the last two jumps were placed, and where the gallery were arrayed in goodly numbers to witness the unusually exciting finish.

Shortly after half past seven o'clock Mr. Walker on Malta and the Tougall on Diamond started off with the paper bags, both horses fencing beautifully, and ten minutes later the impatient field got the word "go." A rare scramble for the first hurdle ensued, but happily all got over it safely, though a good many rapped it hard, not to speak of the numbers who found a resting place between their horses' ears. Away they went across the road, Beeswings the Major, Jumbo, and Sterling showing the way with Toby, Cocktail, and Zil following.

After getting through the villages into the open the pace increased visibly, Sterling making strong running with Beeswing and Major lying handy. An amusing incident occurred at the two mud walls in the open. Mr. Taylor's horse took charge of him over the first of these obstacles, and jumping high at the second, landed his rider on his neck, where he clung on most tenaciously, but could not get back into his saddle, to the delight of a crowd of natives who held the high ground and speculated as to the probable result of this feat of horsemanship, and as he came by shouts of "girta," "girta," "girta," were raised followed by a joyful

shout of "girgya" as he landed on his back in the *muttee*.

The leaders were now in the lane for home. Beeswing and Sterling still at the head of affairs. Turning into the last field for home the former overshot a jump and went on racing, the Major and Sterling with Toby and Jumbo following. A regular ding-dong race was kept up to the last hurdle, where Beeswing came down an awful "buster," but beyond a painting of brown clay Ballygunge Jim escaped scatheless. Mr. Alston finished first, Sterling a close second, then Toby, Jumbo, Mr. Ackworth, Cocktail, Zil and the rest of the field came in at intervals much pleased with themselves and their mounts, and mentally placing themselves well to the front next Thursday. Altogether the chase was a most enjoyable one, and as there are only five or six more this season, we would recommend those who ride to make the most of their opportunities. We regret to learn Mr. Alston is leaving us so soon, but hope to welcome him back on a good crock at the beginning of next season. As the season advances the horses show a marked improvement, and the fencing of the leading horses yesterday was well worth getting up to see. The next chase will probably be on Thursday again, when we hope to see a large field and good gallery.

The fact that the start was considerably nearer home this week no doubt induced a large number of people to go out of Ballygunge, and they were certainly amply rewarded, for we have seldom, if ever, seen such a large number of starters. The rain which fell on Thursday did no harm, but on the contrary made the going very good in some parts where the ground was hard, while the low ground was not much affected. Among the starters were Mrs. Sanders on Footlights, Mrs. Murray on Peggy, Lord William Beresford on a bay, the Maharajah of Coach Behar on

a chestnut, Mr. Mountflummery on Magpie, Mr. O'Malley on a pony, Mr. Orrell on Toby, Mr. Gregory on Sterling, Mr. Paget on a bay, Mr. Barnes on a pony, Ballygunge Jim on Beeswing, Mr. Sholto on Pygmalion, Mr. Murray on Zil, the Prophet on Red Rover, the Apostle on Sappho, Mr. Anderson on Bedouin, Mr. Dusra on Othello, Mr. Ackworth on a black, Mr. Dynamite on Paddy, Mr. Holmes on Jumbo, Mr. Killian on a chestnut, Mr. Mylne on a pony, Mr. Henry on a brown, Captain Muir on Diamond, Mr. J.E. K. B. on Bob, Mr. Sniktaw on a bay, Mr. Tamvacq on a chestnut, Captain Worlledge on a black, Herr Professor on a brown, Mr. Hazenbalg on a roan, the Macnabb on Selina, Mr. Verschoyle on Donegal, Mr. Harold on Pippin, A. D. C. on Babbler.

The course started to the left of the Gurriah Hat Road beyond the new railway crossing wound through the thick jungle by the railway and came out by the lane to the left of Jodhpore Thannah, then over a mud wall and a bund on to the high ground along to the old mud wall and bank jump, across the station road to last week's finish over a hurdle and across the road to a second hurdle, then it skirted along the path for a good piece, turning sharp to the right over two mud walls and up the sandy lane, turned to the right through the gates, then down to the right, again over two mud walls and round to the left to the far railway crossing, eventually finishing over two hurdles by the sheep-pens.

Shortly after the appointed hour Mr. Walker on Malta and the Tougall on Trumpeter started with the paper bags and soon disappeared in the jungle; ten minutes later time was called, and away we hustled to the first hurdle which was negotiated without accident. The thick jungle immediately after compelled an Indian file process, which was pursued over the second hurdle and round by the narrow path skirting the forbidding looking tank where gracefully

overhanging bamboos played havoc among the *topees*. Coming out into the open Sterling, Red Rover, Magpie and Mr. Ackworth were leading with a strong second division close up. A mud wall was the next obstacle met with, but no one was stopped, and we were soon in the lane again where another "you must take me" wall was placed across the path. Coming out into the open at Jodhpore the leaders showed little change, and the pace was a cracker along the open, over the wall and bank where Babbler deposited his rider who, however, was not going to be done out of his ride, and remounting continued the chase. The leaders had now got well across the Gurriah Hat Road and streamed along the edge of the high ground, then turning to the right took the two mud walls before coming to the sandy lane. The course took a sharp turn to the right through the gates, but after getting through the jungle opened out again, and the field went along towards the new railway at a strong pace. Mr. Ackworth was first over the cross, but gave way to Sterling and Toby over the second last hurdle. The last named raced hard to the finish, Toby winning by a neck from Sterling, Magpie a good third, Red Rover fourth, and Zil fifth. Mr. Ackworth came off at the last hurdle, or he would have been well placed. The second division comprising a round dozen, came in all together, and then the stragglers came up to the last hurdle amidst volleys of chaff which Pygmalion refused to face and stopped short, allowing Mr. Sholto to go over alone, which he did with alacrity and a smile. The Cup looks as if it would be a very open race this year, as each chase brings out a new winner. Toby with such a light weight ought to have a good look in, while Red Rover, Beeswing and Captain Muir have also strong claims. We would remind competitors that there will only be four or five chases before the Cup.

There was an unusually large turnout of people at Ballygunge yesterday morning to see the eighth meet of the

season. The morning was crisp and cold, furs and ulsters being the order of the day. The number of starters was again large, over 35 having actually finished, including three ladies. As long as things go on in this encouraging way, there need be no talk of giving up paperchasing. Indeed we have never seen it more popular than it has been this season in spite of the new railway and other drawbacks. The following is a list of starters :—

Mrs. Murray on Peggy, Mrs. Eck on a black, Mrs. Rautenburg on a black, Mr. Tom Anderson on Commissioner, Lord William Beresford on a bay, Mountflummery on Bourbon, Mr. O'Malley on Gipsy, Mr. Orrell on Toby, Captain Muir on Diamond, Captain Gordon on a bay, Mr. Murray on Zil, Mr. Turner on a bay, Mr. Rawlinson on Forester, Mr. Cartwright on Hurricane, Mr. Paget on a bay, Mr. Gregory³ on Sterling, Ballygunge Jim on Beeswing, Mr. Ackworth on a black, Mr. Sholto on Pygmalion, the Prophet on Red Rover, Mr. John Anderson on Bedouin, Mr. Dusra on Othello, Mr. Dynamite on Paddy, Mr. Holmes on the Beau, Mr. Killian on his chestnut, Mr. Henry on Dontcherknow, Mr. Kennedy on Bob, Mr. Sniktaw on Contrariety, Captain Worlledge on a black, the Macnabb on Selina, Mr. Shanghai on Mr. Millett's black, and a few others.

The course was, perhaps, a trifle longer than usual, but the going was excellent, and the jumps, 23 in number, were well placed; indeed, from the favourable comments we heard from riders all round, it must have been an unusually happy selection. Starting to the right of the road leading down to Jodhpore station over a hurdle, it wound round to the left by the railway line over the drop and mud wall, and along the low ground towards the Thannah over a bank mud wall and hurdle, the latter placed at the entrance to the lane which winds round to the railway crossing; and out into the open across the paddy fields, where hurdles and

mud walls were judiciously placed at convenient interval along to the "Monsoon Road." The course took a turn round by the Salt Water Lakes, and back again at the back of the tanks, eventually finishing with two hurdles not far from the Jodhpore station.

Punctually at 7-30 Mr. Walker on Malta and the Tougall on Footlights started with the paper bags, and after allowing them twelve minutes grace, Lord William called time, and away they went in a line, Zil, Toby, Sterling and the Beau immediately taking the lead. The pace was slow at first, but after getting out into the open it became a regular cracker, the leaders racing each other alternately from start to finish. There were very few spills. The Shanghai paperchaser found water jumps too big, and gave it up as a bad job. The old black, however, was not accustomed to this sort of thing, and went on without him.

Coming back from the Salt Water Lakes Sterling and Zil raced together all along to the finish, Zil securing the verdict by half a length, Othello and the Beau a dead heat for third place, Red Rover fifth, and Toby sixth. Then Beeswing, Commissioner and Lord William came, followed at intervals by the rest of the field. The mali informed us that they kept coming in till 10 o'clock last week, so we did not wait to see the end of them ! We would call attention to the Cup advertisement which appeared in Wednesday's issue. We understand it is to be run for about the 10th proximo.

A meet anywhere near the Red Road always attracts an unusually large number of spectators, and yesterday morning was no exception, for the road was crowded with vehicles from the corner of the Gurriah Hat Road down to "the double," well packed with "old familiar faces," some of them out for the first time this season. We hope it won't be the last, though alas ! there are not many more chases to see. The field was quite up to last week, although

a strong contingent from the Fort arrived just too late to start. We were able to notice the following :—

Mrs. Sanders on Footlights, Mr. O'Malley on Lady Amy, Mr. Holmes on Sterling, Mr. Orrell on Toby, Captain Rawlinson on his grey, the old man on the Sinner, Mr. John Anderson on Bedouin, Mr. Rawlinson on Forrester, Mr. Cartwright or Hurricane, Ballygunge Jim on Beeswing, Mr. Sholto or Pygmalion, the Prophet on Red Rover, Mr. Campobello on Blue Grass, Mr. Ackworth on a black, Mr. Dursa on Othello, Mr. Dynamite on Paddy, Mr. Killian on his chestnut, Mr. Kennedy on Bob, Captain Worlledge on a black, and a good many others, among them several strangers.

The course started from the corner of the Red Road over a hurdle placed on a field by the side of the road, came back to the road again for a little, then turned to the right and round by the left over a mud wall, across the Green Lane to the "Duke of Connaught's double," down to the right towards the jungle round by the Dhobie's tank to a mud wall and ditch, over the bund to the long wall at the back of the jungle, then it came back by the bund along the lane over a hurdle and up to the Red Road again. After coming along the road a little it turned sharp to the right and wound round by the open to the railway crossing. After this it was intended to go out by the back towards Jodhpore, but the hares finding the field had started, cut across to the first railway crossing finishing the course over two hurdles in the open by the Red Road.

The paper was started about the appointed time by the Tougall on Jumbo and Mr. Tom Anderson on Commissioner. Whether it was that Jumbo objected to the Tougall's extra weight or that he was started too slow, it was evident he was not in a jumping mood, which seemed to have disturbed his rider's mind considerably. After allowing the usual start

of ten minutes Mr. Johnstone let the field go in a line, Sterling, Toby, Beeswing and a black showing the way up to the "double" where a "confusion" commenced; only by a few of the leading horses going on without "tarrying" inside the walls. Down by the tank Sterling and the others came to the front again, only to be passed in turn, when a sharp corner came, by Beeswing. Very little change took place till after the railway was crossed, after which the pace waxed hot, and as before mentioned the hares were nearly overlapped. Abandoning a part of the course, however, the honour of the chase was saved, and no "golmal" occurred. Mr. Holmes rode hard over the railway followed by Beeswing second, and Mr. Ackworth third, then came Red Rover, Othello, and Toby together, followed by the remainder of the field at intervals. All's well that ends well," and every one seemed pleased with the course and their mounts in general and with themselves in particular. Beyond a gentle tumble off Gipsy by Mr. O'Malley no accidents occurred that we heard of, but we would caution some of the riders not to ride so hard over the railway crossings as the earth is sometimes removed the morning of the chase and the rails exposed. Some one suggested that it was useless giving advice on this subject for there are some men who wont look, would ride at a church placed in the course if there were no rails round it or a parson standing at the door! We are glad to learn Mr. Cartwright is recovering from last week's "purler."

Notwithstanding the fact that there were very many more Jubilee suppers than dinners on Thursday night, a good many people turned out yesterday morning to see the tenth meet of the season advertised to start from Jodhpore Thannah at 7-30. Shortly before that hour the following starters put in an appearance. Mrs. Sanders on Footlights, Mrs. Murray on Peggy, Ballygunge Jim on Beeswing,

Mr. Orrell on Toby, Mr. Holmes on the Beau, Mr. Gregory on Sterling, Mr. O'Mally on Lady Amy, Mr. Kennedy Boyd on Bob, Mr. Killian on Shamrock, Herr Gerlich on Grane, Captain Rawlinson on a bay, Mr. Greenway on Babbler, Mr. Ackworth on a black, Mr. Tom Anderson on Commissioner, Captain Worledge on a black, Mr. Barnes on a bay, Mr. Rennie on a bay, Mr. Cartwright on Hurricane, Mr. John Anderson on Rivington, Mr. Dynamite on Paddy, Mr. Sholto on Pygmalion, Mr. Sandy on Blue Grass, Mr. Dusra on Othello, and a few others.

The course started from the left of Jodhpore Thannah over a hurdle on the high ground and on towards the railway lines, taking in the old mud wall and bank, crossed the station road and came back to the Gurriah Hat Road over a hurdle and mud wall. After crossing the road a turn to the left brought it into the favourite "Bund" country, which extends all the way out to the newly-bricked Tollygunge Lane, which was the turning point. The line of country back was on a parallel with the sandy lane up to the two mud walls which took the round to the other side of the high ground. The remainder of the course was almost a straight run home, the last hurdle being placed on the high ground close to the road. The going throughout was very fair.

Mr. Walker on Malta and the Tougall on Jumbo started with the paper at about 7-30, both horses fencing beautifully. After an interval of twelve minutes the field started off at a strong pace over the first hurdle, which was negotiated safely by all. Sterling, the Beau, Pygmalion, Beeswing and Toby led over the wall and bank with others, and Mr. Ackworth close behind. Babbler repeated his old tricks here, and disposed of his rider for a little, but he was remounted and taken round without further accident. The leading horses were going at a very strong pace down the bunds, Sterling got the better of his rider here, and crossed Mr. O'Mally who, in trying to steer clear, came to grief, but

beyond a shaking, we are glad to say, nothing serious happened. Coming back from the Tollygunge Lane Toby and Beeswing came to the front, a position they maintained alternately till the last corner round which Beeswing obtained the advantage by a clever turn, and eventually finished first by a clear length from Toby, Shamrock third, Sterling fourth, and Beau fifth, Then came Mr. Ackworth and Herr Gerlich after a long interval. The rest of the field straggled in quietly. During the next five minutes we observed one or two would-be sportsmen missing jumps, which is most unpardonable.

The unusual heat yesterday morning did not prevent a large number of people from finding their way out to Jodhpore station to see the last meet of the season, except the Cup Chase which, of course, is only open to a limited number of starters. A few of the leading lights were absent, no doubt saving their horses for next week's struggle, and the field was therefore not so large as usual. We noticed Mrs. Sanders on Footlights, Mrs. Routenburg on a black, Mr. Killian on Shamrock, Mr. Holmes on the Beau, Mr. Tom Anderson on Commissioner, Mr. Ackworth on a black, Mr. Gregory on Sterling, Mr. Boyd on Bob, Captain Worledge on a black, Mr. Dusra on Othello, Mr. Edward on Job Trotter, Mr. Cartwright on Hurricane, Herr Gerlick on Grane, and a few others.

The course started close to the Jodhpore Railway station by the Gurriah Hat Road over a hurdle on the high ground, a mud wall down below, and a ditch and bank just before crossing the line. Following the Monsoon Road for a little the course inclined to the right over a built up bund and then took a circular sweep down towards the Salt Water Lakes with mud walls and hurdles placed at judicious intervals. A new thing in jumps was a tree raised on two bamboo trestles about three feet three inches from the

ground, which stopped a good many. Turning homewards there was a very nice double which seemed to have taken the fancy of the Ballygunge peasant, for they collected alongside in hundreds waiting for some "fun." The course from this point lay across the fields to the road, then across a series of ditches, finally finishing with two hurdles close to the railway line at Jodhpore station.

The paper was carried by Mr. Walker on Malta, and the Tougall on Red Rover, who started a little before 7-30, twelve minutes in advance of the field, who followed the Beau, Sterling and Othello over the first hurdle ; going up the lane to the station all the leaders overshot the paper, which resulted in grief to Othello, who came down over the corner of the small ditch, and gave his rider a nasty fall, which, however, is not so serious as it looked, and we hope to see him to the front again on the Cup Day. Before turning down to the Salt Water Lakes, Mr. Holmes came to grief over a hurdle, but fortunately escaped unhurt, although Shamrock tried him as a carpet before passing him. The leaders all negotiated the log jump without a stoppage, but Crane refused, and several others following his example, some confusion took place. Sterling and Shamrock led alternately for the rest of the way, Shamrock getting the verdict by half a length, Mr. Ackworth a good bit off was third, followed after a long interval by Commissioner fourth Crane fifth, and Footlights sixth. We congratulate Mr. Euler on his first win, which he thoroughly deserves, having worked up to it with undoubted pluck for the last five years. We saw an unpardonable offence on the part of some of the spectators a short distance from home, where several took up a position on the top of a bank where the horses had to come over. This was quite enough to stop any horses, and we trust it will not be repeated. Favouritism to the Cup seems pretty evenly divided between Beeswing or Sterling Shamrock, and Toby. The last named has all the advantage

of a light weight, which is also in favour of Sterling and, while either are good enough to win, we should not be surprised to see a resolute finish bring Beeswing in. Shamrock and Othello have also great claims as well as Captain Muir's selected.

The Amateur "Blue Ribbon" is fixed to be run for tomorrow (Thursday) morning, starting from Jodhpore at 7-15 A. M. The entries total a dozen, which is about the average. The race appears to us a very open one, and it is difficult to spot the absolute winner. On public form the issue should be between Toby, Beeswing, Shamrock, and Sterling. Toby and Sterling have a great pull in the weights but we shall not be at all surprised to see Beeswing or Shamrock returned the winner, although the latter has been a little "off" for the last three days. Pygmalion has been doing good work on the race course, and if he is held straight he should not be far off. Commissioner, Blackstone, Black Prince, and Footlights will go straight, but lack pace. Cocktail is a good one, and will be sent along, but the going may not suit her while Grane is not quite reliable at her jumps. Hurricane will not likely start as his owner is absent. Bar accidents our faith is pinned on Beeswing and Toby, the latter for choice on account of his light weight.

We have been round the course which is as carefully selected as any we have seen. The jumps are fair without being "trappy," and the going is very fair throughout, a trifle hard perhaps in a few places, but this could not be avoided. Without wishing to say too much we may add that it takes in bits of two or three old courses, and to prevent any possible mistake the white paper will be well mixed with red and blue, and is to be carried on Malta and Red Rover by Messrs. Walker and the Tougall. A competent judge will be appointed on the ground, and altogether the

arrangements are most complete. We hope to see a close and interesting finish for the most sporting race of the season.

The result for the Cup is disputed, the decision lying between Cocktail and Commisioner. With the Cup the season is now a thing of the past. Though the season was late of starting there have been no less than twelve meets, and the average number of starters shows that paperchasing is in no danger of dying out in Calcutta just yet. A few new riders have come to the front, but the class of horses are not quite so good as they used to be, probably owing, not to the depreciation in horse flesh, but to the vagaries of the fickle rupee. The gallery yesterday morning was quite as large as we have ever seen it. The road was crowded with vehicles of every description from four-in-hand teams to single horse ticca gharries.

The following is a list of the starters:—

Mrs. Sanders' <i>Footlights.</i>
Lord W. Beresford's <i>Tortoise.</i>
Mr. Ackworth's <i>Blackstone.</i>
„ Anderson's <i>Commissioner.</i>
„ Apostolides' <i>Cocktail.</i>
„ Douglas' <i>Pygmalion.</i>
„ Euler's <i>Shamrock.</i>
„ Gerlick's <i>Grane.</i>
„ Gregory's <i>Sterling.</i>
„ Orrell's <i>Toby.</i>
„ Petrie's <i>Beeswing.</i>
Capt. Worlledge's <i>Black Prince.</i>

The course started with a hurdle on the high ground on the left of Jodhpore Thannah and wound round by the railway line over the mud wall and bank across the Station Road to another mud wall in front of a ditch, then over a hurdle to the Gurriah Hat Road, Turning to the left over two mud

walls it took a straight cut towards the "Bunds," but turned again sharp to the left through a village and wound out by the Tollygunge Garden, coming back over the high ground, where three ditches were crossed, then over two of the "Bund" jumps and back over the high ground to the right of the tank down the low ground to the Gurriah Hat Road opposite the station,, and finally finished over a hurdle close to the start. The going was fairly good throughout, although the dust greatly interfered with the riders in following the paper, and they were all very much dependent on the eyesight of the leaders. Mr. J. R. Thomas kindly officiated as Judge with the help of Mr. Walker.

Punctually at 7-15 the paper was started by Messrs. Walker and the Tougall, mounted on Malta and Red Rover. Both horses fenced splendidly, With regard to some remarks made that the scarcity of paper accounted for the horses missing the course. We are asked to state that such was not the case as the scent was laid plentifully and with extra care.

Twelve minutes' grace having been granted Mr. Thomas despatched them precisely at 7-27 to a perfect start. Shamrock gave the gallery a treat in jumping the first two mud walls in grand style followed by Toby and Sterling. A big "lep" by Pygmalion very nearly put Mr. Douglas out of the chase, but he found his way back into the pigskin in time to negotiate the second one. Crossing the Gurriah Hât Road the leaders were unchanged, Shamrock and Toby alternately leading at a strong pace, with Sterling and Tortoise close behind. After passing through the village lane to the left the leaders lost the paper and galloped on, picking it up further on in the wrong place, and raced home under a wrong impression. Shamrock was the first to come in sight, followed by Tortoise and Toby who passed him in turn before getting to the last hurdle. Tortoise was under

the whip most of the way back and came in first past the post by a head in front of Toby, who was half a length in front of Shamrock. Then came poor Sterling who jumped the last hurdle on three legs having slipped his stifle joint shortly before. Pygmalion brought up the rear of the first division.

After a considerable interval Cocktail appeared followed by Commissioner and Beeswing. It appears that Cocktail also missed a portion of the course, and if this turns out to be the case Commissioner will, in all probability, get the Cup. The matter is, however, not quite settled. The last of the field came in after Beeswing in the following order :—Blackstone, Footlights, Blackprince and Grane. We much regret to add that poor Sterling fell down and died while being led away, and Mr. Gregory has our sincere sympathy.

This brings the season to an end, and the gentle Ballygunge peasant will have peace for the next nine months to come. No riderless horses or mud bespattered sportsmen to disturb him in his rural pursuits, and make him wonder at the eccentricities of the *saheb log*. We might add no more *bucksheesh* for spoiling his already over-plucked pea fields, but we will leave that to next year.

A meeting was held at the Old Race Stand on Saturday morning at 7 A.M. to discuss the question as to who was entitled to the Cup. Among those present were Lord William Berestford, Messrs. Walker, Petrie, Apostolides, Douglas, Currie, Sinclair, Orrell, Ackworth, McLeod, Gregory, Thompson, and a few others.

The different reports having been fully discussed it was found that Mr. T. S. Anderson on Commissioner was the only starter who completed the course, and it was unanimously agreed that he was fairly entitled to the Cup, a decision which will, no doubt, meet with the approval of the entire paperchasing community.

It is universally acknowledged that the paperchases this season have been an unqualified success and the warmest thanks of the sporting fraternity are due to Messrs. McLeod and Walker for their untiring efforts in bringing about this result.

1887-88.

Judging by the large number of people who found their way to Jodhpore Thannah yesterday morning, it is clear the paperchases are going to be as popular as ever; and indeed more so, for the interest has no doubt been considerably enhanced by the offer of a Cup to be given by a sporting paperchaser in terms which appeared in Thursday's paper. No names are disclosed, but we are allowed to say the donor, is a "Burra Saheb" which ought to encourage other Burra Sahebs to allow their assistants to join in the healthy amusement. A careful record of the first six past the flag is being kept by one of the hares, and any one objecting to the placing, as it appears in this paper, the day following the chase, should lodge objections and reason forthwith, and have any possible errors rectified. The new railway has sent us further away, but we are still safe to have our favourite cold weather amusement for some years to come.

The course yesterday morning was by no means a difficult one to get over, and the large percentage of falls must be put down to the horses being new to the work. No one was much damaged, we are glad to say. The meet started to the left of Jodhpore Thannah over a hurdle on the high ground turned round to the right over a second hurdle and mud wall towards the station road across the railway, and through the village out into the open, where hurdles and mud walls were encountered at short intervals until the screw pine ditches near the Monsoon Road were reached, where some very nice jumps were prepared. The course then turned homewards and finished close to the railway line.

The paper was started by Messrs. Walker and the Tougall on Malta and Jack. Ballygunge Jim (who will be sadly missed in the front ranks if he elects to stand down), kept time and sent them away in line. We cannot give the names of all the riders, but were glad to notice the following :—Mrs. Sanders on Footlights, Mr. Alston on the Major, the Prophet on Red Rover, Duggie on Pygmalion, Boojum on Crusader, the Ex-Deputy on Sir Lancelot, Mr. Maxwell on Gameboy, the Old Man on a Young 'Un, Dr. Edwards on Zig Zag, Mr. Butler on Toby, Jaggerit on Blackberry, Mr. Verschoyle on his new purchase, Mr. Ackworth on Blackstone, Mr. Rivers on Magpie, Mr. St. Leger on Crinolette, Mr. Rose on a pony, Captain Turner on a polo tat, Killian on Shamrock, Tom Anderson on a grey, Mr. Eden on a bay, Mr. Sniktaw on Contrariety, Captain Rawlinson on a bay, Mr. Harold on Pippin, and Dr. Babbie on a C. B.

The first horses to show in front were the Old Rover and Zig Zag with Pygmalion and the Major close up, which position was little changed for the first half of the course. Mr. Alston lost some ground at the screw pines which he was unable to make up. Coming homewards Pygmalion got tired of carrying Duggie, and rolled over to get rid of him, which let in Toby and Zig Zag, the former taking the lead as they came in sight hard pressed by Red Rover, with Zig Zag and Shamrock following. Mr. Butler forced Toby too hard at the last hurdle; the horse, not being able to collect himself, came down with his rider who fell heavily, but was eventually able to walk to his tum-tum, and is now all right, we are glad to say. This let Red Rover in past the flags first, with Shamrock not far off second, Blackstone third, Zig Zag fourth, Crusader fifth, and Blackberry sixth.

The chase on the whole was a most enjoyable one, and the hearts of the riders must have rejoiced at the large gathering of the fair sex who found their way to the finish over wire fences, ditches, &c., in a truly sporting spirit.

Two incidents of the chase are well worth mentioning as showing pluck and determination in getting home among the leaders. One was Mr. Ackworth's coming half the journey with only one stirrup, and the other was the smart way in which Dr. Edwards remounted and came in after rolling in a pea field close to the finish. Better luck to them next time.

The gallery at yesterday morning's chase reminded us more of a Cup Day than an ordinary meet, and the sporting way in which the ladies (including the Belvedere party) trudged through ploughed fields and rough ground to be present at the finish was really refreshing to witness. Before going any further I must correct the record of the first six in last week's chase which should have been—First Mr. Prophit on Red Rover, second Mr. Euler on Shamrock, third Mr. Forsyth on King, fourth Dr. Edwards on Zig Zag, fifth Mr. Cartwright, and sixth Mr. Millett on Blackberry. I would strongly urge gentlemen riding in the chases not to join in on the way and ride up for a place. It leads to endless confusion, and is unsportmanlike to put it mildly.

The course was a long one, and consequently the pace was not fast. It started about a quarter of a mile beyond the Jodhpore Railway Station, then turned to the right into the open country out towards the Salt Water Lakes, and then across the open to the left and back to the Monsoon Road and home by the screw pine ditches, finishing on the low ground close to the railway. The going throughout was excellent, and the few spills recorded show that the horses are already beginning to know and like the game.

The usual Hares—Messrs. Walker on Malta and the Tougall on Jack—started at the appointed hour and laid a free scent from start to finish disturbing neither mud nor timber. Ballygunge Jim again wielded the imaginary flag and let the impatient field go after allowing the hares ten minutes

start. I do not pretend to be able to record all the names but the following represent the bulk of the starters :—Mrs. Sanders on Footlights, Mrs. Murray on Peggy, Mrs. Cautley on Jack, Miss Atkinson on a black pony, Miss. Smith on Benjamin, Mr. Alston on the Major, Duggie on Zig Zag, the Ex-Deputy on Sir Launcelot, Dr. Edwards on Brenda, Boojum on Crusader, Mr. Verschoyle on a brown, Mr. Ackworth on Blackstone, Mr. Rivers on Magpie, Mr. St. Leger on Crinolette, Captain Turner on a pony, Mr. Sniktaw on Contrariety, Captain Rawlinson on his new mare, Mr. Anderson on Commissioner, the Old Man on a Young 'Un, Mr. Eden on a bay, Mr. Dangerfield on Buck, Mr. Butler on Badminton (late Toby), Mr. Murray on Maud, Mr. B on a grey, Captain Hunt on a black, Captain Garland on a C. B., Mr. Showers on a brown, Dr. Clark on a bay, Mr. Barnes on a bay, Mr. Kidston on a pony, Mr. Evans Lombe on a C. B., and a good many others who must forgive me for not remembering their names.

A good dozen cleared the first hurdle, but the first mud wall stopped a few, the Major among the number ; Badminton, Sir Launcelot, Buck and Zig Zag got well away, but the next hurdle did for the Ex-Deputy, who had to trudge the rest of the journey on foot. Maud crept up into the front rank, coming across to the Monsoon Road, where Duggie found a soft spot, and parted company with his mount. The screw pine jump did for Mr. Kidston, who was riding gallantly on a little pony ; but, we are behind the leaders who are putting on the pace as they spot the gallery in the distance ; Mr. Murray was first over the last mud wall, but taking rather a wide turn let up Buck and Badminton these racing home in good form. Buck was quickest over the last hurdle, and passed the flag first, fully half a length in front of Maud, who just beat Badminton by a head for second place, Contrariety fourth, Blackstone fifth, and Crinolette sixth. The remainder of the field came

in at intervals evidently much pleased with the morning's ride, and so ended the second chase. The names of the first six are now read out immediately after the chase, and no objection holds unless proved and rectified on the spot.

There was not a very large turnout yesterday morning to witness the third meet, neither did the starters muster so strong, but it was a most enjoyable paperchase all the same. It is pleasant to record a lady's name in the first half dozen this week, and should Mrs. Murray come in for the Cup presented by our sporting friend, Ballygunge would re-echo the cheers accorded to Mrs. Cook when she landed "Champion," a winner of the Cup in 1882.

The course started a little this side of Jodhpore Thannah, over a hurdle and green bank out into the open where last week's chase finished, then on to the screw pine jumps across the Monsoon Road and away out by the Salt Water Lakes, returning home through the village by the Jodhpore railway station and finishing in the open ground by the Station Road. The going was again all that could be desired, and we only heard a rumour of one spill, at least we were told one man was seen astride a mud wall scratching his head.

Shortly after the appointed time Messrs. Walker and the Tougall on Malta and Jack started with the bags, and, ten minutes later the field were allowed to follow. I think the following list of starters is about correct :—Mrs. Sanders on Footlights, Mrs. Murray on Maud, Mrs. Norman on Brenda, Dr. Edward on Mustella, Mr. Butler on Badminton, Captain Burn on a bay, Captain Rawlinson on Duchess, Mr. Kingsley on Lady Bird, Jemmie on Bob, Mr. Cooper on a bay, Mr. St. Leger on Crinolette, Mr. Dangerfield on Buck the Ex-Deputy on Sir Launcelot, Dr. Clark on a bay, Mr. Eden on a bay, Mr. Kidston on a pony, Mr. Petrie on Scots Grey, Mr. Cowie on a bay, Mr. Parsons on a brown, Captain

Hunt on a brown, Mr. Dunne, Jr. on a bay, Mr. Ackworth on Blackstone, and perhaps one or two more. Mustella, Badminton, and Buck took up the running after getting over the first hurdle, and continued to lead alternately until the open was reached, where Buck lost the scent and was out of it. Captain Burn now came up and joined the leaders, and the pace, after turning for home, increased visibly. Mustella was over the last mud wall first, but taking a wide turn at the corner let up Badminton and Captain Burn. The former came past the flag comfortably first, two lengths in front of Captain Burn second, with Mustella a neck behind third, then after a short interval Mr. Ackworth came in fourth, closely followed by Ladybird fifth, with Mrs. Murray not far off sixth, Duchess was seventh, Crinolette eighth, Mr. Dunne ninth, Buck tenth, and Captain Hunt eleventh.

It was like the good old times to see a meet at Juggernath Car, and no doubt its being nearer attracted the large gallery. The field was also larger than last week's and I regret to add that spills were again in the ascendant. This was not, however, due to any extra stiffness in the jumps, but in many cases to some thoughtless riding.

It was generally known throughout the paperchasing community that the course this week, unlike those of previous chases this season was not a galloping one, and starters were cautioned to have their horses well in hand throughout, which caution was regarded by the majority, and a prettier sight than the field crossing from the gates on the sandy lane to the high ground opposite with the horses well in hand, would be difficult to find. The course started on the Gurriah Hat Road at Juggernath Car, leaving the road a couple of hundred yards lower down where the first hurdle was placed in a field to the right; then wound round through the jungle towards the Red

Road, which was crossed by the "Duke of Connaught's double." Winding round to the right on a parallel line with the new railway it came out on the lane leading up to the level crossing, and came along the other side. It then wound up to the right and came out at the old gates on the sandy lane, crossed over to the high ground, and wound back to the finish on the low ground by the sandy lane leading up from Jodhpore Thannah. The going was good throughout, and many of the old paperchasers expressed themselves well pleased with the course. It was a fair hunting course, without being in any way trappy and on the whole easy to negotiate.

The hares of the day, *viz.*, the Old Man on Bedouin and the Tongall on Jack, started with the bags shortly after the appointed hour, and after the usual time allowance were followed by a goodly field, among whom we noticed Mrs. Murray on Maud, Mrs. Blisset on Grane, the Prophet on Red Rover, Captain Burn on Diamond, Mr. Alston on Blazes, Mr. Butler on Badminton, Dr. Edwards on Pearl, Herr Gerlich on a bay, Mr. Walker on Malta, Captain Gordon on a new one, Mr. Dixon on Lola, Captain Rawlinson on Duchess, Mr. St. Leger on Crinolette, Mr. Goward on Job Trotter, Mr. Henry on a bay, Mr. Anderson on Commissioner, Indigo Billy on Molly, Mr. Cowie on a C.B., Mr. Cartwright on Bourbon, Mr. Kidston on a pony, Mr. Dangerfield on Buck, Mr. Saunders on Charlie, Mr. Boyd on Bob and several others.

The leaders negotiated the first hurdle in good style, but a refusal in the tail end kept the bulk of the slower ones at the first hurdle for some time ; Pearl came down early in the race over a small blind ditch, but his rider was equal to the emergency, and nipped up again minus a boot. Crossing the Red Road Blazes, Diamond, Buck, and Badminton were well in front with Red Rover, Lola and Crinolette, not far off. There was little alteration in this order throughout, one or other of the horses named leading in turn, and all fencing beautifully. The pace up to near the end was moderate,

but the buzz of the gallery, attracting the attention of the riders, was the signal for putting on the pace, and Diamond, Buck and Blazes came round the last corner at a cracker. The two first named took a wide turn, and were practically knocked out, and although Buck's rider tried to come in again it only led to his crossing in front of Blazes, the result being a fall to both. Fortunately neither was hurt, but it might easily have been otherwise. The jumble let in Badminton and Pearl, who finished first and second in the order named, Lola third, Captain Gordon fourth, Red Rover fifth, and Crinolette sixth.

On New Year's day the sporting community of Barrackpore turned out at 7 o'clock for a paperchase, the first that has taken place here for upwards of three years. The following members assembled near the Club House:—The Examiner on Hector, Chawbs on the Begum, a Calcutta visitor on an iron grey, John D. on Ginger, the Policewalla on a fiery Arab, the Silent One on Vivid, the Serampore Masher on a dark bay, the Nobb Garrison Captain on his tat, Gubbins on a chestnut, Ginger on Alice, and Brownie on Robin. The start took place at half past seven punctually across the Artillery Riding School jumps, past the elephant lines, and along a bye road across the railway; the pace was tremendous not to say dangerous. Brownie, who had laid the paper on the previous evening led the way, closely followed by the Nightingale, John D. Chawbs, and the Serampore Masher. Turning off to the right the paper lay over several awkward jumps in a close cultivated country where few followed correctly, owing to the natives having taken up the paper. Across some rough open ground nearly the same order was maintained, the Begum apparently taking Chawbs for a gallop according to her own fancy, jumps of all sorts were manipulated as also were falls and scrambles. A broad water

jump put the Silent One *hors de combat*, while a bank and ditch proved fatal to the Calcutta visitor who trudged home the remainder of the way. A long gallop down a grassy lane then followed, Brownie Chawbs, John D. and the Serampore Masher heading the string. A slope proved too much for the Begum, who crossed her fore legs, bringing Chawbs a tremendons cropper. The paper then led over two small jumps across the railway and along the Station Road, through a Bazaar, and finished over a couple of ditches near the Cricket Ground, Robin and Serampore Masher close together, John D. well up third. A chota hazri was provided on the Cricket Ground by David and Jonathan, where several ladies were assembled anxiously awaiting the safe arrival of the sportsmen.

The time taken from start to finish was 18 min. 5½ sec. by Benson's chronometer. Two ladies deserve special praise for riding from start to finish without a check, and it is to be hoped that on the next occasion still more will find their way to the meet.

The fifth chace of the season met at Jodhpore Thannah yesterday morning. These was a large turn out of spectators. and a goodly number of starters, indeed considerably more "starters" than "finishers." The second mud bank seems to have been too much for some of the horses, and the number of refusals was a caution. Only two cleared it at the first go off, and I am told some twenty horses were hung up for a considerable time, causing endless amusement to the onlookers. I noticed a paragraph in Monday's paper in which a correspondent comments on my criticism of the accident in last chace. I have read over my remarks carefully, and cannot find any allusion to "foul riding," or even "reckless riding." The former term is quite foreign to Calcutta paperchasers, and its introduction quite unnecessary. I am quite sure Mr. Dangerfield never thought anything beyond

a friendly caution was meant by my remarks; and if he will look over accounts of former chases he will find that a good many of us came in for equally severe criticism in our day.

The course was a trifle longer than usual, and some of the jumps more formidable; notably the second mud wall which was built after the rains, and has settled down into a good substantial "lep." The start was to the left of Jodhpore Thannah, across to the railway line and over the Station Road, then along the Gurriah Hat Road for a little down to the right through the Tollygunge Gardens, coming back through the villages and finishing on the low ground opposite the Station Road. The going was a little heavy throughout, but this is a fault which will very soon rectify itself.

The paper was laid by Messrs. Walker and the Tougall on Malta and Jack, Ballygunge Jim officiating as starter. Among the field were Mrs. Murray on Maud, Mrs. Sanders on Footlights, Mrs. Blisset on Grane, Dr. Edwards on Rufus, Herr Gerlich on a bay, the Ex-Deputy on Sir Launcelot, Mr. Butler on Badminton, Mr. Verschoyle on his New One, Mr. Prophit on Red Rover, Lord William Beresford on Diamond, Mr. St. Leger on Crinolette, Colonel Pole Carew on a bay, Mr. Alston on his black mare, Mr. Cartwright on Bourbon, Mr. Cowie on Tinker, Captain Gordon on Hot Coffee, Major Glancey on a bay, Mr. Parsons on Atlay, Dr. Clark on a bay, Captain Gore on a bay, Mr. Kingsley on Ladybird, Mr. Finucane on a bay, Mr. Dunne on Ladybird, Captain Rawlinson on Duchess, Mr. Kidston on a pony, Mr. Goward on Job Trotter, and a few more.

At the call of time Rufus and Badminton went away with the lead, and matters went well up to the first mud wall, where Major Glancey came to grief. The second mud wall was negotiated by Rufus and Badminton in good style, but the remainder of the field were hung up for a considerable time, two ponies eventually showing the way. The two

leading horses were fully 300 yards in front of anything else, and making their own pace came in as they liked, Badminton beating Rufus for first honours close to the winning flags. After a considerable interval Mr. Verschoyle and Mr. Prophit followed in the order named with Mr. Dunne and Mr. St. Leger a long way behind, fifth and sixth.

The season is wearing on, and yesterday morning witnessed the sixth meet. A large number of people found their way out to the starting place, a little beyond Jodhpore, opposite the Station Road. The field was not a very large one, however, but the few who started had a most enjoyable ride. The course was considerably shorter than usual, the time occupied being only $8\frac{1}{2}$ minutes. It ran from the low ground opposite the Jodhpore Station Road, starting with a low hurdle, followed the path by the tank into the open over a mud wall, and then took a turn to the left over a bush fence with a ditch on the near side. Turning again to the right it led straight out to the Tollygunge Lane, where it turned round through some thick jungle, coming out again on the low ground along the gardens, back to the Gurriah Hat Road, and round by the station to the low ground by the bamboos, on the opposite side of the road from the start, where the flags were placed. The going, though a trifle uneven, was better than that of last week, and the number of spills were trifling.

The paper was carried by the Old Man on Bedouin and Tougall on Jack, who started at 7-30 followed by the field ten minutes later. The following were among the starters:—Mrs. Murray on Maud, Mrs. Blissett on Grane, Mr. St. Leger on Crinolette, Mr. Alston on the Major, Mr. Butler on Badminton, Mr. Ackworth on Blackstone, Mr. Prophit on Red Rover, Duggie on Retreat, Mr. Petrie on Footlights, Mr. O'Malley on Bourbon, Mr. Goward on Job Trotter, Mr. Verschoyle on a brown, Dr. Edwards on Somersault, Mr.

Parsons on Atlay, Mr. Kingsley on Ladybird, Mr. Henry on a bay, Mr. Cartwright on Hurricane, the Ex-Deputy on Sir Launcelot, Mr. Anderson on Commissioner, Mr. Barnes on Mustella, Mr. Kidston on a pony, Mr. Euler on Shamrock, Captain Burn, Mr. Merewether on a pony, and a few more.

The leading division got over the first hurdle in good style, and went on their way at a merry pace, Red Rover, Badminton, Somersault, and Blackstone showing well in front. Meantime Ballygunge Jim was helping some of the tail end to get over the several obstacles by loud shouts and gesticulations. Even these strong measures were insufficient to persuade some of the horses to go on, at all events with their riders, some of whom were left behind to examine the nature of the ground. The leaders were now well on to the Tollygunge Lane, where Red Rover and Blackstone lost a lot of ground through overshooting the paper. Badminton was at the head of affairs coming back, and though pressed by Red Rover at the finish, won all out by a length from Red Rover, Blackstone third, Somersault fourth, Footlights, fifth, and Bourbon sixth, then came Job Trotter, the Major, Mr. Verschoyle, and Mr. Murray.

I have not made up the figures for the "Average Cup," but a glance at the records shows Mr. Butler first, with Mr. Prophit second, and Mr. Ackworth third, and unless something unforeseen happens to Badminton or his owner, his chance is very rosy indeed.

No doubt yesterday being a close holiday accounted for the unusually large turnout of spectators who found their way to the start for the seventh meet of the season at Dacuria Thannah. Lord William Beresford brought down a party from Government House on his coach, and there were carriages of every description full of people down to the humble but useful ticca gharry. The number of starters was far above the average, and as few came

to grief, I presume the ride was a pleasant one to most of them. The course was perhaps the longest we have had this season, being well over three miles with about 22 jumps placed at judicious intervals. It ran from the low ground to the left of Dacuria Thannah, where the first hurdle was placed, through the jungle over a second hurdle and down by the railway towards Jodhpore. Three mud walls had to be negotiated before appearing in the open at Jodhpore Thannah, where the course turned sharp to the left towards the railway, over another mud wall and then round by the tank to the two favourite ditch and bank jumps. Winding round to the right along the Station Road it crossed the Gurriah Hat Road, and went along the low ground where last week's chase started over a hurdle, then turning sharp to the left over a mud Wall with a considerable drop. Following the lane it reversed last week's course out to the Tollygunge Lane and back to the bush fence from which point it went straight across to the sandy lane entering the jungle through the old gates. Some pretty hunting ground was then passed through, the finish eventually appearing in an open field close to the start on the opposite side of the road. The going throughout was excellent, and to those who overshot the paper I would mildly suggest :—

“ Ask for them and see you get'em
Solomon's spectacles are the best.”

The hares of the day were the Tougall and Mr. Alston mounted respectively on Diamond and Hadji. I am sorry I cannot remember all the starters, but the following were all there :—Mrs. Sanders on Footlights, Mrs. Murray on Peggy, Mr. St. Leger on Crinolette, Mr. Flowers on a bay, Captain Burn on Nellie, Mr. John Anderson on the Sinner, the Old Man on Blazes, Mr. Ackworth on Blackstcne, Dr. Edwards on Hurricane, Mr. Rawlinson on a bay, Mr.

Goward on Job Trotter, Mr. Butler on Badminton, the Prophet on Red Rover, the Ex-Deputy on Sir Launcelot, Mr. Petrie on Scots Grey, Captain Rawlinson on Duchess, Mr. Tom Anderson on Great Scot, Duggie on a chestnut, Mr. Murray on Maud, Dr. Clarke on Somersault, Mr. Rivers on the Gift, Herr Gerlich on Grane, Mr. Barnes on Mustella, Mr. Euler on the Buzzard, Mr. Ellis on Pippin, Mr. Boyd on Robert, Mr. Lombe on a grey, and Mr. Mead on a bay.

Ballygunge Jim gave the word after allowing the hares the usual 10 minutes, and away went a goodly dozen, clearing the first hurdle in line. The heavy jungle forced them into India file, which was maintained until they appeared at Jodhpore, Dr. Edwards leading them at a good pace on Hurricane till they were over the two big jumps by the railway, where Red Rover and Badminton took up the running followed by Blackstone, Maud, and Crinolette. This order was kept with little change all the way out the Tollygunge Lane and back to the bush fence, where Butler and Proffit lost the scent and raced to an imaginary finish on a course of their own. Mr. Verschoyle attended by Blackstone now took up the running, and came in first and second in the order named. After a considerable interval Mr. Flower found his way in third, with Rawlinson fourth, Job Trotter fifth, and Maud sixth.

I annex the result of the first seven chases, which may interest competitors in the "Average Cup."

1st Chase.—1 Proffit on Red Rover, 2 Euler on Shamrock, 3 Forsyth on Little King, 4 Dr. Edwards on Pearl 5, Cartwright on Crusader 6. Millett on Blackberry.

2nd Chase.—Dangerfield on Buck, 2 Murray on Maud, 3, Butler on Badminton 4, Watkins on Contrariety, 5 Ackworth on Blackstone 6, St. Leger on Crinolette.

3rd Chase.—1 Butler on Badminton, 2 Burn on Diamond 3, Edwards on Mustella 4, Ackworth on Blackstone, 5 Kingsley on Ladybird, 6 Mrs. Murray on Maud.

4th Chase.—1 Butler on Badminton, 2 Dr. Edwards on Pearl, 3 Dixon on Lola, 4 Gorden on Hot Coffee, 5 Prophit on Red Rover, 6 St. Leger on Crinolette.

5th Chase.—1 Butler on Badminton, 2 Dr. Edwards on Rufus, 3 Verschoyle on the Snob, 4 Prophit on Red Rover, 5 Dunne on Ladybird, 6 St. Leger on Crinolette.

6th Chase.—1 Butler on Badminton, 2 Prophit on Red Rover, 3 Ackworth on Blackstone, 4 Douglas on Retreat, 5 Petrie on Footlights, 6 O'Malley on Bourbon.

7th Chase.—1 Verschoyle, 2 Ackworth on Blackstone, 3 Flower on a bay, 4 Rawlinson on a bay, 5 Goward on Job Trotter, 6 Murray on Maud.

The attendance at the eighth meet yesterday morning was rather meagre, although the number of starters was quite up to the average. No doubt the Fancy Dress Ball of the previous evening had a great deal to do with the scant gallery. The morning was crisp, and those who did manage to get up had an enjoyable ride.

The course though not quite so long as last week's, was a very good one. It started from last week's finish over the usual hurdle and turned into the jungle at once, taking in a mud wall built up since last chase. The exit to the old gates was altered, and after crossing the sandy lane it went out towards the Tollygunge Lane by the new brick-field and returned by the Tollygunge Gardens, winding in and out through some close jungle and round sharp corners, eventually finishing in the open space behind the Jodhpore Station Road. The rain had softened the ground very considerably which made the going good, and the few who came to grief had nothing much to complain of.

Messrs. Anderson and Walker carried the paper on Great Scot and Malta, and Ballygunge Jim again acted as starter. The following in a list of starters:—

Mrs. Murray on Peg, Messrs. Blissett on Grane, Mrs. Sanders on Cleopatra, Mr. Alston on the Major, Mr. J.

Anderson on the Sinner, Mr. Sheriff on Bourbon, Dr. Clarke on Somersault, Herr Gerlich on a chestnut, Mr. Goward on Job Trotter, Mr. St. Leger on Crinolette, Dr. Edwards on Footlights, Mr. Proffit on Red Rover, Mr. Butler on Badminton, Captain Henderson on a bay, the Tougall on Diamond, Mr. Ackworth on the Snob, Mr. Euler on Shamrock, Captain Burn on a brown, Captain Birdwood on a pony, Mr. Ross on Lady Gertrude, Mr. Grant on a chestnut pony, and a few more.

Badminton and Red Rover took up the running at the call of time followed by Footlights, Captain Henderson, and Blackstone, which order was maintained with little alteration till they came out at the old gates on the sandy lane where the leaders hesitated, and Blackstone, Captain Henderson and Diamond took up the running out to the Tollygunge Lane. Badminton came on here again and turned homewards with a good lead from Captain Henderson, Blackstone and Diamond, Red Rover lying close behind. A sharp turn threw two of the leaders out a bit and Blackstone led the field along at a merry rattle until the close country was reached, where he came to temporary grief by colliding with a tree and dislodging his rider, who, however, was not long in getting on again. On getting into the open again Badminton nipping round a sharp corner resumed the lead, which he kept to the finish, Red Rover second, Diamond third, Footlights fourth, Mr. Ackworth fifth, and Captain Henderson sixth.

The Paperchase Season is drawing to a close like all other cold weather amusements, and with the exception of the Cup Chase the present month will see the end of these popular meets. That the weather is getting warmer was only too apparent, judging from the state the horses were in as the finished. The course was longer than last week's. It started from the Jodhpore Station through the village by the rail-

way line going along the open country by the favourite screw pine jump to the Monsoon Road. After crossing the road it went through some gardens and jungle by the back of Ballygunge, and eventually finished close to the Ballygunge Station. Jumps were pretty numerous, a good many of them being natural ones. The going was very good indeed, and I only heard of one spill which shows how the horses improve as the season goes on.

The hares of the day were Messrs. Walker and the Tougall on Malta and Jack. The following is a list of starters. It is smaller than usual owing to the Calcutta Mounted Rifle Camp of Exercise which kept a good few away:—Mrs. Sanders on Footlights, Mrs. Murray on Maud, Miss Scott on Peg, Mrs. Cautley on Jack, Mr. Verschoyle on the Snob, Mr. Butler on Badminton, Mr. Petrie on a bay, Mr. St. Leger on Crinolette, Mr. Proffit on Red Rover, Mr. Mills, on Duchess, Mr. Tom Anderson on Great Scot, Captain Muir on a bay, Mr. Barnes on Mustella, Captain Henderson on Donegal, Captain Rawlinson on Duchess, Hon. Basil Blackwood on Sarus, Mr. John Anderson on the Sinner, Mr. Playfair on a bay, Captain Burn on Diamond, Major Hunt on a brown, Dynamite on Paddy, Herr Chrystal on a bay, Mr. Thomas on Donald, Mr. Cartwright on Hurricane, Mr. Clay on a grey, and a few more.

Ballygunge Jim was again to the front with his well worn flag despatching the field in line ten minutes after the hares had started. Donegal and Red Rover took up the running at once with Badminton and Duchess close behind, which order was maintained with little alteration up to the last hurdle, when Badminton came up and beat Donegal for first place, coming up to the winning flag, Red Rover third, Duchess fourth, Crinolette fifth, and The Snob sixth. The sporting way in which the youthful rider of Sarus went round the course was the event of the morning.

The muster at the ninth meet on Thursday morning was small, probably owing to the Calcutta Mounted Rifle's Camp at Ballygunge, as these warriors were not permitted to go and see the chase. Their own fixture for the heavy and light weight Cups was to have been over the same course yesterday morning, but unfortunately the heavy rain interfered. I believe Saturday the 8th has been decided on for the sporting event.

The course started from the open field by the left of Jodhpore round by the two favourite banks along the railway and round by the station across the road to the "Bund" country, and out to the Tollygunge Lane, returning and finishing opposite the Jodhpore Station Road on the Gurriah Hat Road.

The following started :—Mrs. Blisset on Grane, Mrs. Sanders on Christine, Mrs. Cautley on Jack, Captain Burn on a pony. Captain Henderson on Donegal, Captain Birdwood on a bay, Captain Garland on a bay, Captain Rawlinson on Duchess, Mr. Cartwright on Hurricane, Mr. Prophit on Red Rover, Mr. St. Leger on Crinolette, Mr. Butler on Badminton, Herr Gerlich on a bay, Mr. Anderson on Sinner, Mr. Euler on Shamrock, Herr Gauhe on a grey, Mr. Ackworth on Blackstone, Mr. Verschoyle on the Snob, and one or two others whose names I could not get.

Mr. Walker on Malta and Mr. Anderson on Great Scot carried the paper while Ballygunge Jim was at his usual post, and sent them away promptly up to time. Blackstone Shamrock, and Snob led the field away at a smart pace, which was kept up throughout the run, the leading division, spurring in turn till they came in sight of the red flags, where Shamrock appeared to have the race in hand, but Badminton coming away in great form in the last fifty yards grasped first honours by a length, Red Rover third, Herr Gauhe fourth, Blackstone fifth, and the Snob sixth,

Owing to the soft state of the ground the paperchase had to be postponed to Saturday. There was an unusually large turnout of spectators who mustered in force at the second last jump where the *mali* informed enquirers that it was the place where *Braspot sahib girgya*.

The course started from the lane leading down from Jodhpore Station and went out into the open towards the Salt Water Lakes returning across the Monsoon Road and finishing in the open close to the railway line; there were the usual mud walls and hurdles with the addition of some pretty natural ditches and banks. The going was perfect owing to the late fall of rain which softened the surface of the soil without making it too heavy. Messrs. Walker and J. Anderson carried the paper on Malta, and Bedouin and Ballygunge Jim was in his usual office at the start. The field was hardly up to the average. Among the starters were:—Mrs. Blisset on Grane, Mrs. Murray on Maud, Mr. Grey on a bay, Captain Henderson on Donegal, Lord William Beresford on Diamond, Mr. Verschoyle on the Snob, Mr. Butler on Badminton, Mr. Emmerson on a bay, Mr. Ackworth on Blackstone, Mr. Euler on Shamrock, Mr. Goward on Job Trotter, Mr. Murray on Zil, Captain Rawlinson on Duchess, Herr Gerlich on a bay, Mr. Cartwright on Hurricane, Mr. Kingsley on Ladybird, Major Hunt on a bay, Mr. Dynamite on Paddy, Captain Burn on a pony, Mr. Apcar on a pony, the Apostle on a brown, Mr. Cowie on Patch, Dr. Clark on Sommersault, and a few others.

Blackstone, Shamrock, and Badminton went away at the call of time with a good lead followed by Maud and the Snob, which with a little alteration brought them back to the Monsoon Road, where Badminton took the lead followed by Blackstone. Emmerson and Badminton ran out at the last mud wall, and Blackstone taking up the running won comfortably from Badminton who had come on again, Emmerson third, Donegal fourth, the Snob fifth, and Maud sixth. It was

gratifying to see such a consistent paperchaser as Mr. Ackworth to the front, the more so as he has just got over the effect of a bad spill in a former chase. The Cup Chase will very soon be on now and on paper it looks any odds on Badminton who has been going so well in these chases this season. At the same time the chances of horses like Shamrock and Diamond cannot but add a great deal more interest to the issue, while Red Rover, Blackstone, and Donegal will not be far behind. Mrs. Murray has a speedy and clever fencer in Maud, and if she starts will have a very good chance indeed. Altogether it looks a pretty open race, and in any case the starters should not be less than a dozen. The "Average Cup" will go to Badminton bar accidents, as there are only two more chases before the Cup Day.

The Calcutta Mounted Rifles Chase for two Cups—one for light weights walking 11st 7lbs or under and the other for all who walk over that weight—comes off on Wednesday, and should prove an interesting and amusing race. The Cup presented by Mr. Ezra is to be given to whoever comes in first whether a light or heavy weight, and an equally valuable Cup will go to the first in the light or heavy weights as the case may be, that is, if a light weight comes in first he receives Mr. Ezra's Cup and the other Cup will go to the first heavy weight in and *vice versa*. The light weights will wear blue sashes to distinguish them from the heavy weights, who are to wear red ones.

Saturday morning being cool and crisp for this season a large number of people found their way to the starting point for the twelfth chase of the season. As the Cup Day draws near the interest seems to increase, and the running of Blackstone, Diamond, and Shamrock lately, points to a very open race for the Cup; it is to be hoped none of the horses will go wrong in the short interval that has to run before this sporting event is decided.

The course on Saturday was, with some judicious alterations, a familiar one to many old paperchasers. It ran from the Jodhpore Station across the Gurriah Hat Road keeping parallel with the road through some in and out winding up to the Old Jump with the ditch in front alongside the road close to the sixth milestone, from which point it turned to the right out by the Tollygunge Gardens returning over the "Bund" country and crossing a bit of high land by the tank, finished on the right hand side of the road, a little past Jodhpore Thannah.

The hares of the day were Walker on Malta and the Tougall on Jack, who started the usual ten minutes in advance of the field, who were taken in hand by Ballygunge Jim and despatched with his usual punctuality. The following comprise the majority of the field :—

Mrs. Sanders on Footlights, Mrs. Hamilton on a chestnut, Mr. Emmerson on Duchess, Captain Burn on Nelly, Lord William Beresford on Diamond, Herr Gauhe on Fatzke, Mr. T. Anderson on Great Scot, Mr. J. Anderson on Bedouin, Major Hunt on a pony, Mr. Butler on Badminton, Mr. Euler on Shamrock, Mr. Arthur on Charlie, Mr. Edwards on Job Trotter, Mr. Kidston on Gascard, Mr. Rivers on Magpie, Mr. Ackworth on Blackstone, Mr. Millett on a grey, Mr. Verschoyle on the Snob, Mr. Campbell on Partition, Mr. St. Leger on Duchess, Mr. Cartwright on Hurricane, Mr. Dangerfield on Rambler, and a few more.

At the call of time Badminton, Blackstone, and Great Scot went to the front, followed by Diamond, Fatzke, and Partition over the first hurdle, and away they rattled at a merry pace across the road into jungle beyond. Appearing again by the road the leaders showed little change. At the next village, however, Badminton and Diamond went a little off the paper, but found it again round the corner, Blackstone. Magpie, and Great Scot, however, put back, and thereby lost ground, although coming down the "Bund".

country they were close up again. A little confusion took place here, some natives having deliberately scraped up the paper and carefully laid it up to a bank leading to a big wide ditch where they evidently expected some fun, but they were doomed to be disappointed for no one came to grief, and although there was nothing to show the scent Diamond's rider spotted a hurdle ahead and was on the right track again followed by the rest of the field. After negotiating the last hurdle Bad minton made an effort to overhaul Diamond, but could only get within a length of him. Lord William scoring first honours by that distance, Blackstone some distance off third, with Magpie fourth, the Snob fifth, and Mr. Millett sixth.

Immediately after the chase was over the hares accompanied by some of those who rode in the chase went back to the point referred to, but the delinquents had made tracks, and nothing could be done beyond airing a little of the language of the country and intimating that no *backsheesh* would be forthcoming for the week's damage. The latter procedure may have a salutary effect on the gentle mind of the Ballygunge peasant, and we hope they may never play similar tricks again, as it might lead to a serious accident.

With the exception of the Cup Chase yesterday morning saw the last of these most popular meets. The season has been unusually successful. The fields have been larger and accidents fewer ; indeed there have been no serious accidents to horses or riders, and the way in which spectators found their way to the varied starting places advertised, shows that they enjoyed the sport. The Cup Day was originally fixed for the 8th instant, but in deference to a wish expressed by the Government House party it has been postponed to Wednesday the 14th so as to give their Excellencies an opportunity of being present.

The course yesterday morning started from the little piece of open ground by the Dakuriah outpost on the

Gurriah Hât Road, wound through the jungle by the Railway and came out into the open again close to Jodhpore Thannah, then crossing the road circuited the big tank and went straight across to the sandy lane, returned again, and going through the old gates came back to the new railway crossing. After passing through the brick-field opening, the course took in a small piece of flat land on which a nice water jump had been prepared. It finally ended up in the open by the Red Road in full view of the gallery. The going was good throughout, and although the heat is beginning to tell on the horses, there was nothing much to complain of yesterday.

Among the starters were Mrs. Sanders on Footlights, Mrs. Hamilton on a chestnut, Mrs. Blisset on Grane, Miss Howey on a bay, Mrs. Murray on Maud, Lord William Beresford on Diamond, Mr. Butler on Badminton, Captain Burn on a brown, Mr. Arthur on Charlie, Mr. Barnes on Mustella, Mr. Verscholye on the Snob, Mr. Tom Anderson on Great Scot, Mr. Dangerfield on Rambler, Mr. Euler on Shamrock, Mr. John Anderson on Bedouin, Mr. Cartwright on Hurricane, Mr. Goward on Job Trotter, and a few others.

Mr. Walker on Malta and the Tougall on Jack carried the paper as usual, and Ballygunge Jim was to be fore at the start which was effected with the usual promptitude, ten minutes after the hares had gone. Badminton and Shamrock led alternately for the first portion of the chase, with Diamond, Zil, and Great Scot, close up. After crossing the sandy lane into the jungle, some of the leaders shied off at a corner, and Diamond took up the running for a little. They were all together across the railway level crossing, and the water jump saw them again in line. Diamond was first over, but was passed by Zil and Badminton immediately thereafter the pair racing hard to the last hurdle which Badminton struck hard and rolled over, leaving

Nil to come in first with Diamond coming away strong; a length behind, Great Scot third, Fatzke fourth, Maud fifth, and Rambler sixth.

The rider of Badminton, I am glad to hear, was not hurt, and will be "all there" on the 4th.

Another season had come and gone, and yesterday morning saw the end of these popular meets. That the meets have been unusually successful is beyond doubt, for notwithstanding counter-attractions the fields have been above last year's average, while spectators on each occasion found their way to the start in larger numbers than usual. Accidents have been almost *nil*, which is satisfactory to record. This, I am inclined to think, is greatly due to the fact that the mud walls have been more formidable than in previous years, both in height and solidity. There have been fourteen chases altogether, including yesterday morning's chase.

Additional interest attached itself to the result of individual chases this season on account of the "Average Cup" presented by the sportsman who will not allow me to disclose his name. I wish we had a lot more of such sportsmen. The handsome trophy was won by Mr. Butler on Badminton who came in first in nine out of the fourteen, a very creditable performance for horse and rider.

To return to yesterday morning's meet long before the appointed hour the road to Jodhpore was one string of all sorts of conveyances from the Government House coach down to the useful *ticca*. Her Excellency the Countess of Dufferin and suite, as also a party from Belvedere were present.

The course started on the low ground to the left of the Jodhpore Thannah. The first "lep" was a hurdle in the open, then it went on to a mud wall winding round by the tank to the two pucca jumps by the railway. Crossing the

Station Road it went down towards the Gurriah Hat Road where another hurdle was placed, then straight out to the "Bund" country over the usual mud walls there. Turning round through a village the course skirted the Tollygunge Gardens and finally sighted the Gurriah Hat Road again, alongside of which was placed a very nice water jump. A little in and out winding and the road was crossed again, and the line continued close up to the station where the last corner was rounded, and the flags placed alongside the Station Road under the bamboos. The ground was in excellent condition from the recent rains, and in going throughout at that could be desired. There were 22 jumps in all.

The following were the entries :—

Mrs. Murray's	<i>Maud.</i>
Mr. Murray's	<i>Zil.</i>
Lord William Beresford's	<i>Diamond.</i>
Mr. Euler's	<i>Shamrock.</i>
„ Gauhe's	<i>Fatzke.</i>
„ Anderson's	<i>Great Scot.</i>
„ Ackworth's	<i>Blackstone.</i>
„ Edward's	<i>Job Trotter.</i>
„ Verschoyle's	<i>The Snob.</i>
„ Butler's	<i>Badminton.</i>
„ Barnes's	<i>Mustella.</i>

All of these came to the starting post. The horses looked fit enough and all round were a better class than last year's starters.

The hares, Messrs. Walker and the Tougall, were early at their work, and mounted on Malta and Jack started with the paper shortly after 6-30 laying a careful scent from start to finish. At seven minutes past seven o'clock the race was started. Mustella was taken to the front at once and took them along at a good pace to the railway jumps, where the gallery had assembled in force. The whole field took these jumps in undeniable style. Job Trotter, Badminton,

and Diamond clearing fully a foot above the jumps. The leaders overshot the paper after passing these jumps, but soon found out their mistake and turned sharp round to the left without losing much ground. Badminton who was lying back, gained a lot here, and led for a little till the Snob came up and went on with the lead to the "bunds." Here Diamond came up and the pace increased to racing point till the close jungle through the village gave a check. Returning homewards Badminton came to the front with Shamrock running up at intervals. The water jump was taken by Diamond and Badminton together, and a little further on the field were all in a lump. Lord William was first out of the "Toddy shop," and shot across the road followed by Badminton, Job Trotter, and Great Scot. Coming round the last corner Diamond held a lead of fully fifty yards, and although Badminton came to within a length of him near the finish he won rather easily by about two lengths, Job Trotter and Great Scot third, and fourth, the Snob fifth, and the rest close up. Thus ended the Paperchase Season of 1887-88.

CALCUTTA MOUNTED RIFLES.

PAPER CHASE CUP.

This new and sporting event was decided at Jodhpore yesterday morning over a course kindly prepared by Mr. George Walker. The interest attached to the result appears to have been considerable judging from the number of spectators who found their way out. The conditions were that competitors were to ride *bonâ fide* chargers ridden at the Camp of Exercise, Ballygunge. Two Cups were given—one for *Light Weights* scaling 11st 7lbs or under, and the other for *Heavy Weights* scaling over 11st 7lbs. The original entries, when the day was fixed during the Camp, numbered nearly 30, but yesterday morning the number dwindled down to a dozen.

The course was an excellent one in every respect. It started from the Jodhpore Thannah, and took in the two big jumps by the railway, then winding round by the Jodhpore Station crossed the Gurriah Hat Road and went out over the "Bund" country towards the Tollygunge Lane, returning through the new brick-fields and finishing in the open opposite the Old Gates on the Sandy Lane leading up from Jodhpore Thannah.

Messrs. Walker and Anderson on Malta and Great Scot carried the paper, and Mr. Macnair started the field comprising the following twelve warriors, after the usual interval of ten minutes.

Light Weights.—Quarter Master Sergeant Murray on Zil, Sergeant Currie on Magpie, Lance Corporal Watkins on Contrariety, Trooper Orr on Gill, Trooper Goward on Job Trotter, Trooper Clark on Somersault, Trooper Kidston on Gascard.

Heavy Weights.—Troop Sergeant Major Hodgson on LeMoke, Sergeant McLeod on Jack, Corporal Blechynden on his brown charger, Trooper Garland on the Laird, Trooper Pope on his dun charger.

Despatched to an even start, Job Trotter and Jack were in front over the first hurdle, but the latter was pulled back, and Zil, Magpie and Contrariety came up. The leader took the big wall in good form, and crossing the road to the "Bunds" there was little alteration. Job Trotter led the most of the way, and finally landed the winner of the Ezra Cup from Zil the heavy weights some distance behind headed by Jack who wins the other Cup. Corporal Blechynden came to grief over one of the "Bund" jumps, and Troop Sergeant Major Hodgson stuck for some time at the big wall, otherwise there were no casualties. It is to be hoped the field will be much larger next year when we understand the competition will be repeated.

PAPERCHASE DINNER.

Thirty gentlemen assembled at Peliti's on Wednesday night to inaugurate what promises to become a most popular annual social gathering. Had it been possible to arrange the dinner sooner the number would, no doubt, have been doubled, as many old paperchasers wrote in to express their regret at being unable to attend. The following is a list of the gentlemen present:—Lord William Beresford, V. C., Captain C. Muir, Captain Birdwood, Mr. Perman, Captain Rawlinson, Captain Henderson, Mr. G. W. Walker, Mr. C. C. McLeod, Mr. R. Murray, Mr. A. Campbell, Mr. Lamond Walker, Mr. Goward, Mr. Henry, Mr. Ackworth, Mr. A. T. Rawlinson, Mr. Cartwright, Mr. Barnard, Mr. A. L. Butler, Mr. Verschoyle, Mr. Prophit, Mr. Petrie, Mr. Orrell, Mr. Atkinson, Mr. Barnes, Mr. Watkins, Mr. C. Walker, Mr. Fyffe, Mr. Got, Mr. Rivers Currie, and Mr. Euler.

Mr. Perman was put into the chair with Lord William as Croupier, and after discussing an excellent dinner the following toasts were drunk:—The Honorary Secretary proposed by Lord William Beresford; Messrs Perman and McLeod by Mr. Murray; the winner of the Cup (Lord William Beresford) by Mr. Perman; the winner of the Average Cup (Mr. Butler) by Lord William Beresford; the Starter (Mr. Petrie) by Mr. McLeod; and foreign gentlemen (coupled with the name of Mr. Euler) who joined in the paperchases, by Lord William Beresford. These toasts were received with the greatest enthusiasm and good spirit which was a special characteristic of the meeting.

After the speech was finished it was announced that three Cups would be given for next season. The Ordinary Cup at the end of the season presented from the Fund, a Cup presented by Lord William Beresford for heavy weights (any walking over 11st. 7lbs.,) and a Cup presented by Mr. George Walker for the best average. These handsome Cups will, no doubt, bring out larger fields, and add an

amount of interest to the coming Paperchase Season that should ensure an even greater measure of success than ever.

The proceedings wound up with several lively chorus songs by some of the men present, and every one went away highly pleased with the evening's entertainment which is more than likely to become an annual event.

1888-89.

Owing to the late heavy rainfall paperchasing this season has commenced later than usual, and even now most of the country is heavy going. A capital course had, however, been laid out for the first chase, which was run off yesterday morning. The mud walls were not immense, but some of the hurdles were considerably higher than those used in previous seasons. Nearly all the horses fenced well, but some of them came in very blown, a remark which also applies to several of the riders. Judging from the large number of carriages and the crowds of equestrians to be seen out yesterday morning, the popularity of paperchasing is evidently as great as ever. Lord W. Beresford drove down the Government House coach with a large party.

The paper was well laid by Mr. Walker on Malta and the Tougall on his new purchase Lola; both animals fenced perfectly. As it is the commencement of the season we must be excused for missing the names of several of the field, but there were so many new followers that it is impossible to give an accurate list of the starters. We noticed, however, Mr. Murray on Rocket, Mr. Gauhe on Fatzke, Mr. Garth on Dacca, Mr. John Anderson on a brown, Mr. Tom Anderson on Great Scot, Mr. Edwards on Remount, Mr. Clarke on Sommersault, Lord William on Diamond, Mr. Dangerfield on Rambler, Mr. Ackworth on Blackstone, Mr. Perman on Blazes, Mr. Butler on Little Samson, Mr. Proffit on Badminton, Mr. Euler on Shamrock, and Mr. Verschoyle on the Snob, and a host of others. The start took

place on the right hand side of the Gurriah Hat Road, just beyond the sixth milestone. The leading lot for the first half of the journey were Messrs. Prophit, Gauhe, Murray, Garth and Little Samson. After crossing the road the course went through several gardens and a clump of trees. Messrs. Gauhe, Garth and another soon afterwards missed a jump by which they obtained a long lead and finished by themselves, they were of course disqualified. The remainder of the field now began to increase the pace which proved fatal to Little Samson, who hit a mud wall hard and came down much to the disadvantage of his rider's immaculate get up. Mr. Butler was knocked silly for a bit, but we are glad to say soon came round, and gallantly again rode his game little nag at the fatal obstacle, and this time without mishap. As the field came in view of the gallery the result was seen to lie between Badminton and the Snob, and the latter being the fresher won a good race by a length, Rocket third, Sommersault fourth, Blackstone fifth, and Great Scot sixth.

Owing to the meet yesterday being considerably nearer town than at the first chase a large number of people assembled to see the start which took place at the Juggurnath Car. The morning was very cold, but luckily without any fog.

The paper was carried by Mr. Walker on Malta, and Mr. Tougall on Lola. Among the field we were glad to see several ladies, Mrs. Blissett on Granville, Mrs. Gateacre on Jewell, Mrs. Grey on a brown, and Mrs. Murray on Peggy. The stronger sex were well represented by Mr. Prophit on Badminton, Mr. Ackworth on Blackstone, Mr. Gowardon Job Trotter, Lord William Beresford on Diamond, Captain Harboardon Return, Mr. Barnard on Mavourneen, Mr. Edwards on a pony, Lord Binning on a black, Mr. Tom Anderson on Great Scot, Mr. Lindsay on a bay, Mr. Murray on Rocket, Mr. Verschoyle on the Snob, Mr. Cartwright on Sweet Dreamland Faces, Mr. Clark on Sommersault, the Apostle on a

chestnut, Major Hunt on a bay, Mr. Gregory on Zig Zag, the Old Man on Blazes, Mr. Gauhe on Fatzke, &c., &c. The going generally was good, but it was a bit "ponky" in parts. Owing to the course going through several clumps of trees many riders reached the finish in a hatless condition.

At the first word being given, Mr. Gregory and Dr. Edwards led out up the lane, over a hurdle and through a field on the right hand side of the road. After negotiating a mud wall the field went across the road over two mud walls and across the railway. The paper now lay along the railway for a short distance, and afterwards over a nice bit of open country with mud walls and hurdles judiciously placed, when the sandy lane was reached Messrs. Gregory and Edwards overshot the paper and lost their positions. The Snob Rocket and Fatzke now went on at a strong pace with a large portion of the field in close attendance. Skirting a tank the course now lay over several jumps and then back along the low ground and across the road to the last hurdle which was placed close to the bamboo clump. The leaders were now all racing, but Mr. Verschoyle had a bit in hand, and although Rocket was making up a lot of ground at the finish he could never get near the Snob who won easily, Fatzke finished third, Job Trotter fourth, Blackstone fifth, Badminton sixth.

As the public may have forgotten that three Cups are being presented this season we give the following particulars:—

1. Paperchase Cup for all weights.
2. Welter Cup, presented by Lord William Beresford. For horses qualified for the Paperchase Cup, but whose owners must weigh 11st 7lbs.

3. Average Cup, presented by Mr. G. W. Walker. For horses ridden by owner who has the best average at the end of the season in the first six places.

Conditions. 1. All horses must be the unconditional property of the riders.

2. In the event of their being twelve or more chases, horses to qualify must have been ridden in at least six chases while the property of the present owner. If there are less than twelve chases horses must have been ridden in at least half the number.

3. No horse allowed to enter who has ever won a race of any description of the value of Rs. 550 or upwards.

Owing to the finish being at the Red Road yesterday a large number of people assembled to witness the third Paperchase. The weather was slightly warmer than at the second chase, but bright and clear. The first half of the going was excellent, but the latter half was heavy in parts, and many of the horses appeared very distressed before they arrived at the winning flags.

The paper was well laid by Mr. Walker on Malta and Mr. Tougall on Lola, both horses fencing in their usual perfect style. We noticed the following starters:—Mr. Gateacre on Jewell, Mr. Murray on Peg, Mrs. Grey on a bay, Mrs. Hayes on a bay, Mr. Butler on Badminton, Mr. Goward on Job Trotter, the Maharaja of Cooch Behar on a very handsome chestnut, Dr. Clark on Sommersault, Mr. Verschoyle on the Snob, Mr. Gregory on Zig Zag, Mr. Murray on Rocket, Mr. Ackworth on Blackstone, Mr. Alston on the Major, Mr. Gauhe on Fatzke, the Apostle on Gazelle, Mr. Barnard on Mavourneen, Mr. Durance on Sweet Dreamland Faces, Major Hunt on a bay, Dr. Edwards on a pony, Mr. Mitchell Innes on a bay, Mr. Sniktaw on Contrariety, Mr. Garth on a bay, Mr. Boyd on Bob, Mr. Shaw on Marigold, Mr. Tom Anderson on Great Scot, Mr. Barrow on a bay, Mr. Kingsley on Ladybird, Mr. Kidston on Gascard, Mr. Adye on a bay, Mr. John Anderson on a bay, the Old Man on that perfect hunter Blazes, and several strangers.

The start took place on the left hand side of the road beyond Jodhpore Thannah, Rocket, Snob, and Dr. Edwards

led out at a strong pace closely followed by Zig Zag, Gazelle and Fatzke. At the first mud wall Dr. Edwards had a difference of opinion with his pony, but, Fatzke, coming up fast, knocked them both safely to the right side of the obstacle. A lot of horses declined to take this mud wall at the first trial, and the field was all over the shop. When they settled down to work again Rocket, Fatzke, Zig Zag and the Major were leading. The next mud wall proved too much for Zig Zag, who deposited his rider on the cold ground in a somewhat abrupt manner. Jewell shortly afterwards put his foot into a hole and turned a complete sommersault, Mrs. Gateacre luckily escaping unhurt. Nothing daunted by her severe fall, she pluckily remounted and finished the chase. After crossing the road the paper led on to the Sandy lane through the old gates and a bit of jungle across the railway and on to the finish at the Red Road, the last two jumps being a ditch a hedge and a hurdle. As the leaders came in view it was seen that Rocket, Fatzke and the Major had obtained a long lead, and they finished in the order named. After a considerable interval Blackstone, Gazelle and the Snob appeared and obtained the next three places. Mrs. Murray and Mrs. Gray finished close up to the placed horses.

In spite of the many festive meetings that have been taking place in Calcutta during the last few days, a large number of people assembled to witness the start for the paperchase yesterday morning. The start unfortunately was the only part of the chase that was generally witnessed as the finish was in an obscure place which most of the gallery were unable to find. The going was excellent, and the jumps were placed very well and not of a trappy order.

The paper was carefully laid by Mr. Walker on Malta and the Tougall on Lola. The mare jumped slovenly, and the Tougall had not such a pleasant ride as usual. Every

one was glad to see the Mem Saheb once more among the field and riding better than ever. She was well mounted on that good hunter Shamrock. We also noticed Mrs. Gateacre and Mrs. Hayes among the followers. The sterner sex were strongly represented by Mr. Barnes on Mustella, Mr. Turner on a bay, Mr. Dacca on Dash, Mr. Garth on Nelly, Mr. Ackworth on Blackstone, Dr. Clark on Sommersault, Mr. Wills on a pony, Mr. Titwillow on Solicitor, Mr. Verschoyle on the Snob, Captain Harboard on a pony, Mr. Barnard on Mavourneen, Mr. Mitchell Innes on Nelly, Dr. Edwards on a bay, Mr. Shaw on Marigold, the Apostle on Gazelle, Mr. Goward on Job Trotter, Mr. Pat on Kangaroo, Mr. Lawrence on a bay, Mr. Arthur on Rambler, Mr. Dangerfield on a new one, Mr. Nicholls on a bay, and Major Hunt on a black.

The start took place at the Jodhpore Station. At the word "go" Mr. Mitchell Innes went out at a spanking pace and led over the first jump, but finding he had taken precedence of the Mem Saheb he blushinglly assumed a more backward position. Fatzke, Diamond and Shamrock headed the field over the next few jumps at a fair pace. The third wall proved fatal to Captain Harboard's pony, who hit it hard, and falling heavily broke his neck, his rider escaping with a few bruises. The fourth wall brought Mr. Nicholls to grief. His horse tried to run through it and turned a complete sommersault, rolled over his rider, who was badly shaken. After a couple of jumps the course was laid across the Monsoon Road, and then through a piece of open country and back through the lanes towards Ballygunge station where the last hurdle was placed. About a mile from the finish the leaders oveshot the paper, letting in Nell and Blackstone, who maintained the lead until the winning flags appeared where they were passed by Fatzke who, capitally ridden, secured an easy win. Blackstone second, Nell third, Diamond fourth, Dash fifth, Shamrock

sixth. The riding in several parts of the chase was very wild, and there were many narrow escapes owing to several riders persistently crossing each other instead of riding their own line.

The weather yesterday morning being bright and clear, a large number of spectators assembled to witness the fifth chase. The start took place from the lane beyond the Jodpore station. The course lay over a hurdle and round to the right where another hurdle and mud wall were placed in close proximity. Going on towards the Salt Lakes, several ditches which the tide had filled had to be negotiated. The paper afterwards led back to the Monsoon Road over several mud walls, a water jump and the screw pine jumps. Turning sharp to the left the finish was seen to be situated close to the Jodhpore Thannah. The going throughout was all that could be desired. The fences were higher than we have seen them this season, but horses are now getting fit, and hardly a horse touched any of the jumps.

The paper was laid by Mr. Walker on Malta and the Tongall on Lola. Unlike last week the latter fenced beautifully, and her owner still exhilarated by Christmas cheer looked at peace with the whole world.

Among the starters we noticed the Mem Saheb on Shamrock, Mrs. Murray on Peg, Mrs. Walker on Banshee, Captain Harboard on a bay, Dr. Edwards on Zig Zag, Mr. Goward on Job Trotter, Mr. Murray on Rocket, Mr. Butler on Mosel, Mr. Alston on Blazes, Mr. Verschoyle on the Snob, Mr. Barnard on Mavourneen, Mr. Turner on a bay, Mr. Adye on Her Ladyship, Colonel Gateacre on a bay, the Apostle on Gazelle, Mr. Arthur on Rambler, Mr. Dangerfield on a bay, Mr. Anderson on Great Scot, Dr. Clark on Somersault, Mr. Ackworth on Blackstone, Mr. Gauhe on Fatzke, Mr. Titwillow on Blue Bag, Mr. Othello on Garth

Mr. Mitchell Innes on a bay, Mr. Durance on Sweet Dream-land Faces.

At the call of time Fatzke and Rocket showed the way over the first few jumps followed by Zig Zag, Blazes, Shamrock and Mosel. At the second mud wall the sporting Alipore Doctor bit the dust, but invigorated by the taste of the soil, and notwithstanding the loss of a stirrup, he managed to get the course in safety. As the leaders headed back towards the railway, Blazes made up a lot of ground, and soon afterwards went to the head of affairs. Fatzke and Mosel both tried vainly to catch the leader, who capitally handled by Mr. Alston won fairly easily, Fatzke second, Mosel third, Shamrock fourth, Blackstone fifth, Rocket sixth.

A number of visitors having left Calcutta after the Christmas festivities only a small gallery assembled to witness the chase yesterday. The morning was cold, but unfortunately a heavy mist hung close to the ground and rendered the jumps almost invisible until the horses were close upon them, it also made the finding of the paper a very difficult task. The going was excellent, and the jumps were very carefully placed and built up to a very nice height.

The paper was laid with rather a sparing hand by Mr. Walker on Malta and the Tougal on Lola. The field was very numerous, and most of the horses looked in good condition. Among those present we noticed :—The Mem Saheb on Shamrock, Mrs. Murray on Peg, Mr. Tom Anderson on Great Scot, Mr. Alston on Blazes, Mr. Ackworth on Blackstone, Dr. Edwards on a black, Mr. Millet on Blackberry, Mr. Shaw on Marigold, Mr. Beresford on the King, Mr. Goward on Job Trotter, Mr. Dangerfield on Rambler, Mr. Arthur on a bay, the Apostle on Gazelle, Major Hunt on the Colonel, Mr. Eck on a black, Mr. Trilitan on Contrariety, Captain Rawlinson on a bay, Mr. Titwillow on Solicitor,

Mr. Adye on the Old Girl, Mr. Henry on a bay, Mr. Murray on Rocket, Mr. Westmacott on a bay, Mr. Prophit on Badminton, Mr. Verschoyle on the Snob, Mr. Milton on a chestnut, Great Scot on a chestnut, Mr. Kidston on Scotswood, and Mr. Turner on Britomarte.

At the call of time Shamrock, Mr. Eck, and the King led out at a strong pace over the first hurdle. At the next jump, a mud wall, the fun commenced, the King refused and his rider was left caressing him with a stick and calling him endearing names. Great Scot's nag also refused, and on his rider trying to force him over, he resented the indignity by bucking him straight up into the air where his legs separated, and he alighted on the ground in the shape of a compass. After negotiating the two big walls (at the second of which Blackstone refused several times ; his rider's judicial seat, however, was not disturbed) the leaders overshot the paper and the running was taken up by Mr. Henry, Mrs. Murray, and Mr. Arthur. After crossing the Station Road the paper led back to the Gurriah Hat Road. A mud wall hereabouts sent Titwillow with a twitter to the grass, an example which was shortly afterwards followed by Mr. Henry, much to the damage of a new pair of boots. Skirting the Tollygunge gardens the course lay through a bit of jungle, the leaders being Rocket, Badminton, and Blackstone. On emerging into the open the finish was seen to be situated close to the Jodhpore Station Road. The leaders were now all close together, and after a ding-dong finish Mr. Murray on Rocket secured premier honours by a neck from Mr. Prophit on Badminton, closely followed by Mr. Turner on Britomarte, Mr. Ackworth on Blackstone, Mrs. Murray on Peg, and Mr. Goward on Job Trotter.

As Rocket seems to go better every week he will most likely have most supporters for the Cup. Blazes, Badminton, and the Snob are also much fancied. For the Average Cup

Blackstone has a very good chance, as he always runs a game honest horse, and is placed almost every week.

Owing no doubt to the number of entertainments which are taking place this week the attendance at the paperchase yesterday morning was considerably below the average. The number of starters was also meagre, which is not to be wondered at, considering that almost every stable in Calcutta is suffering from the prevailing cough and influenza epidemic. The weather was unpleasantly warm, and a rather heavy mist proved depressing. The going throughout was excellent, and the jumps were quite as big as in last week's chase. The paper was laid by the Tougall on Hadjee and Mr. Walker on Malta. Among the field we noticed :—The Mem Sahib on a chestnut, Mrs. Murray on Peg, Mr. Verschoyle on the Snob, Mr. Ackworth on Blackstone, Mr. Millet on Nina, Mr. Goward on Job Trotter, Mr. Eck on a black, Mr. Alston on Blazes, Mr. Turner on Britomarte, Mr. Phillips on a pony, Mr. Watkins on Contrariety, Mr. Henry on a bay, Mr. Butler on Badminton, Captain Rawlinson on a bay, Mr. Murray on Rocket, Mr. Shaw on Marigold, Major Hunt on a black, Mr. Campbell on Norseman, and Mr. Titwillow on Solicitor.

The start took place at the bamboo clump near the Jodhpore Station round to the right over a hurdle, and a double across the Gurriah Hat Road on to the "bund" country, where a miscellaneous collection of jumps had been placed. The leading lot consisted of Blackstone, Badminton, Rocket, Blazes, and Peg. After twice crossing the Tollygunge Lane the paper led on to the brick-fields where Britomarte, Job Trotter and Nina joined the leaders. The course now lay through a bit of jungle back to the old gates and finished close to the road over two hurdles. Blazes obtained the lead near the brick-fields, and appeared first through the old gates where he was challenged by Rocket, who after a

ratling finish secured first honours, Britomarte third, Badminton fourth, Blackstone fifth, Job Trotter sixth, Nina seventh, Peg eighth.

Owing to the very heavy fog which prevailed yesterday morning at Ballygunge it appeared doubtful whether the chase would come off or not. As we stood shivering at the start it was a case of

“To whit! To whoo! How do you do?”

“The mist and the fog have wet me through!”

“I’ve caught a cold on my chest, hav’n’t you?”

“But all the same To Whit! To whoo.”

About 7-30 A.M., however, a bit of blue sky appeared, and things began to look more cheerful, and by the time the start took place a fair gallery had assembled, who were rewarded by a capital view of several of the jumps at the commencement as well as at the finish of the chase. The paper was capitally laid by the Tougall on Lola, and Mr. Walker on Squire. The latter horse evidently feels that he is getting into the “sere and yellow leaf” as he jumped very unkindly on several occasions.

The number of the field was hardly up to the average. We noticed, however, the Mem Saheb on a raw chestnut, Mrs. Murray on Peg, Mrs. Eck on a black, Mrs. Gatacre on a brown, Mr. Turner on Britomarte, Mr. Euler on Shamrock Major Hunt on a black, Mr. Beresford on Badminton. Captain Huddart on a brown, Mr. Brazier Creagh on Diamond, Colonel Gatacre on a bay, the Apostle on Gazelle, Mr. Murray on Rocket, Mr. Alston on Blazes, Captain Sherston on a pony, Mr. Ackworth on Blackstone, Mr. Goward on Job Trotter, Mr. Titwillow on Port Trust, Mr. Sheriff on Exile, Colonel Pole Carew on the Star, Mr. Apjohn on a bay, Mr. Kidston on Gascard, Mr. Boyd on Bob, and Mr. Campbell on Tim.

After twelve minutes "law" time was called and Diamond, Badminton, Britomarte and Blackstone led out over a hurdle across the Garriah Hat Road and over a mud wall on to the bund country, where a formidable number of mud walls had been placed close together. Diamond was still leading followed by Job Trotter, Britomarte, Badminton and Blackstone with Rocket and Peg lying handy. Turning sharp over to the right Diamond overshot the paper, and Bedminton went on with the lead, Britomarte and Blackstone being close behind. After a bit of jungle Mr. Murray brought up Rocket, and at once went to the head of affairs. At the next fence, however, he jumped the wrong side of the flag, and had to go back, which quite extinguished his chance. Blackstone, Britomarte and Badminton had now obtained a good lead; the two former, however, missed a hurdle which had been placed round a corner. Mr. Beresford only discovered it in time to pull his horse broadside on to it in which position the animal declined to jump, and his rider all but bit the dust; he, however, clung on with one hand to the animal's neck, and hung there for sometime,—a thing of beauty—but hardly of joy from the agonized expression of his features. After some clown-like antics he managed to regain the saddle amidst the cheers of a large number of his Aryan brethren. The running in the meantime had been taken up by Peg and Job Trotter who raced over the two remaining jumps, and on to the red flags. After a most artistic finish Mrs. Murray managed to catch the judge's eye by a short neck from Mr. Goward on Job Trotter, Diamond third, Blackstone fourth, Britomarte fifth, and the Star sixth. The Average Cup is now almost a certainty for Blackstone who has been placed in every chase this season. Mrs. Gatacre got a fall towards the middle of the chase, and was dragged for some distance. She, however, we are glad to say, escaped with a shaking. At the last hurdle Exilo

and his rider both stood on their heads, but finding the position rather uncomfortable they finally reclined side by side on the dewy turf.

Yesterday morning being bright and clear a large number of people assembled at Ballygunge to witness the paper-chase. The start and finish were situated in close proximity, and the gallery were enabled without much exertion to witness both the first few and the final jumps. Owing to the late rain the going was decidedly heavy, but great care had been taken to build the jumps on sound ground. The horses all round were fencing in excellent form, and we did not hear of a single casualty.

The paper was carefully laid by the Tougall on Lola and Mr. Walker on Squire.

Among the field we noticed Mrs. Murray on Peg, Mr. Eck on a black, Mr. Prophit on Badminton, Mr. Maxwell on Q. O., Mr. Brazier Creagh on Lancer, Lord William Beresford on Diamond, Mr. Barnard on Mavourneen, Mr. Dickson on Baccarat, Major Hunt on Ginger, Mr. Alston on Beacon (late Blazes), Mr. Murray on Rocket, Mr. Boyd on Bob, Mr. Beresford on Plantation, Colonel Pole Carew on the Star, Mr. Ackworth on Blackstone, Mr. Campbell on Norseman, Mr. Euler on Shamrock, Mr. Milton on Fred, Mr. Wigmore on a bay mare, Mr. Adye on the Ancient Dame, Mr. Goward on Job Trotter, Mr. Verschoyle on the Snob, Mr. Turner on Britomarte, Mr. Shaw on Marigold, Mr. Edwards on a black, the Apostle on Gazelle, Mr. Phillips on a country-bred, Mr. Titwillow on Port Trust, Mr. Cartwright on Hurricane, &c., &c. The start took place at the Ducuria Thannah; the paper led over two hurdles, along the railway round to the right over two mud walls and through a lane with a jump in the middle of it, and on to the open ground near the Jodhpore Thannah. The leading lot consisted of Beacon, Rocket, Blackstone and Badminton with Diamond and the Star lying

handy. The Gurriah Hat Road was crossed near the bamboo clump where Rocket assumed the lead and led over the water jump with Beacon and Badminton in close attendance. After going through a longish bit of jungle the paper led over the new railway crossing, alongside the line for a bit, and on in the direction of the Red Road close to which the red flags were placed. Near the railway crossing Rocket, who was going very easily, overshot the paper which let up Badminton, whose owner's eagle eye quickly discovered the lost trail, and benefiting by this chance Mr. Prophit gave his old nag his head, and rattling over the last two fences won fairly easily. Mr. Murray second on Rocket, Mr. Alston third on Beacon, Mr. Ackworth fourth on Blackstone, Mr. Euler fifth on Shamrock, Colonel Pole Carew sixth on the Star.

Owing to the very heavy fog which prevailed yesterday morning there was a considerable doubt as to whether the chase would be run off. About 7-45 A. M., however, the sun made his appearance, and rapidly drove away the fog and his depressing influences. The gallery and field were both very small, owing, no doubt, to many people reserving themselves for the Fancy Ball in the evening. The going throughout was capital, and a nice line of country had been selected. The mud walls were built much as usual, but several of the hurdles had been placed on bunds which made them rather formidable obstacles.

The paper was laid by Mr. Walker on Malta and the Tougall on Norseman ; the latter animal did not jump very kindly, and his rider broke a stirrup at the second jump, but managed to get round the course without this very necessary article. His mount ran through the last wall and tumbled on his head, but fortunately recovered himself without unseating his rider. Among the field we noticed Mrs. Murray on Peg, Mrs. Othello on Bengy, Mrs. Eck on a black, Mr. Brazier Creagh on Diamond, Mr. Maxwell on a brown, Mr.

Prophit on Badminton, Mr. Butler on Little Samson, Mr. Dickson on Baccarat, Mr. Turner on Britomarte, Mr. Ackworth on Blackstone, Mr. Milton on a grey, Mr. Daniell on Nell, Mr. Verschoyle on the Snob, Mr. Wigmore on a bay, Mr. Tom Anderson on Great Scot, Mr. Walker on Othello, Mr. Apcar on two ponies, Mr. John Anderson on the Sinner, Mr. Murray on a chestnut, Mr. Sheriff on a bay, Mr. West on a pony, Mr. Barnard on Mavourneen, Mr. Dangerfield on a black, Mr. Shaw on Marigold, and a lot of youths on small tats.

The start took place on the right hand side of the Gurriah Hat Road just beyond the Jodhpore Thannah. At the call of "time" Diamond, Blackstone, Badminton, Britomarte, and Nell led over the first hurdle round to the left over a mud wall with a drop and through a piece of jungle on the "bund" country where Mrs. Eck and Job Trotter joined the leaders. Diamond led at a strong pace over the "bund" country and round to the left by the Tollygunge Gardens back to the Gurriah Hat Road, soon after passing which he began to tire and was passed by Britomarte and Badminton who raced home over the two big jumps by the station and over a mud wall and hurdle; a short distance from home Britomarte slightly overshot the paper which allowed Badminton to obtain a two lengths lead, which advantage he maintained to the finish. Mr. Brazier Creagh on Diamond was third, Mr. Goward on Job Trotter fourth, Mr. Ackworth on Blackstone fifth, Mr. Shaw on Marigold sixth, Mr. Eck seventh. Half way through the chase Mr. Wigmore came to grief, an example shortly after followed by Mr. West's mount who shot his rider with considerable force on to the ground. Mr. West's business instincts were too strong to be suppressed by a trifle like this and he gravely proceeded to sample the soil, finally pronouncing it fairly twisted, choky, broken dust with a strong flavour; value uncertain on account of the fog. We

are sorry to hear that in the last chase Rocket overreached himself, but it is hoped that he will get round in time for the Cup. The rest, however, is bound to prove prejudicial to his chance.

A bright clear morning yesterday was a welcome change after the very foggy weather which we have lately been experiencing, and those people who were energetic enough to travel to Jodhpore Station were amply rewarded by a capital view of the commencement and finish of the chase. The gallery was very small, and the field not up to the average in point of number. Several of the usual followers were detained at the Volunteer Camp Drill, being considered by their commanding officer more important than paperchasing. The start took place on the left hand side of the railway beyond Jodhpore Thannah. The going throughout was excellent, and the pace for the latter part of the journey was very fast. The paper was carried by Mr. Walker on Malta, and Mr. Alston on Hadjee, both animals jumping very cleanly. Among the field we noticed Mrs. Murray on Maud, Mrs. Eck on a brown, Major Hunt on Ginger, Mr. Maxwell on a brown, Mr. Verschoyle on the Snob, Mr. Adye on Her Ladyship, Mr. Wigmore on a bay, Mr. Dickson on Baccarat, Mr. Rice on Crusader, Mr. Prophit on Badminton, Lord William Beresford on Diamond, Mr. Goward on Job Trotter, Mr. Ackworth on Blackstone, Mr. Shaw on Marigold, Mr. Daniell on a bay, Mr. Mitchell Innes on Nell, Captain Harboard on Lancer, Mr. Euler on Shamrock, Mr. Eck on a bay, &c., &c. At the call of time Mr. Maxwell led out at a strong pace, followed by Badminton, Job Trotter and Crusader, with the rest of the field close behind. The second jump was rather a formidable mud wall placed in rather a bad position as regards the light. Many horses jumped it very slovenly, Blackstone hit it hard, but recovered himself cleverly. Marigold and Ginger both refused at the first

attempt, but were finally persuaded or coaxed over it. The course now lay right through the open country in the direction of the Salt Lakes. Mrs. Eck went to the front and made the running at a strong pace, Badminton, Crusader and Blackstone lying handy. The paper now led round to the left, gradually working back in the direction of the Jodhpore Thanah. About a mile from the finish a rather trappy jump brought Diamond to grief. The horse blundered badly and then rolled over. His rider, not being desirous of joining the Infantry, stuck desperately to his reins, and was soon in the saddle again. Mrs. Murray had in the meantime obtained the lead, but her mare tired towards the end and two jumps from home was passed by Badminton and Crusader who raced in together, the former winning by a length, Mrs. Murray was third on Maud, Mr. Goward fourth on Job Trotter Mr. Maxwell fifth, and Mr. Ackworth sixth on Blackstone.

In spite of the recent heavy rains it was found possible, to run off the Paperchase yesterday morning. The gallery was quite up to the average, but the field was very meagrely represented. Those who started, however, had a very pleasant ride. The going throughout was good, and the jumps were nearly all well placed in the open country; the horses with hardly an exception fenced in excellent style. The paper was laid by the Old Man on Bedouin and Mr. Alston on Beacon. Among the field we noticed Mrs. Murray on Peg, Mrs. Eck on a brown, Mr. Ackworth on Blackstone, Mr. Murray on Maud, Mr. Maxwell on a brown, Mr. Euler on Shamrock, Mr. Cartwright on Sweet Dreamland Faces, Mr. Campbell on Norseman, Lord William Beresford on Diamond, Major Hunt on Ginger, Mr. Butler on Badminton, Mr. Turner on Britomarte, Mr. Verschoyle on the Snob, &c., &c.

The start took place about half a mile beyond the Ballygunge Station on the left hand side of the road over

a hurdle and a mud wall. The paper then led on in the direction of the Salt Lakes over a very nice line of open country, and gradually worked back towards the Rifle Range, the finish being situated close to the railway, the last three jumps consisting of a mud wall, a large ditch and a hurdle. The placed horses all kept close together for nearly the whole journey, Badminton and Diamond, however, had the pace of the others when it came to racing, and the former well ridden by Mr. Butler managed to secure premier honours by half a length from Lord William, Mr. Campbell third on Norseman, Mr. Maxwell fourth, Mr. Euler fifth on Shamrock, and Mr. Ackworth sixth on Blackstone. As it is doubtful whether Rocket or Badminton will start for the Cup it looks as if Diamond will have an easy task in repeating last year's success, his most troublesome opponents will be most likely Beacon (late Blazes) and Peg.

The Paperchase yesterday morning was one of the best of the season, the course was shorter than usual and the pace was fast throughout. We were glad to see that Rocket has recovered from his overreach, and his owner intends to start him for the Cup for which he will have an excellent chance, the other most favoured candidates are Diamond, Beacon, Peg, and Shamrock.

The start yesterday took place on the right hand side of the Sandy Lane, the paper being carried by Messrs. Walker on Squire and Othello. The former nag would not have the water jump at any price, and finally had to be taken round it. Among the field we noticed Mrs. Murray on Peg, Mrs. Cautley on Jack, Mrs. Eck on a brown, Mr. Euler on Shamrock, Major Hunt on a bay, Mr. Butler on Mozel, Mr. Maxwell on a chestnut, Mr. Gauhe on Fatzke, Mr. Rice on a black, the Apostle on Gazelle, Mr. Turner on Britomarte, Mr. Ackworth on Blackstone, Mr. Mitchell Innes on Nell, Mr. Daniell on Duchess, Mrs. Dickson on Baccarat, Lord

William Beresford on Diamond, Mr. Perman on a young 'Un, Mr. Petrie on a chestnut, Mr. Goward on Job Trotter, and Mr. Verschoyle on the Snob.

After the usual amount of fun the field were let go, Shamrock, Gazelle and Fatzke making the running at a strong pace over a hurdle and the water jump, where most of the gallery had assembled. The first hurdle proved fatal to Mr. Rice who came to the ground in rather a hasty manner. The horses all jumped the water jump well. Fatzke's rider nearly cut a voluntary, but managed to save himself after a desperate struggle. A sportsman on a pony caused much amusement by riding his mount from head to tail in the most approved circus fashion, but escaped a fall in the most miraculous way. After crossing the "bund" country the paper led towards the Tollygunge Lane and on by the Tollygunge Gardens back to the well known finish on the west side of the Gurriah Hat Road opposite the green land near the Jodhpore Station. After the field came in view it was seen that about eight of the riders were all in a bunch. Shamrock, however, obtained a slight lead when near home, an advantage which he maintained to the finish. Mr. Murray just contrived to beat Britomarte for second honours, the next three were all close together, but the judges placed Mr. Gauhe fourth on Fatzke, Mr. Goward fifth on Job Trotter, Mr. Butler sixth on Mozel. Lord William arrived late in a desperate hurry, but could never manage to catch up the leaders. Two of the spectators taking a short cut to see the finish suddenly disappeared into a pit, the falling was soft !

PAPERCHASE CUP.

" And some for their country and their Queen
 Would fight, if the chance they had,
 Good sooth, 'twere a sorry world, I ween,
 If we all went galloping mad ;

Yet if once we efface the joys of the chaso
 From the land, and outroot the stud,
 Goodbye to the Anglo-Saxon Race !
 Farewell to the Norman blood. !”

One of the most successful paperchasing seasons came to an end yesterday, when the Cup was run for. The going throughout the chases has been excellent, the jumps carefully built, and much fewer casualties have occurred than usual, there have of course been many falls, but in no instance have the results to man or beast, been of a serious nature, although several old hands at paperchasing have not appeared prominently during the season, the fields have nearly always been good, and as so many beginners at the game have appeared and have ridden in good style, it is not likely that paper-hunting will deteriorate in the future. Heads of houses are beginning to recognise that paperchasing improves their assistants' minds as well as bodies and broken limbs are the exception not the rule, accidents may occur in the same way as they occur at Cricket and Football ; but

“ No game was ever yet worth a rap
 For a rational man to play—
 Into which no accident, no mishap,
 Could fairly find its way.”

The weather yesterday morning was cooler than we ever remember it on a Paperchase Cup Day. As a rule by this time of year the heat is ghastly. At an early hour traps of every description, from the Government House drag to the humble but useful “ticca” might have been seen making their way towards the Jodhpore Thannah. The Gurriah Hat Road was crowded with equestrians, many mounted on animals, evidently pulled out for the occasion. A few, very few, pedestrians tried their stamina and strength of their shoe leather by footing it. Arrived at the Thannah, we found that the first jump was situated on the left hand side of the road in full view of the gallery. The paper was

excellently laid by Mr. Walker on the Squire and Mr. Per-
man on Little Lady. The going was good but very dusty,
which proved unpleasant to the hindmost division, who could
not very well, in several instances, get a clean view of the
jumps. The following were the entries for the Cup, all of
whom we believe started :—

“LIGHT WEIGHTS.”

Mrs. Murray on Maud, Mr. Ackworth on Blackstone
Mrs. Alston on Beacon, Mr. Apostolides on Gazelle, Mr.
Campbell on Norseman, Mr. Gauhe on Fatzke, Mr. Goward
on Job Trotter, Mr. Murray on Rocket, Captain Turner on
Britomarte, Mr. Verschoye on the Snob.

“HEAVIES.”

Mr. Adye on Her Ladyship, Mr. Cartwright on Duna-
von, Mr. Euler on Shamrock, Mr. Henry on Treason, Mr.
Gerlich on Mozel, Mr. Mitchell Innes on Nell, Mr. McLeod
on Lola, Mr. Shaw on Marigold.

Treason got spiked early in the chase, and had to be
pulled up.

The paper was despatched sharp at 7 A.M., and eighteen
minutes later the well-known warning was given out by a
flute-like voice, “two minutes more gentlemen.” By the
manner feet were thrust home in the stirrups and hats
jammed tight it was evident.

“If ever they meant it they meant it to-day,” and at
the word “time” the field jumped off together, and cleared
the first hurdle in a cluster, the paper led to the Station
Lane and on to the left. On arriving at the lane Blackstone,
Maud, Lola, Fatzke, Britomarte and several others turned to
the right instead of the left, which lost them a lot of ground.
The remainder went on to the second jump over which
Beacon led closely followed by Nell, Shamrock and Norse-
man, Marigold hit the jumps hard, but managed to recover
herself. Keeping the railway on the left the course lay
towards the Jodhpore Thannah. Beacon still leading while

Fatzke, Britomarte, Lola and Maud were rapidly making up their lost ground. Leaving the station behind the paper, led across the Gurriah Hat Road over a beautiful bit of open country in a westerly direction through a narrow jungle and on to the open high ground south of Tollygunge Gardens. The first lot consisting of Norseman, Fatzke, Britomarte, Beacon, and Shamrock were now all close together followed by Maud, Job Trotter, Rocket and Blackstone. Skirting the gardens they lay over a mile of open going through the jungle south of the bund, and on in a direction which looked, as if the finish was not far off; the pace was now very fast, and many horses were hitting the jumps in the most impartial manner. Shamrock, Beacon, Norseman, and Britomarte at the time were going the best. A well known bit of jungle now appeared with a narrow lane through it only wide enough for one horse at a time. Getting first into the lane meant a lot, and Britomarte and Beacon raced for the leadership, the rider of the former singing gaily

“Through the jungle lane could I make one dart

I could baffle them all upon Britomarte.”

Beacon, however, managed to nip in first and went ahead at a strong pace. On emerging from the jungle the paper led home through the brick kilns, and the finish was found to be about three furlongs distant over two hurdles. Beacon was now leading by several lengths and going easily. At the second hurdle from home, Britomarte on whom Mr. Turner was doing his utmost, began to creep up, and getting on terms with the leader at the last hurdle, they raced home together. Mr. Turner on Britomarte finally winning the Paperchase Cup for 1888-89 by two lengths. Mr. Euler on Shamrock was third, thus securing the Heavy Weight Cup presented by Lord William Beresford. Mr. Campbell on Norseman and Mr. Goward on Job Trotter were close up fourth and fifth respectively. The Average Cup has been won by Mr. Ackworth on

Blackstone, who has ridden in the most consistent manner, and has been in the first six in almost every chase.

Britomarte, the winner of the Cup, is a bay Australian mare under 15 hands and shows a lot of blood. She is a very clean jumper, and is as clever as a cat. From the manner in which she won yesterday it is evident she can stay better than most of her bigger rivals.



FINIS.

APPENDIX.

WINNERS OF THE PAPERCHASE CUPS.

1874-75.

Mr. Robert's	... <i>Red Deer</i>	... 1
Mr. Fox's	... <i>The Marquis</i>	... 2

1875-76.

Mr. Bartlett's	... <i>Jolly Boy</i>	... 1
Captain Wallace's	... <i>Mariner</i>	... 2
Mr. C. H. Moore's	... <i>Duchess</i>	... 3

1876-77.

Mr. G. W. F. Buckland's...	<i>Mignonette</i>	... 1
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1877-78.

Captain Muir's	... <i>Warwickshire Lad</i>	... 1
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1878-79.

Captain Muir's	... <i>Warwickshire Lad</i>	... 1
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1879-80.

Captain Muir's	... <i>Warwickshire Lad</i>	... 1
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1880-81.

Mr. Hopkins's	... <i>Telegram</i>	... 1
Lord William Beresford's...	<i>Oliver Twist</i>	... 2
Mr. Traill's	... <i>Di Vernon</i>	... 3

1881-82.

Mrs. Cook's	... <i>Champion</i>	... 1
Major Cook's	... <i>Claret</i>	... 2
Lord William Beresford's...	<i>Mariner</i>	... 3

1882-83.

Lord William Beresford's...	<i>Premier</i>	... 1
Mr. W. W. Petrie's	... <i>Skipper</i>	... 2
Mr. Laurie's	... <i>Pilgrim</i>	... 3

1883-84.

Mr. D. B. Myer's	... <i>Zulu</i>	...	} Dead heat
Mr. Learoyd's	... <i>Handicap</i>	...	
Mr. T. S. Anderson's	... <i>Commissioner</i>	...	3

1884-85.

Mr. Alston's	... <i>Pilgrim</i>	...	1
Mr. Murray's	... <i>Zil</i>	...	2
Mr. T. S. Anderson's	... <i>Commissioner</i>	...	3

1885-86.

Mr. Butler's	... <i>Rabbit</i>	...	1
Mr. Murray's	... <i>Zil</i>	...	2
Mr. Richardson's	... <i>Crinolette</i>	...	3

1886-87.

Mr. T. S. Anderson's	... <i>Commissioner</i>	...	1
Mr. J. M. Petrie's	... <i>Beeswing</i>	...	2
Mr. Ackworth's	... <i>Blackstone</i>	..	3

1887-88.

Lord William Beresford's...	<i>Diamond</i>	...	1
Mr. Butler's	... <i>Badminton</i>	...	2
Mr. Goward's	... <i>Job Trotter</i>	...	3

AVERAGE CUP.

Mr. Butler's	... <i>Badminton</i>	...	1
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CALCUTTA LIGHT HORSE CUP.

Light Weights.

Trooper Goward's	... <i>Job Trotter</i>	...	1
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Heavy Weights.

Sergt. C. C. McLeod's	... <i>Jack</i>	...	1
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1888-89.

Light Weights.

Mr. Turner's	... <i>Britomarte</i>	...	1
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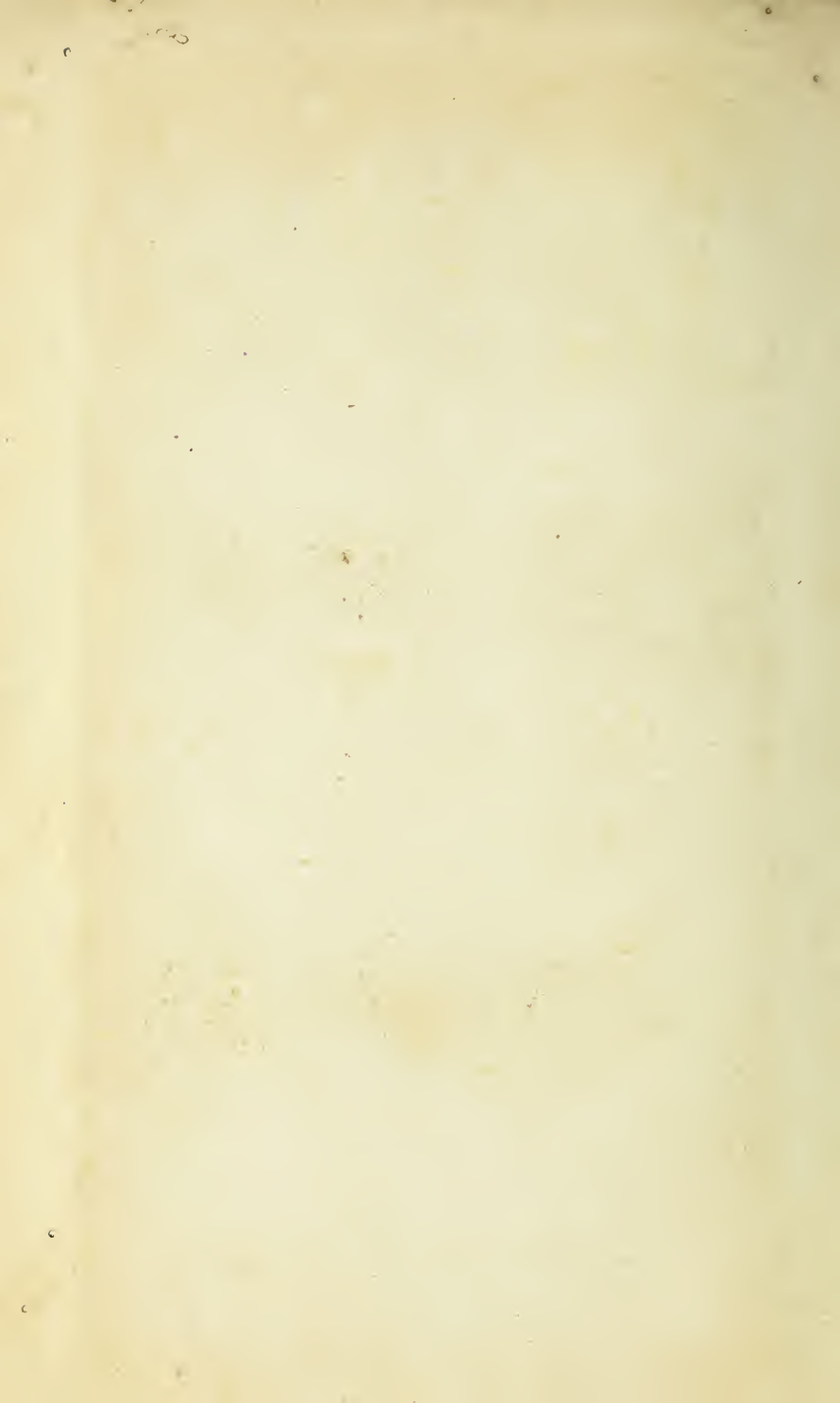
Heavy Weights.

Mr. Euler's	... <i>Shamrock</i>	...	1
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Average Cup.

Mr. Ackworth's	... <i>Blackstone</i>	...	1
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